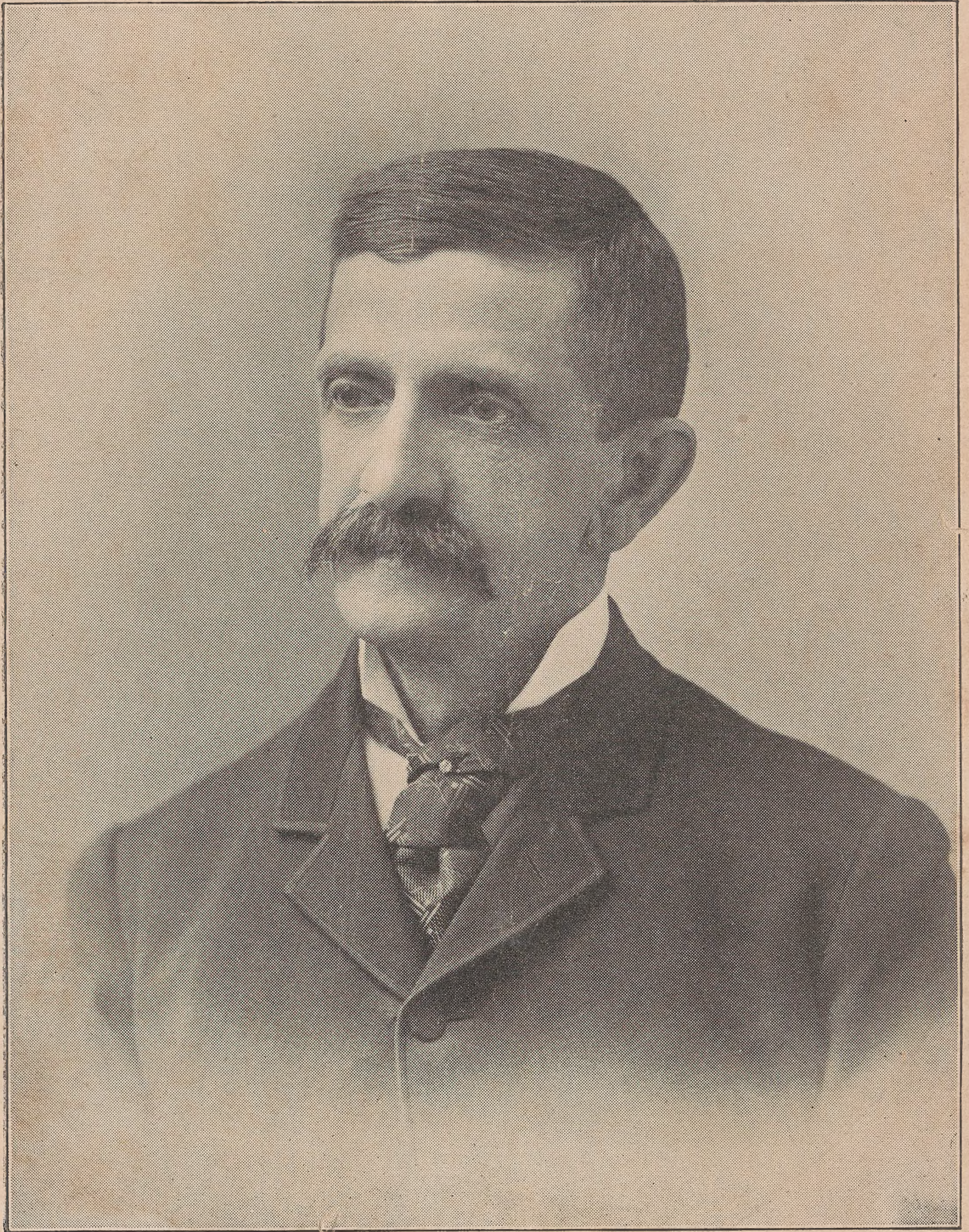




HUMOROUS STORIES OF THE BALL FIELD

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE GAME
AND ITS EXPONENTS.

EVE WISCONSIN CO.



N. E. YOUNG.



CHAS. A. COMISKEY.

HUMOROUS STORIES

OF THE

BALL FIELD,

Sullivan, Timothy Paul

BY

"TED" SULLIVAN

*A Complete History of the Game
and Its Exponents.*

CHICAGO:
M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY
407-429 DEARBORN ST.

COPYRIGHTED 1903
By "TED" SULLIVAN.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE ENTIRE BASE BALL FRATERNITY AND
THE MILLIONS OF VOTARIES OF THE
GREAT NATIONAL GAME.

INTRODUCTION.

To write a book on the wit and humor of the ball field has often been suggested to me by friends throughout the United States. The matter presented itself seriously to me later—when I thought such a book might add a little interest to the literature of the game, and enlighten the public on many things connected with professional baseball. The aim, however, of this little pamphlet is to give an impartial and unbiased account of the great celebrities of the nation's sport, and not to extol friends or slight enemies—nor to give any vainglorious account of the writer himself. My association with professional baseball began in 1883, when I managed the St. Louis Browns, and afterwards the Washington Club of the National League. Being desirous of controlling clubs of my own, it led me into the minor league field—where I have owned clubs in nearly all parts of America.

AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Players of the Past and Present	15
Ringers Ringed	51
Coon Foul Catcher	70
Managers and Their Signs	74
Baseball at Killarney, Ireland	82
Sporting Deacon	86
Base-running	93
Handicap of Three Kings	98
Virginia Sheriff and Sunday Baseball	119
Charleston Blues vs. Columbia Bookers (colored game)	125
Dress-Parade Ball Teams	138
Vanderahe and the Long Telegram	171
Chris and Wild West	189
Battle for the Colored Championship—Cubans against Columbians	198
Vanderahe and Dear Umpires	204
Vanderahe Dodging Reporters	206
"Kicking Steers"	208
Essay on John L. Sullivan	214

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
N. E. YOUNG	1
CHAS. A. COMISKEY	2
(JAMES A. HART	33
BAN JOHNSON	34
MIKE KELLY	65
N. LAJOIE	66
JAMES COLLINS	97
HUGH JENNINGS	98
J. MCGRAW	129
JAMES FOGARTY	130
TIM HURST	161
TIM KEEFE	162
PITTSBURG CHAMPIONS	193
PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS	194
DUBUQUE TEAM	225
T. P. "TED" SULLIVAN	226

HUMOROUS STORIES OF THE BALL FIELD.

ORIGIN OF THE GAME.

The origin of baseball may be the evolution of town-ball, barnball, two old cat, or yet it may be the suggestions of the three named. At any rate, the game is the product of American genius and temperament, and not an offshoot of English rounders, as our English cousins would have us believe. Of the many times I have been in England and the subject of baseball came up, one Englishman would say to the other: "Why, that blooming American game they call baseball is nothing but our old game of rounders, you know." I have nothing but the highest regard for an Englishman's love of sport—for it is inherent in a Briton from the present king down, and should an Englishman have only his last sixpence and the alternative arose whether he would eat or see a field sport—he would undoubtedly decide in favor of the latter. I must totally disagree, however, with my British cousins that their primitive and plebian game of rounders is the mother of our national game. Oh, no, dear cousins, chase that idea out of your head, America to-day is the inventive torch of the world, and has been for the last fifty years. The first seed of America's inventive

genius took root in Robert Fulton's brain, when he advocated steam as a motive power. The next in line was Prof. Morse's advocacy of the use of the telegraph wire as a transmitter of sound. This invention was followed by the sewing machine, that relieved the weary housemaid of her burden. On its heels came Cyrus McCormick with his farming implements, that taught the world how to reap their harvest in one tenth the time, and with a fraction of the labor of former days. The last and greatest of America's inventive thinkers is Tom Edison, the Wizard of Electricity, who has electrified and illuminated the world, by his inventions—and makes his native country the electric light of the inventive world. This may be a digression from the theme in hand, but I wish to show the originality of the American in the line of invention—whether it be a past time or a beneficiary to the commercial world. To return to the origin of the game, the sons of Albion must let up on this rounder business being the ground work of our national game or we will tell them that they took our noble and democratic game of "shinny" to England, and brought it back disguised in a dress suit and christened it golf. To say rounders is baseball would be the same as claiming that a palace was a hut because it had a door, or a wheelbarrow a carriage because it had a wheel. No, my dear English friends, baseball is not rounders, but it is an American invention, suited to the temperament and genius of the American people.

From the time that the game was regularly played by the Knickerbockers of New York until it became a profession, change after change has been made in the rules, to make the game as perfect as possible in its

machinery. The game is about 55 years of age, that is to say, before it became national, as it was played in New York and New England up to '61, but did not reach the limits of our country until '65 or '66. The most important changes in the rules after the structure of the game was put up—was first eliminating a put out on the first bound by an outfielder. Foul bound was in vogue up to '85, but the most intricate and perplexing rule of all for years was the regulation of the pitching department. The pitcher at first was compelled to deliver the ball to the batsman with the arm swinging perpendicular. Very little speed was imparted to the ball so delivered, and in such a manner, but the great pitchers of that time, namely, Crieghton, Dick McBride, Al Spalding, Tom Pratt, Geo. Zeitlein and Walters, disguised those required movements so nicely that they got a great deal of speed to the ball, and that by a simple snap of the wrist. Those mentioned were the premier pitchers of those days. They were men also of the highest order of intelligence, which added a great deal to their pitching ability.

The pitching rule was modified about the years of '70 or '71 by allowing the pitcher to deliver the ball below the shoulder, which was termed, "a side arm swing." This amendment to the pitching rule caused no little trouble—for pitchers, when they got a chance, would deliberately throw the ball overhand to the batter. The penalty was a balk—then commenced the debate on the distinction of the height of the arm, and lo! the poor umpire. One pitcher would say he delivered the ball below the shoulder, but his arm raised on him as he delivered the ball. After a few years of annoyance on this very point, the rule-makers

wisely wiped the distinction entirely out, by allowing the box man to deliver the ball as he pleased while within the prescribed lines of his position. This was the beginning of the overhand throw—which finally evolved the celebrated curve.

There has been quite a discussion among the pioneers of professional ball as to who was the originator of the mystifying curve. Two men have been given credit for its introduction, viz.: Arthur Cummings, of the Old Stars of Brooklyn, and Bob Mathews, who pitched in those days for the Mutuels of New York and Baltimore. But from the most authentic and reliable source (which is Henry Chadwick, the father of baseball) we must give the credit to Arthur Cummings of New York. The great Mathews, who had been the pitching marvel of the country for many years, developed and improved the curve more than Cummings.

This innovation to the pitching department startled the country, and the scientific men of that time would not believe that a rotary motion, imparted to a ball as it left the hand, would cause it to curve or change its course while in the air.

An ocular proof of the actual existence of the curve was given in Cincinnati before leading professors of colleges by one of the crack pitchers of that day, showing the wise men of the scientific world two distinct kinds of curves. That settled it. Theory had to give way to the practical, and the curve ball was the talk of the day at that time.

This new delivery of the ball came into use about '71 or '72, but it became conspicuously in 1874 by the peerless Mathews. The batting department had hard time to keep pace with this new art in pitching, and

men who were considered good batters before the manipulation of the curve, had to retire altogether from the ball business in their inability to hit the new delivery. The pitching department has ever presented a complex problem to the rule makers, and to-day the pitching staff costs more to a major league club than entire ball teams did in years past.

PLAYERS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Comparisons are odious, and they are ten times more odious in baseball. In this essay on the great celebrities of the national game, both past and present, I aim to give only my humble opinion on the merits of those men as they impressed me, taking as a standard the work of their palmiest days, but still it must be remembered that it is only one man's opinion at that.

The first great catchers of the profession were Nathan Hicks of the Mutuals, New York, Chas. Mills of the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Dave Birdsall, of the Unions of Morisina, New York, Bob Ferguson of the Atlantics, who caught occasionally (and regularly, after Mills went to the Mutuals), Fergy Malone of the Athletics of Philadelphia, Bill Craver of the old Haymakers of Troy and Lansingburg, New York, Dug Allison of the old Cincinnati Reds and Jim White, first of Cleveland and later of Boston and Chicago.

Those first catchers of the profession were excellent specimens of physical manhood, and their manner and bearing gave tone to the profession they followed. I say to the reader, should those men be re-juvenated to-day, they would suffer no comparison to the catchers of the present, and would be eclipsed only by the

use and appliance of the Modern Upholstery. Athletics in general have made vast strides in the past fifteen years, and acrobats do things now that the acts of the past seem but crude, but that argument does not apply to all things athletically, and especially to some departments of baseball. Hicks, Allison, Craver, Malone, Bob Ferguson and Jim White, were men of no light caliber, either mentally or physically; they were never duplicated in the latter periods of the game unless by Ewing, Flint, Bennett and Mike Kelly.

True, those first men of the profession had only to handle underhand delivery, but they did that without mask or glove, and some of those catchers caught pitchers at the distance of 45 feet, with the overhand throw in use, and even then refused to use mask or glove for a while.

Of those catchers named in the first period of the game, namely Mills and Allison, they were the personifications of grace. Mills could shut off the speediest base runner, and that by a short, easy snap of the arm, but the man of tricks and brains behind the bat was Bill Craver of the Old Haymakers—who could invent as the game went on, and as resourceful in strategy as the immortal Mike Kelly. We come to a later period of the history of the game and we find another group of great backstops, who were all called on to handle the new rule in pitching, namely, the overhand throw, which is in vogue to-day. Those men were Ewing, Snyder, Bennett, Flint, Tom Sullivan of St. Louis, Jack Rowe, Deasley and Bushing. Of that great constellation of stars, Ewing was one of the brightest; chiefly on account of his combined ability, namely, throwing, batting and base running. Ewing was, in fact, one of

the greatest ball players that ever graced the game. He could throw from any position and he did not require a derrick to straighten him up before he got the ball out of his hand, for his aim was as deadly accurate from a stooping position as it was if he was standing erect. Bennett was the Adonis of them all in his style of catching. He was quick as lightning in recovering a half-passed ball, and hurling it to second with a speed of a catapult. What a revelation to the new generation of patrons should they see the counterpart of Bennett on the ball field once more. Chas. Snyder, another great catcher of that galaxy of stars was always graceful and brainy. He was the first to face the lightning delivery of Jim Devlin of Louisville. Snyder was one of the most modest men of the profession, and a gentleman always. Frank Flint, another of that group, will never be forgotten by the old patrons of the game. He possessed all the requisites of the higher class major league backstop, but he possessed in a higher degree, grit. His personality was such that it made him thousands of friends in the city of Chicago. M. Gross, who now lives in Chicago, was another great catcher of that period. His work for the Providence club for years demonstrated that he was one of the greatest batting catchers in the history of the game. He was a man of fine physical appearance and looked the ideal catcher. Deasley and Bushong were also high-class catchers, and no gamer man ever lived than Tom Deasley, who faced the rifle shot pitching of Jim Whitney and Tony Malone in their palmiest days. Yes, my boys of to-day, this man Deasley did not catch these men with a mattress on his hand either. Jack Rowe was another catcher that shared the honors with

those boys of the past, but left the position afterwards and played shortstop for the famous Detroit Club of '86 and '87. Mike Kelly, who played right field first for the famous Chicagos, but alternated in the catcher's position with Flint afterwards will have to be set aside and a chapter given to him as one of the game's greatest geniuses.

I will fearlessly state to the reader of the pages of this little book that the catchers enumerated, which I have termed the second period of the game, namely, Ewing, Bennett, Kelley, Flynt, Gross, Bushong, Deasley, Boyle, Rowe, Synder and Tom Sullivan (who originally handled Radburn), never had superiors or were duplicated, as a whole, on the ball field, and I am positive Ewing, Bennett and Synder have not been equalled. These men were of fine stature and well developed physically, and possessed a personality which made hundreds of friends for the game itself.

I must confess I have a weakness for big men as catchers, but it seems that the generation of large men on the whole are run out. Small catchers belong in minor leagues and big ones in major. I go on the old adage that a good big man is better than a good little man. We have some great catchers to-day in both major leagues. Jack O'Connor is one of the brainiest and pluckiest in the business. Zimmer, in the many years he has caught for the National League, has shown the highest qualities of the major league backstop, and a reliable man he is, too. Sullivan and McFarland of the Chicago Whites are also excellent catchers. Jim McGuire seems to be getting better as he grows older, which is a strange phenomenon in a ball player. Farrell of Brooklyn has been another catcher of great

worth. Beulow of Detroit is a fast man on his feet and quick to get the ball out of his hands, and has not arrived at his finishing point at that. Wilbur Robinson has for the last eight years been one of the premier catchers of the country. His work in Baltimore in the years of '94, '95, '96 and '97 placed him as one of the greatest catchers in the history of the game.

Jack Boyle, of the Browns of the middle '80's must not be forgotten. He was one of the most natural catchers in the history of the game, and his throwing to bases, was one of the strongest features of his catching. If any names of the past and present catchers are omitted, it is not intentional, as this book is written entirely from memory.

PITCHERS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

The pitchers that made their bow, contemporaneous with professional baseball, were Martin, Pobor, Brainard, Zetlein, Cummings, Spaulding, Matthews, McBride, Cherokee Fisher and Walters. Clubs in those days did not use but one pitcher. They had in stock what they termed a change pitcher, who usually played right field. The mode of delivering the ball at that time did not call for any extra strain of the arm, as the ball was pitched to the batter underhanded—with a quick snap of the wrist. The pitcher that could impart the most speed with this restriction of the arm, of course, was the most successful one, but not always. The bright particular stars of those days were Spaulding, Walters, Brainard, Zetlein, Pobor and McBride. McBride at first headed the list, but Spaulding, who was the Adonis of them all, became the premier pitcher

of his time with this restricted delivery. Spaulding was the perfection of grace itself and his poise in the box before delivering the ball was not for the sake of effect, but a natural graceful preliminary movement. Matthews and Cummings became the stars afterwards, as they both discovered the secrets of the curve about the same time (although from reliable authority, Cummings was the first discoverer of it), but Matthews was the first to put it into greater effect, after the pitching rules were amended, in which the pitcher was allowed to throw the ball as he chose while remaining within the prescribed limits of the box. This change introduced a new batch of pitchers to the public—namely, Bond, Devlin, Bradley, Larkin, Corcoran, Goldsmith, Keefe and Welch. Keefe and Welch did not become great until the latter period, as they were rather young when they entered with the above-mentioned group. Bond, Bradley, Devlin and Corcoran were the best pitchers of that time, and Devlin would have continued as a premier pitcher for years if it were not for an unfortunate temptation that lured him into questionable methods in the interest of gamblers. He was expelled for life as an example to all, and nothing of its kind has ever been attempted in the game since.

Devlin was a noble fellow and a mantle of charity should be thrown over his case, as it was reported at the time that the club he was working for was in arrears to him for salary, and he listened to the tempter when money was offered, but it was not so much the individual that the league wanted to punish (as they helped Devlin in many ways among themselves), but it was to kill forever the principle and attempt to pollute the national game. From '79 to '89 another constella-

tion of bright luminaries in the shape of pitchers made their appearance in the baseball firmament. They were John Ward, Jim McCormick, Galvin, Hugh Daly (one armed), Kilroy, Morris, Keefe, Welch, Clarkson, Radbourne, Mulane, McGinnis, Whitney, Buffington, Foutz, Carruthers, Ferguson and Hank O'Day. From '79 to '89 may be termed the golden era of great pitchers and the history of the game has not since produced such a number of great twirlers. They also were men of the highest order of intelligence. Among them were stars of stars. In the humble opinion of the writer, Charles Radburn of Bloomington, Ill., was the brightest of them all. Outside of his pitching he had all the requisites of a first-class ball-player, batter, fielder and base-runner. He was one of the greatest fielders in his position that ever faced a batter. In his prime he did not know what fatigue was—which he demonstrated in the number of consecutive games he pitched in Providence in 1884, which won the championship of the National League for that city. I hope I am not jarring the feelings of the present generation of pitchers when I tell them that the number of consecutive games that Radburn pitched would consume or necessitate a ball club to carry about forty of the holiday working pitchers of to-day. Remember, boys, that this phenomenal feat of pitching was accomplished with about one or may be two days' rest in the week. F. C. Bancroft, who was manager of the Providence club that year, will bear the writer out in this statement. Taking as a standard the number of pitchers that a club has to carry now to do a week's work, Radburn must have done the work of twenty pitchers, but I tell you, my pitching boys, how he did most of it.

Rad was a man of strong physique and stamina at that stage of his life. He told the writer that while he was accomplishing that unparalleled feat he never wasted a ball on a weak hitter, but made him make a base hit or get out. His system of working a batter was altogether different from most of the present generation of twirlers. He never tasked his arm only on certain batters; he had many deliveries, and one of them was the most perplexing slow ball that was ever handed over to tempt a batter to hit—equalling, if not surpassing, John Clarkson's and Tim Keefe's slow ones. He was a student of his art from the very time he did regular pitching for the writer, up in Iowa, nor is the writer paying him any fulsome praise, because he did his first pitching for him. The first sign that Radburn told the writer that he worked with his catcher was the changing of a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other. Radburn invariably did his own signing, but when he and Mike Kelley doubled up in Boston he gave the only Mike the leeway once in a while.

THE PRESENT PITCHERS OF THE DAY.

There are some great pitchers doing work for both the major leagues to-day. When I speak of them I comment on their work of four or five years. No pitcher should be judged by one year good, or one year bad. The work of four or five years settles the status of any pitcher. Up to the time Russia impaired his skill, he was one of the premier pitchers of the country. When Joe Corbett left the Baltimore Club, he was at the very height of his skill, and the writer was very

sorry to see him go, as he was above the average of the pitchers in fielding and batting skill. Breitenstein was another crack pitcher of the latter days. The men who have been doing great work for the past six or seven years and are still doing it, are Jack Powell of the St. Louis Browns, Philips, Griffiths, Callahan, Nichols, Donahoue, Dineen, Hahn, Hughes, Young, Tannehill, Waddell, Orth, and Madathewson. There are other young and coming pitchers who have done excellent work last year. But, as I have stated, it is those boys that earned their spurs by their long service that I wish to comment on, and not the one-year or two-year men. Amongst that grand array of pitchers just mentioned, Jack Powell, of the St. Louis Browns, stands out boldly as one of the gamest and brainest pitchers that ever stood in the box in the crisis of a great game. Callahan, of all the modern pitchers, is my ideal, when in proper form. He has many attributes of the great Radburn, when you consider his batting and fielding. Young and Nichols, have demonstrated by their long and brilliant service to be among the best boxmen of any period, but that little fellow from Bloomington, who has weathered all storms and is endowed with more brain than some pitchers avoirdupois, and that when facing the sluggers, shows the power of brain over matter. This little man, for the length of time that he has done service in the major league, has made him the pitching marvel of the modern slabmen. His name is Clark Griffiths. There are some pitchers that have left the major leagues in the past years that are worth mentioning. Pink Hawley is one; but the crackerjack with the stout heart and nervy ways was John McMahon of the Baltimores, '94,

'95, '96. He was a counterpart of Powell in the crisis of a game.

Any slob can pitch when no men are on bases and the team behind them picking up base hits, and the outfielders making impossible catches. But show me the pitcher with the bases loaded and stop the opposing side from scoreing, and I will say he is worth the highest salary that can be paid to a professional man.

FIRST BASE.

The guardians of the initial bag have gained more importance in the last sixteen years than ever before. At one time a first basemen was only supposed to stand on the bag like a post and receive a ball. The catching of the ball is only the minor part of the many other features of playing the bag to-day. The great first basemen of the past that came in with the introduction of professional baseball were Joe Start of the Atlantics of Brooklyn, West Fizzler of the Athletics of Philadelphia, Goldie of the Unions of Morsiana and McAttee of the old Haymakers of Lansingburg, N. Y. There were others, but these men were conspicuously the best, namely, Start, Fizzler and McAttee. Joe Start by all means was the star first basemen of that time and continued so for many years. Joe was a natural first-class left-hand batter, and a man of fine stature. Fizzler was a man of small stature, but a crack first baseman for those times, and no ball came to him too speedy, and I assure you that there were some great infield throwers in those times, too. We pass another milestone in the game's history, and new men enter for first-base honors, namely, Ed Mills, James (Chub)

Sullivan, Jno. Morell of Boston, Roger Connor, Martin Powell of Detroit, Delman of the old St. Louis Browns, Chas. Gould of the old Cincinnati Reds, Tim Murnane, first of the Athletics of Philadelphia, and later of Boston and Latham (Juice). As Anson began to play first base in '79 in Chicago, we might as well place him among those great stars, and also Don Brouthers who played for Buffalo and Detroit. Joe Start was still amongst those newcomers and held his own. He finally retired in '86. If I remember right, it was with the Washington League team.

It would be invidious on the part of the writer to state who was the brightest star of that number, but from all accounts of the experts of that time, James "Chub" Sullivan they claimed was the most natural and finished of them all. He died, however, early in his life, which prevented a proper estimate of his ability. I saw him only in three games when he played with Cincinnati.

A batting first baseman in a major league should always rank ahead of a fielder, and I am positive Sullivan did not rank as a batter with Anson, Connor, Brouthers and Joe Start. Tim Murnane outclassed them all as a base runner, and equalled in fielding the very best. Tim may also be placed as the pioneer of heady base running. Cal McVeight, who began his ball playing with the Cincinnati Reds in '69, and afterwards caught for Boston, was also a first-class batting baseman for the time he played.

But for the length of period the bag was played to the passing away of the second bunch of first basemen, taking batting and base running as the first consideration, the honors were bunched between Joe Start, An-

son, Brouthers and Roger Connor. Connor, of the four, was the most modern in his style of fielding, and a great and timely batsman. Start began with the introduction of professional baseball in '65 or '66 and held his own for twenty years, and he did it with that left-handed easy swing of the bat. But old Capt. Anson, and I say it in simple and honest justice, that he was a great batter before the curve; he was a great batter during the curve, and any kind of a curve at that. He kept pace with all kinds of deliveries year after year, nor did he care whether it was a drop or a raise, an in-shoot or an out-shoot; he simply shot them all away and far over the fielders' head, and I will unhesitatingly state he was the most aggressive batsman that ever faced a pitcher in the history of baseball.

The beginning of '82 brought two or three other young men into the major league ranks to gain fame and fortune on that first bag. One of those was a modest young fellow, lean, lanky and tall, that was once a pitcher up in one of the Iowa towns. He had a volcano fire burning inside him to make himself famous, and on that very first base. This young man was originally from Chicago. He arrived in St. Louis in answer to a call to report on a Sunday morning to the new Browns, of '82, who were to play their first exhibition game. Ned Cuthbert was the manager of the Browns, and Al Spink, originally of the Sporting News, was the only single well-wisher of this young man on that day at Sportman's Park. Cuthbert was undecided whether to play Walker a regular first baseman from the East on the bag that Sunday afternoon or this young man from the Iowa prairies. Before the game started Cuthbert asked the young fellow how he would

like to play center field, as he wished to play a man who came from Brooklyn in his regular position on first. This modest, but determined young fellow told him that he came down to play the bag or nothing. Ned was at once struck with the confidence of the new comer, so he told him all right, go on and play it and he would put the other man in center field. That big crowd on this particular Sunday watched this young fellow walk to the bag and take his position. The first batter up for the opposing side hit a high foul fly towards the right-field bleachers, the right fielder started for the ball, but the crowd saw he could not get to it, but they never realized that this unsophisticated young first baseman had also started for that ball, but he had. As all hopes were given up of the fielder getting to it, like a meteor that comes across the horizon, this young fellow started and clutched the descending ball on the dead run. The audience was electrified to see this new and unknown newcomer dash out into territory that was never trespassed on before by a first baseman. They cheered and cheered as he was returning to his bag. After the enthusiasm had ceased, some one called out to the catcher: "Say, what is that first baseman's name?" The player yelled back: "His name is Comiskey." Yes! it was Charles Comiskey, the owner of the present Chicago American League Club, who was destined to revolutionize the whole style of playing first base.

Some years ago I heard that a certain actor named Louis Aldridge was given a certain inferior part in a play called "The Danites." This part was considered a fourth-class part to that which was to be interpreted by the star, but the talent and individuality of Aldridge

made it the star part of the play, so it was the same as first base with Comiskey. He made it for years the star position of that famous infield of the renowned St. Louis Browns. It was nothing to see him at one time out in right field knocking down a base hit and the pitcher or Billy Robinson, 2nd basemen, making the put-out at first base. At another time he would be seen covering the home plate while the catcher and pitcher were after the sphere. His intuition in defining the thoughts of his opponents and making his play accordingly, placed him head and shoulders over any man that played that position before or after. In the crisis of many hard-fought games of those years from '83 to '89, Comiskey in that infield was in the thickest of the fight—instructing and enthusing his infield to make the proper play. No game was too close that he did not see the weak point in the defense of the opposition, and he himself, with that celerity of foot, would dash through and snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. He was with John Ward and Mike Kelley, one of the greatest base runners in the history of the game. I do not mean dress-parade running, to show the audience that he could run, irrespective of how the game stood, but Comiskey's base running was done at a time and place when it meant victory for his side. He was far from being the machine batter that Anson, Connor, —— Start and other first basemen were, but as a run getter, which means the combination of hitting, waiting, bunting and base running, he outclassed the other four. This fulsome praise is not given to Comiskey because he started his baseball career under me; not at all, but all the leading experts who saw him from '83 to '89 will say that he was the greatest first base-

man in the history of the game. To-day we have some finished experts guarding that bag, namely, Jake Beckley, Tenny, Jack Doyle, Cary, Dan McGan, Dillon and John Anderson. Jake Beckley, Tenny, Jack Doyle and Cary stand out conspicuously amongst the present first basemen on account of the long service they have given to the game. Cary and Dan McGan are right in line with the rest, but as the batter always takes precedence over the fielder, in a major league company, Jake Beckley's bat has caused him to out-live many a youngster. Doyle in proper shape is nearest to Comiskey in his quickness of brain than any of the modern first basemen. Remember, I am taking the standard of Doyle's playing from his Baltimore and New York days. No practical ball man can gainsay but that the man with the brightest torch surpasses the one with the lesser, in fact the more intellectual the man is the better he can play the base. No dummy can play the bag and play it right in a major league.

SECOND BASEMAN.

The famous second baseman of professional ball who played it up to the beginning of the '70's were Al Reach (now manufacturer of baseballs and part owner of the Philadelphia Club), Jimmy Wood of the original White Stockings of Chicago, who came from the Eckfords of Brooklyn, Lipman Pike and Bob Ferguson of the Atlantics of Brooklyn; however, Ferguson showed brilliantly afterwards at third, where he will be spoken of amongst the men who played that position. Reach and Wood were conspicuously the best of the second basemen of early professional baseball. Reach was a

heavy hitter and above the average as a fielder in those early days. Jimmy Wood was the star of that time in all departments of the game, and if it were not for the unfortunate accident whereby he lost his leg he would have continued to be a star for many years. From '74 to '84 the game held in its ranks some of the greatest second basemen that ever put on a pair of ball shoes, beginning with Ross Barnes (first of Rockford, Ill.), following the list down to John Burdock, Jack Ferrell of Providence, Joe Quest, Fred Pfeffer, Fred Dunlap, Bill Robinson (of St. Louis Browns), Joe Gerhardt and John McFee, we find among those bright luminaries of the second bag some that were never equalled and others that were never surpassed. Yet you will hear them say to-day those men did not cover the ground like our up-to-date boys. Listen, you old followers of the game, who saw those bright lights shine—John Burdock could be seen at one time scooping up a ground ball in right field on the dead run that had passed the first baseman, and retiring his man at first. Ross Barnes at another time would be seen to start like a flash from his position between first and second and knock down a bounding ball that passed over second base, and with that characteristic chain lightning movement of his get the ball to first before his man. Jack Ferrell of Providence, the brainiest man of them all, in my opinion, that ever played the base, would be seen at deep right short looking for a batter that was to hit in that direction while base runners were first and third, yet, when both men started to steal, one for home and the other for second, Ferrell was in another position and had the ball back in the catcher's hand to nail his man at the plate. These

kinds of plays were for these kinds of men, and those plays were made only for those men, and those kinds of men must have the mental force and mechanical speed to execute those kinds of plays, whether they are on the ball field to-day or twenty years ago. To continue, we look at the graceful Pfeffer and see him go over near right field bleachers and get balls that the first baseman cannot get to. We remember McPhee when he began his career in Cincinnati in '82 go out for years into center field and pull down short flies that ordinarily used to drop safe. Oh, no, those boys of that period of professional baseball covered no ground. Bill Roonson of the famous Browns of the middle '80's executed more tricks around that bag, and that without any spiking, than the average present day second baseman ever dreamed of. This knowledge of those famous men was not gleaned by the writer from newspaper reading. I saw them and have had my clubs against them in many a strife. To illustrate the minds of some of those ball players in its capacity and limit, I would say, first, there is a capacity to a pint of water and a capacity and limit to a gallon. When a pint is full, to put in any more is to slop over, so it is with the gallon; yet we know the gallon has larger capacity than the pint and will hold more of any kind of liquid, so it is with the small brains and large ones of ball players. The man with the "pint" brain cannot take any more than its capacity or it will slop over, so for him to keep pace with the times or absorb any new ideas is impossible, as it is for the pint to take any more than its full extent; but the man with the gallon capacity will take more until it is full, so this is the best illustration I can give in the size of a man's brain. Some players

cannot catch a new idea, nor can a class of managers, either. The two major leagues of to-day, both National and American, have on their payrolls some of the most brilliant second basemen that ever wore a uniform. Tom Daly of the Chicago Whites, Dick Padden of St. Louis, Lajio of Cleveland, Williams of Baltimore, Gleason of Detroit, Demonttreville of Washington, Murphy, the new man of the Philadelphia's and Ritchie of Pittsburg, all these men are good, and some very good; but, as brains come first always with average mechanical speed, we single out Tom Daly and Dick Padden, and say both of you go to the head of the class. For bold Napoleon Lajio, the chivalrous Frenchman, we tap him on the shoulder and say: you are in no class, my boy; you are just the best hitting second basemen in the history of the game, and that settles you, La Belle France.

THIRD BASEMEN.

The conspicuously good third baseman, contemporaneous with professional baseball were Charley Smith of the Atlantics of Brooklyn and Candy Nelson of the Mutuals of New York, but Nelson was not in Smith's class. The others came later and many good ball-players came from that side of the diamond. Third base has always been a very hard spot for certain men to fill, as the balls generally come pretty wicked from the bat. Before the old rule of the fair foul was abolished, it took no ordinary man to play that base. The talk nowadays about the bagmen being fretted to death about those little bunts. What if he had this fair foul hitting to attend to. I better explain this fair



JAMES A. HART.



BAN JOHNSON.

foul hitting to the present generation of patrons before I go any further. It meant that any ball that was hit in front of the plate on fair grounds, that went on foul grounds before reaching third or first was fair. Here were some batsmen like Ross Barnes who had this fair foul hitting down as fine as McGraw (and others have the bunt, pasting a ball at you with rifle-shot speed if you moved in towards the plate. Why, some of those men had to play on foul grounds to the right of third base, sometimes, to field the ball from some crack batters that made a specialty of hitting that way. No "gimpy" arm could play third with those rules. There were hard lines in those days for the weak-kneed third baseman to get those fair foul hitters. Remember, also, reader, the ball was pitched underhand in those times and the ball almost twice as elastic as it is now, and the baseman was not protected with modern upholstery in the shape of door mats and padded gloves on their hands, either. The man who stood out boldly ahead of his compeers in facing this cannonading of the fair foul hitting was Bob Ferguson. I have seen this game player face this terrific hitting around third and pick up the hottest grounders, and that with an ungloved hand, and field his men out at first with the greatest of ease. Fred Waterman, of the old Cincinnati Reds was another good third baseman of those early days. Pinkham and Myrelie of the old Chicago Whites also alternated in that position from the pitcher's box. Ezra Sutton of the old Clevelands, and Joe Batton, of the Athletics of Philadelphia, came in about '70. Sutton for years afterwards was considered one of the best third basemen of the country. His throwing being the bright particular feature of his many

other good qualities. Ferguson played the bag up to a late date. Anson played third base for many years, in fact, was about the first position he played with the old Rockford Club of Illinois. He began regularly when he came to Chicago in '76 and played it up to '79. Other new men in that position made their appearance about '78 and '79 and surpassed in general playing the work of the former guardians of that bag. Of this great batch of third basemen, Ned Williamson of the old Chicagos of the '80's, Jerry Denny of Providence, Walter Latham of the St. Louis Browns, Arthur Whitney, Hick Carpenter, Fred Corey, Mulvy and Nash, the above mentioned were the stars of that position. Amongst that number of great players loom up the forms of Williamson and Jerry Denny. When I consider such stars as Latham, Mulvy, Nash and others and say that Williamson and Denny were the greatest of the group, in all that makes one man superior to another, I do not think I am going too far. Williamson never had an equal in that period when fielding, base running, batting and throwing is considered. Denny was neck and neck with him in fielding, but in base running Ed surpassed him and had a little shade the better of Denny in hitting. Denny covered an immense amount of ground, and no man that ever played the bag excelled him in that feature of the game, and only one equalled him, and that was Williamson. Latham, whom the writer first gave his major league engagement, namely, while manager of the St. Louis Browns, (which was the year of '83), was distinct in his style of playing third base. While he was a rattling good fielder, he excelled More as a runner for his team. Taking him all and all, batting,

base running and coaching, he was in a distinct class by himself, being original in everything he did. While he was not of the heavy caliber of Williamson and Denny, I think as a hustler in the game for his team he equalled, if not excelled, them. Walter knew the road to victory pretty well and many a game he won for the Browns that the world was oblivious of. Baseball in general is very ungrateful and misunderstood. Men get credit for things they never did, while others who furnish the real brain and did the actual work are entirely forgotten. Latham was never taken seriously on account of his great humor on the ball field, but, kind reader, there was a method in that refined and cultured humor of this witty Yankee. His old manager, the writer, pays him this tribute, that for originality, humor, dash and enthusiasm, he never had an equal, but had bad imitators in his style of coaching. Of the present day third basemen there are three distinct men that overshadow the rest. John McGraw, when in good shape, stands with the rest in many things. As an inside man, he beats Collins and Bradley, but, strange also to say, Collins, in his style of playing and manners is a duplicate of Ed Williamson, and Bradley in general is a counterpart of Jerry Denny. Any of the old patrons of the game that have seen all these men will bear me out. Collins, modest and easy, is Williamson to a nicety. If any man had the poetry of action without affectation, it is Jimmy Collins of the Boston Americans. He makes the easiest work of the hardest hit balls, and the game will be many years older before it produces another Collins, in everything that makes an ideal player and gentleman. Bradley has come fast and he will come faster; that is

all I have to say about him. John McGraw, divested of all sentiment, stands alone in his knowledge of the art of run-getting. The readers of this volume must also know that there are other good third basemen in both major leagues that are high-class: namely, Leach, Casey, McCormick, Irwin, Lave Cross, and Louder. McCormick sometimes is sensational in his stops of difficult balls, while Casey is a student in working out a difficult play. Leach and Lave Cross are reliable men in a pinch, which is a great quality in any player who makes the finishing play when things are going badly. Some men are great with the tide, when matters are going their way, but it takes a higher quality of the tissues of flesh and blood to play against the tide, and all first-class major league managers know those men.

SHORTSTOPS.

Ah, my boy, be careful what you say now; don't give too much praise to those old timers, or the present generation of short fielders will boycott your book; but, as I have stated in the preface, it is only one man's opinion anyway.

The first clubs that introduced professional shortstops to represent them on the ball field were the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Mutuals of New York, Eckfords of Brooklyn, Haymakers of Troy, Unions of Morisianna, Nationals of Washington and Athletics of Philadelphia. There may have been others, but those are the principal clubs who battled for championship honors. The players of those clubs were paid either by percentage of gate receipts or given commercial positions in their respective cities, which was equivalent to pay.

Some cracking short fielders were developed by these clubs—John Ratcliff of the Athletics of Philadelphia, Dick Pierce of the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Dever of the New York Mutuals and Geo. Wright of the Unions of Morisianna.

The players above mentioned were undoubtedly the crack men of the game's first professionals, and Geo. Wright, Pierce and Ratcliff were the stars. Ratcliff was a very heavy hitter and a good all around player. Pierce was a brainy scientific man, and he was the first to introduce a short snap hit that fell between the in and outfielders. Geo. Wrightwell Geo. Wright was in a class clearly by himself, when all departments of the game were considered, and he remained alone in this class for many years. Wright was the pioneer of brainy playing in the infield, and his style was copied by others afterwards. I saw George first when I was a mere boy in '69 with the Cincinnati Reds, and I saw him consecutively for years up to '82, when he finished with Providence, so I ought to have a fair knowledge of his skill. I have heard the question asked often within my hearing, did George Wright cover as much ground or play as deep in the field as the present day shortstop. To analyze his style of playing, I will say he played deeper for certain batters, being one of the speediest throwers that ever figured in the game, he could do it and catch the fastest man at that before he got to first. He was brain and nothing but brain in all his movements. When a whole infield was going to pieces in the face of a tornado of hitting, Wright was as cool as an iceberg, watching for the chance to put an end to the batting streak of his opponents. Wright had every mechanical requisite of a great player—he

was a base runner, batter, fielder and the swiftest thrower that ever played in that position, and I am taking into consideration two other great throwers who occupied that position afterwards, namely, Bill Gleason of the old Browns, Tom Burns and Ed Williamson, latterly. The old-timers that saw George in the Cincinnati Reds infield and saw him on the Bostons afterwards, saw the peerless George one time gather up a ball that had passed third base on its way to left field, and like a flash with a rifle shot throw settled his man at first. At another time you would see him going over second base, getting a ball gracefully on the dead run and retiring his man before he reached first base. Wright covered any ground that was ever covered. If anyone equalled Wright it was Hugh Jennings up to the time he left that position, which he was compelled to on account of injury to his arm. The other great shortstops that were contemporaneous with, or followed Wright, were Davy Force of Washington, D. C. (who was called at that time the Little George Wright.) Tom Cary, John Peters, Monahan, Bill Gleason of the St. Louis Browns, Glasscock, John Ward, Sadie Hauck, Arthur Irwin, Tom Burns and Billie McClellan. Just look over those names, all ye old lovers and followers of the game, and think of those stars of the short field that have passed away by the approach of time. Mostly all those men were great at different periods of their playing days until deterioration of skill set in. From '79 on to a good many years, Glasscock and Tom Burns shared the honors as premiers of the shortstops. Arthur Irwin was also a first-class man in that position, and he and Jack Ferrell of Providence executed many a lightning double play

that helped that Providence club to win the championship in '84. John Ward, who retired from pitching after '83, when he came to New York from Providence, developed into one of the leading shortstops of the profession, if not the leader in that position up to '93. John Ward was a first-class, brainy pitcher, and he was more brainy at short,—besides being one of the best base-runners in the history of the game. While speaking of Ward, I wish to inform the present generation of pitchers that Ward and Radburn alternated for a while in '82 from the pitcher's box to right field, and sometimes from short field to the pitching lines. While Ward for three or four years was carrying off the honors of the National League at short, there was another man in the American Association named Gleason, of the St. Louis Browns, outclassing all his colleagues in the American Association, and especially so in the departments of aggressive batting and base running. In the famous series for the world's championship between the Chicagos, champions of the National League of '86 and the St. Louis Browns of the same year, champions of the American Association, demonstrated that Gleason was one of the nerviest players that ever stood up at the plate. This series between the Browns and Chicago were not only for the world's highest honors in base ball, but also for a king's ransom of \$18,000., the entire gate receipts. It was a series of seven games, that is, the club that would win four out of seven should be declared the winner. The final game was the sixth of the seven. The Chicagos had won two out of three at home; they then came to St. Louis and the Browns won three straight. The last game, which was the sixth of the series, the City of St. Louis was on tip-

toe of excitement, Sportsmans' Park was thronged and packed from gate to fence and from stand to bleacher. If the Browns won this game it would settle all; if they lost it they still had another chance, as the series would be three and three with the seventh game to decide all. The Chicago team had Clarkson and the mighty Kelley as a battery in that memorable contest. A. G. Spalding, for the first time in years, sat on the Chicago bench, watching eagerly every movement of his club. Anson, the leader and captain of the mightiest aggregation of ball-players that was ever organized, was sure of victory. After the Chicago club had done their first practice—retired to their bench, when they heard the gong ring for the Browns to appear. At the sound of the bell the nervy Browns emerged from their dressing-rooms, which was a little house in the extreme right field. They formed in line which they usually did, which was composed of a flank of Comisky, Robinson, Gleason, Latham, Jim O'Neal, Curt Welsh, Dave Fouts, Carruthers and Bushong. They came across that field to the diamond with a nervy and steady step. Cheer after cheer rent the air, hats were waived and the heart of St. Louis beat fast to see the gallant Browns take their positions on the diamond for the preliminary work. After fifteen minutes of the fastest practice that that famous organization ever put up, the gong again rang for the beginning of the contest. This sardine-packed mass of humanity cheered and cheered every movement of a club that brought four championship flags to old Sportsmans' Park. As inning after inning passed on. The game varied. One time the Browns would be ahead and then again the Chicagos. In that memorable contest, Gleason kept sending in

run after run off the mighty Clarkson with his aggressive bat. The Chicagos led up to the last part of the game when the nervy Latham drove a ball over Dalrymple's head in left field that tied the score and put the Browns on equal terms with the Chicagos. The roar of Niagara was like the sound of child's prattle compared with the cheering of that vast assemblage. The distinct noise could be heard at the bulletin boards of the Globe-Democrat office, two miles away. In the inning afterwards Curt Welch got around to third base, scored on a wild pitch of Clarkson's and the game was won by St. Louis. In commemoration of the great batting of Gleason of that game, he was carried by the people across the field to the Browns' dressing-rooms. It was a great day for Gleason and it will go down in baseball history of St. Louis as the greatest ball game of the century.

Other great shortstops have come and gone from the game since that time, especially one great batsman, Ed McKean, formerly of Cleveland. The two major league clubs of today have in their ranks some wonderful men, and some of them are the equals of the best of the past.

Before commenting on the present short fielders, allow me to state that one left that position before his time on account of an injury to his arm. It was Hugh Jennings, who is today playing first base for the Philadelphia league team. It has been a mooted and debatable question for many years amongst the acknowledged critics of the game who saw George Wright and Jennings play—as to which of the two kings of that position were the best; that they were the two best men in that position in their time, no one will

deny. To analyze the playing and personality of both, I will humbly say—that in all the mechanical features of the game, batting, base running and fielding, Wright excelled Jennings only in one, and that was throwing. The question might be asked of me was Jennings as brainy and as cool as Wright in the crisis of a great game?

Yes!

Did Jennings cover as much ground as Wright to the left and right of him? Yes! Could Jennings carry the moral weight in a hotly contested game as Wright did? and enthuse his fellow players with confidence to win? Yes!—Jennings in his day could do all that. Then where was the distinction in the personality of both men, where one excelled the other, and counted in a friction of a contest? This was the distinction—both were the kings of that position in the entire history of the game, but I say boldly that Hugh Jennings had the most magnetic personality that ever made up a winning shortstop than any occupant of that position, and that is where he excelled Wright. Geo. Wright in his temperment was a host in himself on the ball field, but to the close chapter on shortstops, I consider Jennings the king of them all (in the history of the game) while he had the proper use of his arm.

The present men who occupy the left of the diamond are first-class and some of them are stars of stars, notably Wallace of the St. Louis Browns, Corcoran of Cincinnati and Long of Boston. Let it be said of Long that his long and phenomenal work in that position places him right in the front rank of latter day shortstops. George Davis is a first class

batting shortstop and has been for years. Dahlen of Brooklyn, Cross of Philadelphia, Elberfeld of Detroit, Parent of Boston, Conroy of Pittsburg, Tinker of Chicago, and it must not be forgotten also that Eli of Washington has played that position in a first class manner for years. Those men mentioned are high class players and have demonstrated it for years. Two men I notice in that position, namely Elberfeld and Tinker will be top notchers for years to come.

LEFT FIELDER.

There has been many a star that has occupied that plateau of ground of the national game, called left field. I never knew how important that position was—until I saw the great game between the old Chicago White Stockings and the Mutuals of New York, which ended in the first whitewash game, namely 9 to 0. This contest took place in Dexter Park in 1870, the left fielder of the Mutuals on that day was named Patterson and all through that unique contest was pulling down fly after fly after long chases. The fielders in those days with that underhand pitching and elastic ball, had no chance to go to sleep between innings. The crack left fielders that came to the front with professional ball and held their own for many years against all comers were Jack Chapman, John Hatfield, Andy Leonard and Ned Cuthbert. These men, gentle reader, were not mediocre in any department of the game but great. Andy Leonard never had a superior in that position. When all requisites of a major league player are considered, as a thrower from left field he never had an equal. John

Hatfield of course played many positions in those days, and as a thrower, there was no one in his class, but as Leonard played left field up to the time he quit the diamond, we must take his standard of playing from the time he occupied that position. Cuthbert and Leonard outclassed all new comers for years. "Cuthy" was one of the crack batters and base runners of his time. Chapman and Leonard were models in physique and the very type of base ball athletes. Leonard, however, was the beau-ideal of a fielder, which he showed in all his movements. Leonard could come in from the field and play short in a first class manner. Beginning with '78, another crop of left fielders sprung up in that left garden, namely Joe Horning, Jim O'Neal, Dalrymple, Stovy, Tom York, Wood and Jim O'Rourke, although the great Jim started his professional baseball career on first base for Boston. Charley Jones was also one of the great batting fielders of those times. Those stalwarts just enumerated were about equal in many things, some excelled the others in batting and base running, especially Dalrymple, but he did not possess the high fielding skill of some of the others, but none of those players equalled the standard in some things of Andy Leonard.

The left fielders of today in the major league are good, and some very good, that equal in brilliancy in many departments the best of the past. The boys who have earned their spurs in that position are Joe Kelley, Delehanty, Clark Burkett, and we can also add Mike Donlin to that list. Of course Donlin has not played the field only a fraction of the time that the others have, but nevertheless he is in that class and will

prove it in his work in the future. There are other good fielders and hitters in the two major leagues, notably Mertes, but no one can gainsay but that the first mentioned four are the stars of the profession. Delehanty is the best batting left fielder in the history of the game, and I am putting him at a high premium at that, when it is considered that one of the most natural batters that stood before a pitcher was Jim O'Neil of the old Browns. For all around fielding in that position it lies between Joe Kelley, Fred Clark and Jesse Burkett. Clark is a cracking major league batter, and has been one of the stars in that position since he joined the National League. Of all the fielders today occupying that position, Joe Kelley must be considered the most versatile at the bat, taking into consideration the many ways he has of getting to first base, but the superiority of handling the cudgel out and out belongs to the Old Gladiator, Delehanty.

CENTER FIELDER.

Center field is a position that many a man has immortalized himself in. Catches have been made in that field by celebrities of the past and present that have enthused people which shook stands and bleachers. The fielders of that position that entered the arena with the advent of professional ball were Dave Eggler of the New York Mutuals, Fred Crane of the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Count Sensenderfer of the Philadelphia Athletics and Harry Wright, (the first real tutor of professional baseball.) There were others, but those were the bright lights. Wright, I believe, was the first fielder I ever saw play for certain batters. An-

other crack center fielder of those times was Mart King of the old Haymakers and of the Chicagos of 1870 and 1871. From '74 on many a shining star in that position has come and twinkled out. Gore of the Chicagos of the early 80's, Dick Johnston, Paul Hines, Ned Hanlon, and Curt Welsh of the famous Browns. The writer has already stated—that he is drawing entirely from memory, and should any one be omitted in this position, allowance must be made. The first center fielders of the game's profession, namely Senderfer, Harry Wright and Fred Crane were all skillful and gentlemanly and gave tone to their calling. The second crop of fielders however, were the best in skill, and a few of them were never duplicated and some never surpassed in that position. Paul Hines was the first to dazzle the entire baseball public by his brilliant fielding in center field. Just think of a man six feet tall with a well rounded physique—that was Hines. He was as elastic on his feet when he first entered the profession as a bounding deer. When he first came to Chicago he demonstrated that he was one of the most natural batters that ever stood up to the plate. Paul carries on his body today marks of those wild and woolly pitchers who used to take a hop, skip, and a jump within the lines of their position and throw overhand at the distance of 45 and 50 feet. The other fielders that came in just as Paul was deteriorating but added a new feature to their work, namely aggressive base running, were Gore, Hanlon and Curt Welsh, they were past masters in that, but two of the most sensational fielders nearly of that time must be added to the list, namely, McAlleer and Wm. E. Hoye (mute). Before commenting further on center

fielders, Hoyer, when he first entered the National League under the writer's management at Washington, D. C., jumped into public favor at once, not only by his brilliant and sensational fielding, but batting and base running. McAlleer for years made the territory of centerfield a dangerous place to hit a ball and a great many of his catches bordered on the marvelous. Gore and Hanlon were heavy left hand batsmen, but as Edward had always the brightest torch he did many things in that position others did not see, and his base running, for years with Detroit made him one of the most valuable men in the profession.

Curt Welsh. When we mention Curt Welsh of the invincible Browns of the American Association, we stop and want to see where we can place him as a center fielder and everything else that makes a winning ballplayer. He never had a superior and it is a question if he had an equal, playing that position. He was off at the crack of the bat and he seemed at once to divine where the ball was to light. His batting and base running was a part and parcel of each other. He subordinated everything of the dress parade order in his desire to get to that first bag and win for his side. I do not believe Curt Welsh ever looked at the average. His average could not be put on paper, but the hidden average he made for his club counted more than all the dress parade ball players put together. His generation has gone, nor do his counterparts or duplicates live. The late Welsh had a magnetic personality, that always enthused his comrades to win. No wonder the Browns won the pennant four times in succession with those hustling magnetic spirits like Gleason, Latham, Robinson, Comisky and Bob Car-

ruthers. There are fielders today if they get a couple of hits they are satisfied. We have a few men of Welsh's style however today, namely McGraw, Pat Donovan, Jennings, Keeler and some others. The players of today that occupy center field are some brilliant men, beginning with Jones of the White Stockings, who is not only a versatile batter and runner, but a fielder of the highest order, continuing on to Barrett, Fultz, Harley, Hemphill, Bay, Beaumont, Dobbs and Brody. All these men are number one fielders and fine types of physical manhood. A major league fielder, as every man well knows, must have the first two requisites to make a star in that position, namely, batting and base running. I do not mean a sprinter going to first. A runner ends at first, base running begins afterwards. It is not the legs that makes the base runner, but it is the head, after reaching first.

RIGHT FIELDERS.

Right field at the beginning of professional baseball was the despised position on the ball field. It was the storehouse of brokendown men, and when the question arose, Where will we play this fellow? Don't think he is much good? the answer would come back: Put him in right field. To play right field in a major league nowadays the man must be the brainiest of the three fielders. The plays of that position have entirely changed in late years and a man must be a quick thinker and must know what the play is as he is coming in to meet the ball and must be ready to checkmate any witty base runners tactics. The past good right fielders were McDonald, first of the Old Atlantics of Brooklyn and

Heubell of the old Philadelphia Athletics. The position for years was filled by mediocre men until Jake Evans of the old Clevelands drew attention to it by his clever work. The next man who introduced a new feature to that position was the peerless Hugh Nichol, (late manager of Rockford club) who made a specialty of throwing men out at first base from right field. Nichol for some years was the sensation of that position for the St. Louis Browns. The writer took Nichol from the old Chicago club and brought him to St. Louis. Next was the redoubtable and original Jim Fogerty of the Philadelphia club, who played that position and his phenomenal work was the talk of the National League in the years '86-'87-'88 and '89. Along with Keeler, Jim Fogerty, outside of his sensational fielding, was one of the game's greatest base runners. He was high class every way; possessing a genial disposition that made him hundreds of friends everywhere he played. Would that there were more Fogerty's in the game. Tom Brown, the present umpire of the National League also played that position and played it well. He was a wonderful runner, and if I am not in error, he was the fastest man going to first base in the history of the game. Mike Kelly played that position, but we will let Mike alone, he stands no comparison nor will I compare him. There is a saying that "you must not fetter genius" and another saying that "mediocrity commits no errors." Of the two sayings the latter one fits the late lamented Kelley. Today there are some excellent men playing right field and Donovan is one of them when you take him all in all, but I declare to the entire baseball world that there is a modest little man out in that field that has

been there since 1894 that stands no comparison with any one in the entire history of baseball. He is as far ahead of his compeers in speed (which means all) as the New York Empire express is ahead of the milk trains that gather up cans between Albany and Schenectady. His name is Keeler, the most finished and scientific batsman in the entire history of baseball and you can add to that his wonderful fielding, throwing and base running. Keeler never had an equal in the entire history of professional baseball. I have seen him play since the year of 1894 up to the present time. Players come and go year out and year in and will for many years, but not players with the calibre and personality of Keeler. There is a dividing line and close distinction between players and player. There is the cold mechanical and machine ball player, who shows up well on paper and to the superficial audience, but there is also the impetuous, dashing, and magnetic spirit, who enthuses his fellow comrades on to victory, and causes confusion in the opposition by the friction of his style of playing. Keeler, like all great men in any profession is retiring and modest, and does not wear snow bells to let people know that he is around. This is Billy Keeler honestly analyzed. Before I close this chapter on the great right fielders of the game, Tom McCarty, who was with the Browns of the latter 80's, and afterwards of Boston, must not be forgotten. McCarthy was a high class major league player and had the fire and dash of the ideal winner. He and Hugh Duffy, while playing the Boston outfield introduced more points in playing for different styles of batters than was ever known before. Hugh Duffy today may have lost some of his major league speed,

but at that, you could blindfold him and place him in the outfield, and tell him who the batters were as they came to the plate, and I venture to say he could grope his way to the spot where that style of a batter generally hit to, and that is more than some major league fielders could do today with their eyes wide open.

“RINGERS—RINGED.”

About the last of the '70's and early 80's there was a great practice amongst the smaller cities of the northwest and surrounding villages to “ring in” on each other outside players from Chicago and other cities. There were two cities in upper Iowa that were bitter rivals in baseball, namely Decorah and Crescoe. The habit of one of those cities was to bring the players to their towns, give them jobs temporarily, and then bet on their club against their rival city. Chicago was the market for this supply of “ringer-in players.” During this particular summer Decorah made a match with Crescoe for a certain date. The Decorah manager went to Chicago immediately and secured five Chicago city players, and gave them ten-day jobs in various places in the city, with the pretensions of making them regular residents, Crescoe was honest in its intentions and expected to give battle with its regular team. They had no idea of the trick of their sister city to collect outside players to beat them. At that time the whole country went stark mad in betting on baseball. All kinds of bets were offered on Decorah by those that were on the “inside,” and knew of the five “imports,” who had fake jobs in Decorah. The great game finally came off—and poor Crescoe caught

it good and hard on the betting exchange—and came near bankrupting some of the Crescoe farmers. The whole plot was revealed after the game. Revenge was planned to get even with Decorah, and revenge it should be and no mistake. The farmers around Crescoe and citizens of that town said Decorah should suffer for this gigantic cheat. A traveling man from Dubuque, Ia., was one of the chief victims, and this scheme of Decorah was to be offset and he would do the whole planning.

Revenge he did have doubly and trebly. As a return match was arranged a deep plot was laid by this astute traveling man from Dubuque. Crescoe said nothing to Decorah about her counterfeit players, as she was to do some “ringing-in” herself, and a ring that would be heard all over the state. On the other hand Decorah was not satisfied by retaining the five original Chicago players, but reinforced them by two more from the prairies of that city—making in total seven. Crescoe, however, with the traveling salesman as their manager went deep and ingenious into their scheme to get square with Decorah. The Dubuque team of 1879, which the writer was the organizer and manager were resting on their oars after winning the championship of the northwest. The Dubuque team composed Tom Sullivan of St. Louis, Radbourne, Lapham, Loftus, Comisky, the two Gleason brothers, Billy Taylor and Reis. The great Radbourne was on the threshold of his greatness. This was the year before he joined the national league, and he was ready for any scheme where there was fun and a little pay. Billy Taylor who died some years ago in Florida, was one of the most natural ball players that ever donned

a uniform. He demonstrated it afterwards in Pittsburg by pitching one day and catching the next. Well those two were the battery that the traveling man engaged. Rad was ever in his element when it came to the task of making pretenders lay down their bats. At that time he could give 50 strikes to a Chicago City League player, and he wouldn't touch the ball. All arrangements were made for Taylor and Radbourne to go to Crescoe on a farm near that city, and remain there until the day of the match. Their line of business was to watch the other farm hands toss hay, etc.; and partake of the cream of the farm. Those two great men of the ball field have passed out of the flesh, but often did the great Radbourne convulse me with laughter, describing his life on that farm, while waiting for the great game. Rad and Taylor could play a Reuben and play it well. They were treated on that farm like kings and lords, and all Crescoe was chuckling to themselves on the cards they had up their sleeves for Decorah. Here was the position of the two cities, one week before the match. Decorah had seven Chicago players with the addition of two or three of her own. Crescoe had her two stalwart farm hands to be added to seven of her own men. Decorah put watch on Crescoe to see if they were getting any new men, but no new faces were seen on the team while Crescoe was practicing for the great match. Radbourne and Taylor never appeared with the Crescoe team while they were practicing. There was an air of mystery about the latter city that Decorah could not understand. Crescoe held their secret well as this traveling man closed all leaks. The game was the talk of that section of the country, and Crescoe

took every bet that Decorah could muster. Men had all and every confidence in Radbourne and Taylor. They knew they were robbed by Dacorah in the last game, and they were boiling hot to get even. Decorah had detectives in Crescoe up to the afternoon of the game, but no new faces were seen. What could this mean? Crescoe was backing their club and never spoke of any new players. The traveling man had arranged for the novel appearance of Radbourne and Taylor on the day of the game. The great day of the match opened up bright and clear. From early morn to noon wagons were pouring into Crescoe loaded with people from the surrounding country to see the game that was the topic of conversation for three weeks. Excursions on the railroads came up from Decorah with people who were eager to bet on their invincible team. The Chicago contingent of players urged their friends to take all kinds of bets as they were going to make a holy show of the Crescoe "yaps"—not thinking of what they were going against. It was a free ground where no admission was charged, but the playing field was protected by a rope. The Decorah team when they arrived at the grounds was cheered immensely by their friends. They commenced their practice and a beautiful dress parade one it was. They caught the ball in all fantastic shapes, which set their adherents wild with delight, and correspondingly depressed the followers of the Crescoe club. The artistic display of picking balls up with one finger bewildered the countrymen. Bets were called out by the friends of the Decorah club, but Crescoe was on hand to take them. Any practical baseman knows what a dress parade means before a

country audience. It is to scare the opposing club. Well after those wafer boys of Chicago prairies and city left the diamond, the awkward and ungainly oaks of Crescoe appeared, but they were minus their battery. They threw the ball around awhile but the contrast between their dress parade and the "laddas" was decidedly in favor of Decorah. But dear reader there was one thing those Crescoe boys could do—they could hit a little. The original battery of the Crescoe club had not yet appeared, but their absence was explained by their manager, that they could not get off from their work until a certain time in the day, but they would be on hand in plenty time to begin the game. About this time a farmer appeared with a load of hay whose top was covered with about twenty farm hands who came along to witness the game. The farmer insisted on driving near the ropes, but they drove him back and his team to the right side of the diamond. The traveling man was there for Crescoe piloting the whole business. A cry was set up by the whole crowd for the game to start, but Crescoe said they could not commence the game until their two players arrived, (it was not intended they would appear) but they knew they would be there soon, and as one of them was their pitcher they would rather let the game go by default than begin without him. There was an immense crowd surrounded the field, which was composed of wagons, horses and pedestrians. Cry after cry was set up from the impatient crowd for the game to commence. Crescoe claimed they could not commence the game with seven men, as they were waiting for their regular two men to come up from the city. Finally this old farmer

who drove in with a load of hay covered with his farm hands called out, "Say boys, I can loan you two of my men to help you out until your two men arrive." This remark of the old farmer Jenkins was cheered by crowd. The traveling man who was directing the affairs of Crescoe says no, we will wait for our regular two men or there will be no game. The Decorah manager told the Crescoe manager that he could put those two men in and he could take them out when the two regular men appeared. He replied that he would see. The crowd heard this and demanded that Farmer Jenkin's two men be put in the game until the others arrived. There was an immense amount of money, and horses, bet on the game, and the Crescoe people said it was an awful shame that Decorah should have such a soft thing. Finally the Crescoe manager called out, "Send down your two men, Mr. Jenkins, from that load of hay." I'll put them in the game anyway. At this call Rad and Taylor toppled down from the load of hay, and powerful looking men they were at that time of their life. All eyes were now riveted on them. The number of Crescoe people "that were in on the play" cheered and cheered Rad and Taylor. Those two men had their overalls on but before going to the field they divested themselves of their outward heavy shirts. The Chicago players commenced to laugh as they saw them descend from the load of hay. They might have heard of Radbourne and Taylor but they never saw them. The Crescoes took the field and as "Rad" went toward the box that sullen, dogged and indifferent appearance which was ever characteristic of him, somewhat impressed the Chicago players. As big Taylor donned the mask Farmer Jenkins called

out, "Don't hurt yourselves, boys, you know we commence thrashing tomorrow." As Radbourne faced the first Chicago hitter he smiled with that defiant air which always lit up the countenances of two men in their different professions. One was John L. Sullivan's as he looked across the ring at his opponent, and one was Charles Radbourne when he first faced a batter. You can call it hypnotism, magnetism, or some other "ism," it was there just the same. Radbourne showed it in the many years that he was in the National League. Sullivan demonstrated it in the twelve years he was champion of the world. Rad opened up this game by calling out to Taylor "Hold up your hands, Billy? belt high over the plate, I want to shoot three or four balls over it on that cigarette batter." Talk about being on the double track of the B. & O., between Baltimore and Washington, and your train standing still waiting for the New York Lightning express to pass, which she does with a "zip," then you'll have a faint idea how Rad sent the first ball over the plate on this Chicago City League batter. Rad and Taylor threw all their ardor and jollity into this game. This batter fanned out and was glad to leave the plate, when Taylor calls out, "Come on here you mosquito batters from the prairie grass of Chicago, I want some of the atmosphere fanned away from here." Holy Moses their heart failed. They knew they were up against the real thing, where they came from or how they got there they knew not. Radbourne looked at them; he shot them high and he shot them low with curves and jumps that made them seasick while they were at the plate. He retired the side on strikes.

Cheer upon cheer went up from all Crescoe when

they saw the doom of their bitter opponents. As Decorah went to the field Taylor made it worse by telling them to go out now and show the people how to pick up a ball with one finger. Chicago players realized now what they were against and it affected their entire playing. Taylor, the first batter up for Crescoe, drove a ball high and dry over the wagons in center field into a small creek. The Crescoe players now took heart when they saw they had a sure thing on their tricky opponents and commenced to bat. The Decorahs who were catching balls on their fingers before the game were now catching them on their shins and bounding them out into the field. Radbourne who was always a good batter drove liners and grounders through their "lace curtain" infield. Everything was going against Decorahs helter skelter. The first inning netted Crescoe seven runs. All through Rad kept striking the Chicago crowd out and Taylor with his kidding kept telling them the kind of balls that were coming. Decorah crowd saw they were out-jobbed and outwitted and commenced to leave the field. The game finally ended up by a score of twenty-two to nothing. When the game ended the Crescoe people went stark mad. They took Rad and Taylor off the field on their shoulders. They pulled Farmer Jenkins off his hay, they took the hay as a souvenir by the order of Jenkins and lit it up as a bonfire by his orders to commemorate the victory. Rad and Taylor were brought into the city and made heroes. They paid those two men and very well. They kept them up in that country for a while before they let them go, but it settled forever any "ringing-in" of outside players in that part of the country.

THE HUNGRY BALL TEAM AND THE FIRST
BUFFET CAR.

The Kansas City team of 1885, member of the Western League was one of the sturdiest combination of ball players in that whole section of the country. They were large in physique, and particularly known by some hotel keepers as ravenous eaters. Their health and good spirit was a stimulent that made them such great gluttons. Two in particular could eat more in one meal than an army of candy dudes could in a month. I venture to say that one of them could break up a dude boarding-house in two meals, and this was good natured, jolly Billie O'Brien. Billie was the jolliest fellow that ever traveled with a manager. He was a great batter and the hit he made off Charlie Radburn, in Washington, D. C. (the line drive over center field) has been the high-water mark of long hitting in that city for years. I was the manager of this Kansas City Club, and Bill's jokes made me smile many a time. The particular instance I wish to cite was on a train from Milwaukee to Kansas City. The dinner station was reached about half past two in the afternoon. The boys, however, spied a buffet car, which was the first time this car was introduced in the West. The buffet car in those days were merely light carriers of lunches for canary birds. A consumptive dude would starve if he was compelled to dine there a whole day. The prices of this car would astonish you and would drive a hole in a Vanderbilt pocket book. To enter the car at all was equal to 25c, to touch the bill of fare was equal to 50c, and to smile at the waiter was \$1.00, so the reader can

imagine the cost of the first buffet car, and should a stomach be questioned how it felt after consuming one of these sparrow meals, it would answer back it could stand another load of feathers. At about 12:30 of that day the boys were rather hungry from a long morning ride—they spied Miss Buffet, in the rear of the train. They at once came to me and told me if I would give them the money that was to be paid for their dinner at the regular dinner station, they would eat in the buffet car. They were dazzled, of course, by the nice white aprons of the coon waiters, and a bunch of grapes they saw on a table through the window. The regular dinner station was an hour and a half away yet and I asked them to wait and get a good dinner. They said, "Oh, no!" the novelty of eating in a buffet car dazzled them, but the greatest incentive to most of them was to make extra money for themselves on the price of their meals. I asked them how much they wanted, they said the regular price that was to be paid at the dinner station, namely, 50c. This was the amount per man they asked for. I told them, however, I would give them 75c on this particular occasion, knowing very well what they were up against. They were profuse in their thanks for that extra donation, and there was no one like Ted. They calculated to be ahead at least 40c or 50c on this speculation. Now, gentle reader, remember 12 ball players with the appetite of that number of farm hands, taking a meal that a cigarette dude would starve on. Big Billy O'Brien was the first in and the last out. They went on ordering, not thinking at all about the price. I waited in the coach with inward mirth of the climax. About

thirty minutes here they all came into the coach, talking about their losses instead of their gains. Some bills reached \$1.00, while others went up to \$2.00, while poor big Bill O'Brien went to \$2.75. I was so convulsed with laughter I could not look at them. All at once O'Brien makes his entrance and says to the boys, "You talk about your Buffet and Biffits, talk about trains being held up by the Dalton gang or any other gang, why those Biffits hold up passengers here. Here I thought I was making 50c on my venture and am out \$2.25 and I am hungry yet. I believe they gave us the photograph of that stuff they sold us. Just think of it, boys, it was a red bunch of grapes that coaxed you fellows in that car. Nothing will catch me hereafter through a buffet window but a pig's foot or 'crubine' or a plate of corn beef and cabbage." I had my head up against the back of the seat, nearly dead with laughter trying to hold in. They thought I was asleep, but Big Billy was more bold, came over and tapped me on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Say, Ted, did you hear about the hold-up in the Biffit car, we were all robbed." They saw me trying to hold in with laughter, and they commenced to smile. I knew they were still hungry, so I said never mind, boys, that is all right, be ready to get off for regular dinner, we will be at the dinner station in 10 minutes. The holdup in the buffet caused much laughter amongst the boys till we got to Kansas City, but you never could get any of that ball team to enter a buffet car afterwards. The players that composed that team, Billy O'Brien, Tom O'Brien, Conny Doyle, (brother of Jack), Walter

Hackett, Burch, Visner and Emmet Seary, Veach Colgam and Bob Black,

TIM HURST.

There have been many celebrated characters in the past eighteen years connected with the National game, but the most unique and original character of them all is Tim Hurst, who has been for years an umpire in the National League. This fearless and honest man is away ahead of the ordinary in his ability as an umpire and in the execution of his duty. The shape of his head alone would indicate merit of some kind. Some men are odd to others from their inferiority of intellect, same as the flight of the eagle is odd and eccentric to the owl and bat, so any man that is endowed with superior talents is eccentric to the owl and bat minds of his fellow-men. To sit and talk with Hurst for an hour, you will at once detect that he is original in his ideas and matters generally. It is no re-hash, either, of second-handed ideas handed down from some fountain head. His atmosphere is clean from filth while he is conversing, and it is not pregnant with vilification of his fellow-men, nor tainted with obscene stories. Such is Tim Hurst with a heart as true as steel and one of the few men you meet that you can pick out as a diamond amongst cobble stones. Major leagues should have retained Hurst in their ranks if it were possible, but yet it may be that he found it more lucrative in his other calling.

CUBAN GIANTS.

The Cuban Giants used to make their annual spring trip to Washington to play one game on the Negro

great holiday to give practice to the Washington league team. The great Negro holiday in Washington is Emancipation Day, and it was on this day that the great Cubans were to play their league team. There are at least 100,000 colored people in Washington. I had to advertise the game, so I hit upon the plan of putting two darkies in the middle of the parade on two fantastic looking mules, with a banner on their shoulders, bearing the inscription, "Come out to the Base Ball park to-day and see the Cuban Giants burn up the grass while practising." It was a good ad, and people were laughing at those two mules and banner along the route of the parade. The marshalls of the day finally saw this advertisement, which was lessening the dignity of the great Emancipation turnout. One coon marshall rushed up to those two fellows and with drawn sword, said: "Get out of here, men, do you want to disgrace our race? This is no base ball play." The darkies left their lines with their mules, but I ran across the street and told them if they wished to earn the \$5.00 they would have to fall into the parade on the next street in a different part of the line. After going two blocks away they were driven out again, and the negro marshall swore vengeance on them. The darkies darted in again, this time behind a band. One of the mules got scared and balky. It was evident that he was not a musical mule. I believe he was a Culpepper County Mule and not used to city ways. Any way he blocked the parade and the whole streets were in laughter. The negro marshalls were furious. The balky mule and the ludicrous signs was the center of all attraction. Finally one high-tone coon rode up, grabbed the sign

out of the hands of the bearer, threw it on the ground and told the negro to lead his mule away, that this was not a circus parade. The entire parade was stopped, it could not move until the two mules were either coaxed or dragged away. He was a country mule sure enough. One of the coon marshalls was so exasperated at the delaying scandal that he tried to shove the mule from behind, when old Balky flew up with both feet and Mr. Coon was driven up against a big wench near the curb stone. He was picked up and led away. The poor negro boys were trying to lead them by the reins, but Mr. Mule would not stir. The negro had on a base-ball suit and that made the marshall furious. Finally they concluded to go around the mule and leave them in the middle of the street. The band struck up and the mule struck out for a side street on a bee line. The big coons, little coons and members scattered pell mell out of the way. The mule never stopped until it got to the barn, and the great Cuban Giant game was advertised for the great Emancipation Day, the 19th of April.

DAN O'LEARY'S HUMOR OF THRICE TOLD TALES.

None is more amusing, in the major league, than the story of Dan O'Leary and the can of milk. Dan, while managing the Cincinnati Unions, in 1884, entered the dressing-room one day feeling joyful over a great victory. It seemed before the game ended Dan had dispatched a boy for a large pitcher of beer. Justice Thorner, who was president of the club, entered the dressing-room that afternoon as the boy came in with the pitcher of beer. Dan was nonplused at the entry of the president, simultaneously with the



MIKE KELLY.



N. LAJOIE.

beer, but the bold Daniel was equal to the occasion, he straightened up and looked at the boy with scorn, exclaiming, "My dear son, did I not tell you it was milk that I wanted, not beer." There was a huge laugh all around, Thorner laughing the heartiest.

RETIRING BALL PLAYERS.

Adeline Patti has often made her "farewells," Barnum also, but neither of them equals the ball player who proclaims to the world, that he is tired of drawing \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year with the addition of Pullmans and swell hotels thrown in. Let us see how he first sounds the alarm of retiring. It may be he is to marry an heiress, or again, it may be a rich widow, who wants him to quit the horrid game, and look out for her interests. Or still, it might be that some relative left him a mine in the far West. One of the other will be an excuse anyway. His pet reporter, will first hear of this, and will say: "Oh, no! That can't be!" The speaker will say: "Yes! It is so—he confidently told me in the dressing-room yesterday that this is his last year in the game." Has he told the president of the club? the reporter will ask. No, he hates to—he has been treated so nicely the present year. Next morning in large type the newspaper will lead off Mr. So & So is to retire altogether from base-ball. Holy Moses! The followers of this player are up in arms. One excitable fan will say, "I knew it! I knew it! I don't blame him—he never could get along with that secretary and directors." Another fan is on his feet, "I bet some of those other clubs are after him." The fan remarks: "Don't you see he is to retire altogether,

going into business with his uncle in their (minds) mines." Third fan speaks up: "Well, that will settle the club—I gave them my last half dollar." The next day the president meets the player. "What, John! Is this true what I see in the paper?" Player says: "Yes, Mr. President, I am afraid it is—you see I cannot play ball forever and this chance may not come again. My uncle has been at me the past two years to quit the game. Then you see I bought some property lately, that \$5,000 has to be paid on and uncle will do it if I quit." Here the president speaks up, "Why, pshaw! stay with me the coming year and I will advance you that amount and increase your salary to \$8,000 for a year. You know, John, I cannot replace you this year, at least, and you know I have always treated you well." The player looks at the president in a sympathetic and innocent way. "Why, Mr. President, for that reason it breaks my heart to leave you. And I hate to have you believe I want any increase on salary, but I will write to uncle to allow me to stay in the business one more year at least. Just to please you. Well, reader, this player stops in the game that year and many other years afterwards, and the only time he will leave the ball field is when the field is tired of him. The only ball player in the history of the game that retired when he said so and that was Jim McCormick, the famous National League pitcher, who played with Cleveland and Chicago. This may be a little satire on the retiring ball player, but who can blame him. Don't all business, trades and arts have their tricks. Indeed, they do—from the minister of the gospel down. I knew of a minister out west that was to retire and go into business. The

congregation raised his salary, he reconsidered it and remained with his beloved parishoners—simply because he loved them and his salary.

PLAYERS THAT WOULD AND WOULDN'T.

There is another class of would-be professional ball-players who claimed they had offers from the Major League Clubs of the United States. But refused them for this and that reason. In every village or city in the country you will hear the fans say: "I know of a great player of so-so city. But you can't get him. His folks will not allow him to play professional base-ball, and then again, he is rich, he don't have to. He don't have to, reader, because he knows down in his heart that he has not the speed or nerve to take the chance. If he thought he had the ability to earn \$300 on a ball-field, with the luxuries of fine hotels and sights of the best parts of the United States, he would butt his head through a brick wall to get there and leave his \$25 a month job. Last year I met one of those kind of boys, he was a pitcher and worked in a dry goods store in a small town in Texas. I was annoyed for weeks, by friends of mine, to get this pitcher that they all heard of. Finally, I decided to go to this town, and see what this young man looked like. I heard great stories about him, and one was that nobody could beat him before a lady audience. In fact, he was the Beau Brummel pitcher of Texas. I met him one noon in his store, as he was about to engage in his noon-day lunch. He heard of my coming, and was glad to see me. I saw at once he was of the etherial make-up, more fit to excel at croquet than

on an athletic field. He began by saying, as he unfolded the tissue paper from his invisible lunch: "My folks, up in Vermont, are awfully against me playing professional base ball. And before I left for Texas they insisted that I should buy two large revolvers." As he said this his lunch was entirely visible, which consisted of two caramels, a slice of transparent chicken and one cigarette. He turns at once on me, and says: "Mr. Sullivan, will you not partake of some of my lunch? My boarding-house lady just over burdens me with too much luncheon." Here a big Texas fly lit on his hand. He slaps it wickedly, remarking: "You horrid thing, take that slap, for interrupting me in my conversation with company. The fly fell to his feet minus one wing and a broken leg. He then says: "A Vermont fly has at least manners, and they are not so rough and torturous in their sting. In fact, they are well-bred flies." I began: "Mr. Gillfeather, is there any inducements that could be offered to have you pitch for me this year?" As he looked towards me to speak, I noticed his articulation was impeded a little by a caramel that he was masticating. The wind shifted through the door, and blew his transparent slice of chicken on the fly's crippled back, which the insect at once consumed. He remarked to me: "Hardly, Mr. Sullivan, hardly." I said: "Why Texas is all right every way, Mr. Gillfeather, and I'm sure you will not be contaminated in your affiliation with professional baseball players." He says: "Yes, Texas is all right, and I have already learned to love her people. The state had been entirely misrepresented to me in Vermont. And don't you believe," he continued, "I have had no chance to use my two revolvers

since I came. True, we had a little society quarrel the other evening, over at Mrs. Fearless', and instead of what I heard of in my state about shooting in Texas, it was just the reverse. Certainly, there was a little harshness on the part of Gussy Smoke, when he hit Mr. Ordway with the point of his lace handkerchief. That precipitated a terrible row, cigarettes and chewing gum were used as weapons. I carry a terrible lump on my arm, where I was struck with a piece of pepsin gum, in defending one of our clerks from bodily harm." I ended the conversation right here. "Mr. Gillfeather, this is my proposition to you, if you want to pitch for me in the Texas League, you will work only a game a week, which will be on ladies' day. On that day a vallet, who will be furnished to you, free of charge, will be with you throughout the entire season, he will carry your bat to and from the home plate. If the ball is too heavy for you to hold before you deliver it to the batsman, he will hold it for you. This attendant of yours will 'fan' you between innings, and serve you cream and strawberries, a carriage will be furnished to carry you to and from the grounds, a special room in the hotels will be kept one week ahead for you. Two large bouquets will be given on the day you pitch, but they will be stock bouquets and perfumed only for that occasion. Fans, on the day you pitch, will be given to the ladies free, bearing your name in golden letters. On sleeping cars two whole sections will be engaged for you. One to lay your hat and garters, and the other for your necktie and perfumes. This is the best I can do in the way of accommodations. As to your salary for the season, here is a blank check that I will leave which you can

fill out to any amount you wish for advance money. Here is a contract also, which is blank and you can insert any salary you wish—in that contract. Write to your people in Vermont and take all those inducements into consideration. I will have to leave you now and take the next train for Dallas. So, good-bye, Mr. Gillfeather, and be very careful about your bruised arm, so that you will have it in good shape next year, if you decide to play professional base-ball.”

COON FOUL CATCHER.

Away down in Georgia, in 1892, there was a coon catcher in a black village near Atlanta, and his name was Sim Blass. This catcher could imitate the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, the rumbling of railroad trains, the paddles of steam boats and their whistles. He was a very large darky and his lips were unusually thick. His imitation of foul tips surpassed all his other efforts as an imitator, and was the cause of bringing many a coon club to grief. His reputation as a foul tip catcher was known throughout the states of Georgia and Tenn. The coon clubs after a while became suspicious about their players going out on so many fouls when Sim was behind the bat. This, of course, was before the foul tip was abrogated from the playing rules. Sim Blass' services were in demand all over the state and the darky clubs would pay Sim good money to come and catch for them on important matches. While Mr. Blass' ability in catching the feathery fowls was above mediocrity, still the fouls of a ball game came easier and he was

paid to catch them, while gathering in the feathery fowl it would entangle him in the meshes of the law, and make him a contestant of vicious dogs and guns. When Sim caught, coon batters were going out on from 16 to 20 fouls by the manipulation of his lips. If the batter ever hit at the ball and missed it, no matter where, Sim worked his lips and they went out on a foul. Some superstitious darkies claimed that Sim charmed the ball and he was about to be barred from all clubs, until a final test came up on an important game at Chicken Creek, Georgia. The game that was arranged was an important one and the coon gamblers were there from Atlanta, Marietta and Persimmons Bend. They were betting heavily on Sim's club, depending, of course, on Mr. Blass' ability as a foul catcher. Mr. Blass was catching for the Stone Mountain team, which was playing against the Marietta. The game was played at Chicken Creek, twenty miles from Atlanta. A secret conference of the Marietta team was held before the game, and it was agreed that a close watch would be kept on the movements of Sim's lips during the game.

The man selected to umpire the game was a fierce coon from Atlanta, by the name of Razor Pete, who always was full of bad pizen, but nevertheless had a reputation for fairness in a ball game. As he took his position behind the catcher, he removed his coat and a belt encircled his body, which was conspicuous by the number of razor blades that were protruding through the leather case. The first two batters of the Mariettas went out on fouls, and the last man hit at least a foot from the ball but Sim had him out on a foul tip just the same. That settled it. A great

rush was made for the umpire to make him come and watch Sim catching fouls. Razors and cotton hooks were drawn by the adherents of both teams. The Mariettas said that they would quit unless Sim put a rubber or something in his mouth, while behind the bat. Razor Pete, the umpire, became indignant and exclaimed in a loud voice that he did not care to watch any man catch fouls, as that was a nightly job he attended to himself. This created a great laughter among the audience, and helped to allay the excitement among both teams. Finally, Mr. Blass, with a rubber in his mouth, began catching as the Mariettas came to the bat. They knew if he could make any fouls with his lips with that rubber in his mouth they would notice it. As the Marietta's first batter came up with this handicap on Sim, he went out just the same on a foul tip, manufactured by Sim. The Mariettas were amazed. A plan was now hit upon. A batter was to go up and to pretend that he was going to hit at the ball and as the ball was coming to him to draw back—bring the bat forward slowly, but not strike. The whole Marietta nine now had their eyes rooted on Sim, as they knew what their batter was to do. This is where Mr. Blass was lead into a trap and nearly created a riot at Chicken Creek. The batter stepped up and made a feign as to hit the ball, drawing the bat back and moving it forward slowly, but Sim smacked his lips and made the foul just the same. The Mariettas made a rush for Sim. The umpire was pushed forward and told that Mr. Blass had robbed them all through the game. Razors that were intended to do other than barbers' work were in the coons' hands.

Razor Pete reached behind him and pulled out his longest razor blade, rushed in and said he would rescue Sim. A terrible fight was now to be precipitated, but the quick wit of a parson averted a direful calamity. He had been a quiet spectator throughout, and while cotton hooks and razors were in the air, a chicken he had hid under his coat and intended for a feastful supper, he now thought he would serve the Lord and sacrifice his appetite by distracting his race with their acknowledged weakness. He hurled the chicken high in the air. It was one of those large, juicy, long-gilled roosters. Sim was at once forgotten. A wild rush was made for the chicken, and in the melee and hurly burly as to who would get it, Sim escaped to the tall timbers and was lost in the Georgia pines and Mr. Blass was never sought after by any more clubs. His occupation was gone.

A HIGH-LIVING BALL PLAYER.

Ball players of the National league who have traveled over the circuit two or three seasons are the easiest to satisfy in regard to hotel accommodations. A good story is told of two fresh minors who were brought from some class B league, and joined the major body on an eastern trip. This National league team stopped at a swell hotel in New York City, on Broadway. After the players were assigned to their rooms the two swelled up minors came down in the elevator, and in an injured tone asked the clerk if those were the best rooms he had for them.

The clerk looked at the two players in utter surprise and said: "Why, gentlemen, ex-President Harrison

occupied those very apartments last week, and I am positive he made no objection."

One of the players looked at the other and said: "What de ye tink; Jimmy, will we stand it. We are here just de two days, see?"

The other player remarked: "I guess we'll have to, but yer bet yer life on de next trip if our manager don't stop at de Waldorf-Astoria I'll ask fer me release."

MANAGERS AND THEIR SIGNS.

There is one class of base ball fallacies that I want to shatter into as many pieces as Buffalo Bill does the real article with his rifle. It is the bug-a-boo of base ball managers' signs. This supposed one million signs are commented upon by a class of ignorant ball players for the edification of verdant and gullible reporters, who want to bring into derision some of the best and well posted managers of the national game. Let me state to the army of base ball enthusiasts through the breadth of this country, that any professional club with any pretensions of success, must have some signs or another or it is not a ball club. Signs regulate themselves and are used by efficient captains or managers according to the intelligence or experience of the players they guide. The manager must govern himself by the wit of the men he has under him. So, with different men, different methods. You cannot go by any set rules in base ball, because what is right at one stage of the game under certain conditions, would be wrong at another time. This "rot" of men like Watkins having more signs than players is an insult to the intelligence of any base ball man. They may have four

or five signs or maybe three to govern certain plays that may rise in a crisis of the game and no more. A manager with a lot of raw material must in some way teach those players the alphabet of team work, then he will have to govern himself by it. Hundreds of the new comers are nervous and anxious to make a success. And the manager must have circumspection enough to know whether the player possesses wit or not. If not possessed of this divine spark the young fellow must be left alone and jollied in his work.

The writer remembers having some experience with a player some years ago in a minor league, and I at once saw that there was no craft in the young fellow, and I did not want him to be burdened with the semblance of a sign, so he would have no excuse for his failure. I told him that he was a free agent, and the only signs for him was to hit the ball when he chose, catch it in any field and throw it where his judgment thought it was right. He went one week and never hit the ball out of the diamond, I jollied him every way, I asked him if he had any excuse, he said no. But he did tell me that if he had a sign or two to go by he thought he would be a winner.

Now, reader, if this individual had the handicap of even one sign he would tell his friends if he was released that the one sign was the cause of his misfortune, so this is one class of ball players. In my baseball career, I made the gullible opposition believe that I had forty signs in a game of ball. And it was carried out to perfection by the wits that played for me, who joshed the other players by telling them that it was so, yet four signs was the limit I used with

beginners, and one or two that may have to be put into practice in the crisis of a game. To make my essay more clear to the public, some ball players are as impervious to taking signs as a duck's back is to absorb water. This class should be left alone. Their destiny in the national game is purely mechanical, and if you introduce any chess or dominoes in their ball playing, they are lost. Class A, players of superior intelligence who have played for a year or so are easily handled by a manager. As the plays of the game come up those men generally know what action to take, and the manager only steps in at the crisis of the game, where his superior knowledge of the issue knows what tactics to pursue.

Take the class of player of Keeler, Jennings, Kelly, McGraw, Doyle, Patton, Tom Daily and others. The intuition of each others actions does not require any particular signs, either verbal or dumb. And when that class of men are set on a ball field, the plays of the game come up before them as clear as the cards in a game of euchre, yet there must be a head to that combination of players, too. There is a hidden science to base ball, in the machinery of its playing. The human nature part of it the audience never catch sight of. The moral effect one play has on another the audience never notices, but the hidden works of a base ball clock they never see. It is the movements of the hands that they notice, but not the friction in its inside works, which sometimes make the hands move erratically. There has to be signs between pitcher and catcher, second baseman and the third baseman, and those have to be operated while the team is in the field. You cannot make a pebble a

diamond no matter how much you polish it. And a certain class of players could play one hundred years and retain nothing but the polish of the pebble. But a diamond will be a diamond no matter what it is encased in. That is the difference between some ball players' intellects and others, as between the polished pebble and the real diamond.

COLLEGE MEN AND BASE BALL.

Of the many college men that have entered the professional ranks very few have made a success of it. It may be startling and astounding when the essayist of this article, states to the base ball world, that he had under his management one time men who could only make their mark to sign a contract, yet could teach the highest classical scholars of Yale, Harvard and Princeton the chess of the game. I mean the intellectual points of base ball. This talent in the untutored man applies exclusively to the native Americans, professional men in Great Britain cannot affiliate with people who are above them socially and intellectually. But it is different with the American ball player. Surrounded with the glamor of the game—if he has any qualifications of a gentleman he has access to the conversation of the best, so all glory to American Democracy. There is one reason why the unlettered professional can surpass collegians in points of the game—it is because the collegian is full of theory, and the professional ball player is full of the hidden science of the human nature of the game. The latter day collegian will hardly ever hire a professional coach, but a man of their own ranks.

Which makes the colleges the nursery of egotistical snobbery.

There is as much difference between the tactics of the college base ball, and the major league professional ball as there is between simple addition and the equation of unknown quantities in Algebra. The collegian is theoretical and routine in all his work. He will practice a certain play but does not at all consider that the execution of such a play in a contest requires a man of head and heart, to be equal to the friction that requires the execution of it, or to be less ambiguous, a military company on parade will execute moves in a sham battle, where only blank cartridges are fired at them, that they will not when they know that they are to be peppered by the real lead. The collegian is also methodical and sometimes devoid of wit of the human action of the game. There are, however, exceptions to the rule, as the persons of Will Murphy of Yale, Huchitson of Yale and a few others. There are some players in the two major leagues to-day, who claim that they are college graduates, they may or may not be, but it is a question in my mind if some of those graduates of our great colleges could read the Latin on their diplomas. Professionalism of late years has been highly glossed over by the athletic committies of the different educational institutions of the country. It is all right for any young man to exchange his base ball or foot ball skill for his tuition at our colleges, such a thing is commendable every way. It gives the poor boy a chance to get a college training for the little foot ball or base ball skill that he may possess. One of the most disgusting features of college athletics is this professionally pro-

fessional graduate coach who sometimes resorts to the methods of the meanest professional grafters. I have nothing but the highest respect for our seats of learning, but I want to hit this cheap graduate coach full in the eye no matter where he is found. There is not a collegian in the United States to-day but knows that this cheap professional grafter taints the purity of college athletics.

VERSATILITY IN BATTING.

Players that are versitile in their batting are the most sought after by crafty men of the profession. The machine batter can be checkmated in more ways than one. He has only one style, one idea, and that is to kill the ball irrespective of how many balls are called or how the game stands. He stands well with the audience, who know not—or care not—for the technique of the game, but want the ball to be hit, and far away at that, we all like that if it could always be done. But the uncertainty of the game is against its constant repetition. This kind of a batter is invariably a victim to heady pitching, and he generally falls when the exigency of the case demands it. Then when he slumps in his batting, which positively comes to all, where are his resources? He has none, but it is different with the versatile batter. What is meant by versatility when it applies to batting. It is a man that can hit may be as good as the machine or dress parade hitter, but he can bunt—he can wait, when he has got the best of the pitcher, in fact, he resorts to any and every scheme to get to first base. When he slumps in the mechanical part of driving the ball to

the out field he resorts to other resources to get to the bag. In places where a hit counts he will not take Yellow Jaundice, like the purely machine hitter. He may not have as many hits at the end of the season as the machine batter, but he will be the cause of winning more games for his club, than all the machine batters put together. I defy any brainy manager in the United States to gain say what I have stated of the two types of hitters. To illustrate what a manager thinks of a versatile batter and an out and out machine hitter at a critical stage of the game. In 1888, while the Washington League Team was playing the Bostons in the latter city, the Washington was one run ahead of the Bostons in the ninth inning. When they took the field, Hank O'Day, the present league umpire, was pitching for the Washingtons, and he was undoubtedly one of the premier pitchers of the National League that year. All through that memorable game he had the Bostons at his mercy. Before the Washington club took the field, I looked at the Boston score card and saw that Mike Kelly was the first up for the Boston club. The only Kell was the king of versatile batters. He was the right man in the right place for Boston, and the wrong man for Washington. Before my club took the field I told Hank, who was coming up, and told him to waste no ball on Kell, he knew it himself and told me he would shoot every ball that he pitched over the plate. Now, reader, why was I afraid of Kelly, it is because he had his heart and soul to tie that game and I knew his resources and what he would resort to to get that base. If all the greatest batters of America were coming up at that critical moment I

would not be afraid of them, and yet Kell could crack the ball on the nose in a tight pinch with any of them. But if Kell and all of them hit the ball I had seven men to gather it in, but this mighty genius, Kelly, would not trust that ball to the fortunes of seven men, but he would fall back on the tactics of one man who was himself. In his fight with O'Day, in getting to first base on balls was quite a battle, finally it came down where either one ball more would make it either a strike or give him his base. He laced four ball like a rifle shot to the foul side of third base that would have cut the plate if he had let it go by. O'Day was on his metal as much as Kell, but the "original" got the base on balls. Cony Mac, now manager of the Philadelphia club, was the catcher, and as accurately as he was throwing to bases that day, Kell stole second on him. Next batter hit a high ball to Mute Hoy in center field, Kell went back to second base and had his foot on the bag so it threw Hoy off altogether of what he was going to do, but as soon as Hoy threw the ball to second base, Kell, by one of those unexpected sensational moves, made a bold line for third, no one thought that he would dare to make such a move, but he did, and made it by sliding under the third baseman. Now came the climax of his whole sensational work since he started to the bat, there was one man out and Kelly on third. A hot ball was hit to Fuller at short, which he handled clean, but Mike had started for the plate. The ball was thrown to Mac by Fuller and he had Kelly at least ten feet, it looked like an easy put out. But Kell came on, made a faint as if he was coming in to the front of the plate but made one of his famous curve

slides by throwing his body one way and his hand another and tied the score for the Boston club. It surpassed anything I ever saw on a ball field. That individual work of Kelly to tie that score in the ninth ending. The Boston club finally won the game in the 14th ending, and Kelly drove in the run that won it.

BASE BALL AT KILLARNEY, IRELAND.

My first trip to Europe was in the spring of 1889, and was made entirely for pleasure and historical sightseeing, with the Paris Exposition as the big incentive of my trip. I brought along a dozen Spaulding league balls, and one-half dozen bats to show the natives in the United Kingdom, the national game of America, if the occasion presented itself. My first stop was at Queenstown, Ireland, in the beautiful month of May. The home of heroes always extends a hearty welcome to an American. And should a son of the Emerald Isle have only one meal to eat he would give it to the stranger, and make him believe that he had plenty in his house. The lakes of Killarney is the Mecca of all tourists who visit Ireland. If it took the Lord six days to make the earth, he must have spent three of those days in perfecting the lakes of Killarney, for indeed it has the handiwork of Providence. I spent one week in Killarney. This city is the garden spot for English tourists, and they indulge in all their sports from cricket down. I spoke to a few of the cricketers one day and asked them if they would not indulge in a game of American base ball, and told them that two teams could be made up, where two English bowlers could act as pitchers.

Some of the cricketers made a remark to one of the Irish peasants that they did not want to see any of the "blooming American game." The Irish people, however, who love everything from America, told me that they would take part in the game and be pleased to see how it was played. The English portion heard this and changed their mind a little about the American game. But that conceited prejudice was there at that. And I want to incidentally state in this book that wine and banquet alliances may go very well between Ambassadors and Anglo Snobs of America, but the alliances of hearts does not exist between the two peoples; I mean the Democracy of America and the English.

The game was finally arranged and there was plenty of amusement for me to hear the talk of the English and Irish about our base ball. When the positions were assigned to the two sides, the game started, and after one inning was played, which took one half hour, the English portion got disgusted and said the blooming Yankee game was sillier than marbles, mumble-peg or quoits. The Irish portion who were looking on enjoyed it very much. To tell the truth I laughed that afternoon till my sides were sore in the way they went to field the ball. The climax came by the appearance of a fine athletic fellow (who was cheered by the crowd). His name was Mike Dempsey, the crack hurler of the County Kerry. I heard all the Irish portion remark that they wished Mike was in that game, as they would like to see him "souse" that ball. Dempsey was a hitter of the hurly ball, same as Delahantey or Lajoie was of the base ball. I saw such admiration from the crowd for Dempsey, that

I asked him finally would he go into the game. He said he would. When the Irish heard this there was great cheering for Mike. One of the men who was next to the bat voluntarily gave up to him. The crowd who were looking on, enjoyed the mirth of the game. Dempsey takes the heaviest bat I had, which he called a "cudgel." Cheers upon cheers greeted Mike as he stepped to the plate to hit one of the Englishman's slow balls. The Britisher pitched one ball but did not suit the giant Dempsey. The next ball the Englishman pitched it was, "shining high" right at the knee, Mike swung—the ball was met—and the English pitcher dropped it. The ball hit him full on the shin and caromed out in the field; there was a mad rush made for the English pitcher by the people, thinking he was killed. He was finally picked up by the players, and brought from the pitching box and laid on the grass, he was suffering with pain but his shin was not broken but badly bruised; so when he fully recovered and was seated on the bench, he made this exclamation to the natives: "I wish that blowsted, blooming Yankee and his blawsted, bleeding game was sunk in the middle of the blooming ocean before he came over here," and this was all brought about by the great Mike Dempsey going to the bat. That settled the game in Killarney county, Kerry, Ireland, near Ross Castle, that day.

SUN WAS IN THE CATCHER'S EYES.

Of the many funny dispatches I received in my life in regard to a game of ball, one was sent to me while in Texas, in 1895. There is a town called La

Grange in South Texas and the captain of the team wanted an exhibition game with my "steers." After exchanging a few telegrams about terms on which the game was to be played, the captain finally sent one stating we should be on the ground before the sun would be in the catcher's eyes. I found out afterwards that after a certain hour in the afternoon that the sun shown directly into the batters and catcher's face.

DENNY LONG ON THE NATIONALITY QUESTION.

Of the many gentlemen that were connected with the National game, none were more apt to see the salable side of a player than Mr. Long, of Lowell, Mass. Mr. Long was quite witty and a gentlemen of more than the average intelligence. He had a certain great pitcher in his Wilmington, Del., team. His name was Jerry Nops. As the base ball season was closing, Long was anxious to get a good price for his player before the drafting season came on. Nops was sought after by many clubs, particularly Philadelphia and Baltimore, but his preference was Baltimore, therefore, genial Deny had to boom his many qualities to the owners of that club. First he told Vanderhost, the president of the Baltimore club that among many good things, Nops' father was a German, and in a conversation with Ned Hanlon, he wound up by telling the far seeing Ned that Nops' mother was of excellent Irish stock. Ned turned on him and says, "I see he is of a quick thinking race any way." So Nops was finally sold but I do not think that the assimilation of his Teutonic and Celtic blood had any-

influence on the transaction. But it showed what an adept Long was when any sentiment could be brought to bear on nationality.

SPORTING DEACON.

One of the most humorous and picturesque scenes I ever witnessed in my many trips through Dixie, took place near Mobile, Ala. While visiting in that city in 1893, I was told that a great coon game was to take place four miles outside the city, at a place called Coon's Rest. The negroes in the south have a custom of calling places after a certain kind of animal and fowl. So the reader will understand that all of the places named in this story are not fictitious.

This great game that was to take place at Coon's Neck was a contest for forty watermelons between two negro teams, and the melons would be furnished by a celebrated character, known in that section as Deacon Crow, the sporting deacon of Ala. This sporting deacon of Coon's Rest had a questionable reputation amongst the church people of that whole section of the country. It was said that before he joined the church, that in his younger days he was a horse jockey on the race course at New Orleans, others claimed that he was the champion crap player of Mobile in his younger days; but no matter what trouble he got into, he generally came off with flying colors, and the congregation would think, after the trial was over, that they had done their beloved deacon a great harm. One big scandal that particularly aroused the church people was that he was accused of kissing one of the sisters at a camp-meeting, at Spar-

row's Roost, on the front tooth. He extricated himself from this terrible accusation by stating that he was only taking a bee out of the sister's eye. It was whispered around the circuit where he preached that when he left any house after prayer meeting, that a chicken was missing and this was further explained that he usually carried a large carpet valise, which stood erect and this valise he left in the back yard of every house, where the chickens congregated and *in it* was a decoy automaton chicken picking corn in the bottom of his valise, and as soon as the pullet entered the aperture of the carpet bag, the trap sprung and Miss Chicken was a caged bird. He also made it a particular point that every one on the premises should enter the house and take part in the prayer, so that no one would witness the working of his trick trap-valise. A week before this ball game took place at Coon's Rest the whole congregation was startled on a Sunday, while at the Mourners bench when he drew his handkerchief to wipe his face, when crap-bones were seen to fall on the floor from the folds of his handkerchief. Here a murmur of disapproval and horror arose from the congregation on the sight of those playthings of the evil spirit. But the old sport was equal to the occasion; he looked down the aisle at the children of the Lord and smiled, he began his explanation in a confidential air. He says, "Brothers and sisters, you saw de weapons of the Devil fall from my pocket, but when you know how I imprisoned Satan's tools you will say 'blessed be the deacon.' This morning on the way to this church I noticed a group of men near the roadside among some bushes. As the agent of the Lord came along, they tried to hide their pastime, but Deacon Crow

had a duty to perform for the Lord and for this congregation, as Ajax defied the lightning, I defied the messengers of the Devil, and at the risk of being hacked to pieces with cotton hooks I rushed among them and grab'd up deir crap-bones. And now to show you what I will do with Satan, I will just burn his play-things before you all, right in dis stove." Here the deacon threw the bones into the stove and ordered a fire to carry out his wish. The whole congregation gathered around him and gave vent in loud exhortations of the blessed deacon they had in their church.

To continue the narrative of this great game on this particular Sunday at Coon's Rest, where the deacon came near loosing all his reputation and prestage. The old sport agreed that the two ball teams should have the vacant piece of clear of ground near the church, provided they played for his mellons. About two o'clock on the day of the game, darkies in wagons and on mules were approaching the grounds from all directions, some were coming to the revival meeting, while the majority were coming to see the great game for the 40 melons between Gooseneck and Rooster Bends. As the hour approached for the beginning of the game the whole surroundings presented a novel and picturesque sight. Darkies were on trees, fences and even some perched on the roof of the church. As the mourners entered the house of the Lord they gave a disdainful look at the ball grounds. A big shout went up as the Chicken Bend Team hove in sight drawn by four bay mules. Their uniform was yellow socking, red shirts and green caps. As they leaped from the wagon another terrific shout was heard from the distance. It was the appearance of the Gooseneck club drawn by

two oxen and two gray mules. The oxen horns had the colors of the Gooseneck club. The uniforms of this club was fiery red. Some heavy and reckless betters from the little hamlets of Alabama, accompanied the Gooseneck team. They commenced to offer all kinds of wagers on their favorites, while they were boasting of their heavy bets and taunting the other side, they were thrown into a panic by the appearance of Alabama's greatest better. High Betting Billy of Mobile, who walked across the field where the Gooseneck crowd was seated and exclaimed in a loud voice, "People I am going to give you heart disease in betting. A dollar 'de Cluckens' win the game." There were no takers at the end of this scene. A shout was heard down the road, it was taken up by those near the grounds, until it became an artillery of human voices. This was all caused by the appearance of the Old Sport, Deacon Crow, driving his big yellow mule with the forty melons piled in pyramid shape on his wagon. As he drove on the ground with those large green juicy melons, many a wistful glance was thrown towards the wagon by entire darkness. The great sporting deacon was cheered again and again, but nevertheless he had his eye to business. He had to be paid before he went into the church, the two captains finally paid him and the wagon of melons was placed in the rear of the field on the brow of a hill and a guard placed around them by both the ball teams. The people were going fast into church and the deacon could not afford to be seen near the ball field by the pastor who was soon to appear. The game had started when the pastor appeared, with bible and umbrella in hand. He looked with dismay at the tremendous crowd looking at the

ball game, but finally he entered the church. The game was in action when the mourners in the church began to shout, their voices were as noiseless as the squaks of chickens to that of the roar of lions compared with that tremendous shout that was set up outside of the church, when one of the Gooseneck team hit a ball over the watermelon wagon and down the hill for a home run. The preacher in the church was frantically mad and so were the revivalists to think that their ceremonies in church should be interrupted by the Devil's crowd on the outside. The pastor, Jefferson Johnston told Deacon Crow to go outside and tell those sinner people to leave those grounds at once as it was church property. The deacon was in a terrible dilemma, he had given the grounds to the club for buying his watermelons, so the best he could do was to go out and make a bluff which he did, he told them not to holler so loud. The teams told him that he had better go back in church and tend to his prayers. They paid him for his melons and grounds so he had no more to say. He went in to church and told the pastor that they would stop now, since he gave them a good sermon about disturbing the church. The preacher now ordered prayer and commenced to exhort the revivalists by the following prayer with bowed head and bended knees, "O Lord send into this holy building to us poor sinner people a winged messenger." When all at once a crash at the window was heard. A foul ball came whirling through a pane of glass and struck the pastor in the back of the head and felled him to the floor. The congregation was in a panic. Some started to leave the church, believing that their preacher was a hypocrite and that the Lord had punished him, while others

ran to the aid of the pastor to pick him up. All at once the truth was known, one of the mourners picked up the ball and showed it to the congregation.

Now gentle reader any other kind of a foul would be welcome to that congregation but a baseball foul manufactured from a certain angle of the bat is another thing. But the feathery fowl would always be welcomed. Terrible indignation came over the congregation, when both teams rushed into the church and demanded the ball. The preacher would not give it up, and said the Devil's plaything would be burned. A fight was about to ensue between the congregation and the ball players. While the wrangling was going on in the church about the possession of the ball, melon after melon was being purloined from the wagon and rolled down the hill by a gang who had feasted their eyes on the melons from the time they were brought on the field by the deacon. The fight for the ball was at its highest pitch when one of the players rushed into the church and called out to both teams; "Boys they are stealing the melons, a mad rush was made by both teams to leave the church, making their exit through doors and windows, the cry went up "Anything to save the melons." But before they left they said in answer to the pastor that it was Deacon Crow that gave them the grounds for playing for his watermelons. Oh, where was the deacon in all of this confusion. The congregation and the pastor were ready at once to expel and throw him out of the church, for this utter desecration of the Lord's house and his aiding and abetting the agents of Satan in giving up his melons for gambling purposes. The good old sporting deacon was seen in the rear of the church with a bowed head engaged in

prayer, the congregation was astounded at his attitude and especially the sisters who always seemed to favor him. The preacher who was highly incensed, called out in a loud voice, "Deacon Crow come up to the pulpit." The deacon advanced with a bowed head, the pastor commenced a speech on the Deacon's conduct of the day. He says, "Deacon Crow you have been a deacon of this church just three years, you have escaped expulsions many times, but you always get out of your troubles by some wonderful excuses. Today in the middle of solemn prayer, I called on the Lord to send into this church a winged messenger when Satan's plaything came through the window, and struck me on the head. You have given up your melons for the Devil's use, that the Lord had brought out of the ground for you. Now let us hear what excuse you have this time?"

Well reader do you think that the old sport did not dodge the situation. Well I should say that he did. The deacon commenced thusly: "Beloved pastor and fellow mourners, Peter was stoned to death, Paul was crucified, a crown of thorns was put on the Lord's head, you have done that already on me, so finish it up and lead me to Calvary. When I tell you why I did all of this to-day, you will fall on my feet and sob, to ask my forgiveness. Daniel was thrown into the lion's den and came out safely. The children of Israel were thrown into the fiery furnace and never had a hair singed. Why? Because they were innocent and the Lord protected them. When I tell you why I gave the ball-people of Gooseneck and Chicken Bend the grounds of the church to play on, it was to break up the sinful proceedings that was to take place in those localities in

crap shooting, and rooster fights. I brought them near the church that they may be influenced by prayer and hymns. Yet I would bear all your censure like the Lord did before Pilot." At this part of his explanation some of the sisters began to weep and cry, and said, "Oh, deacon I hope that you will forgive us." Deacon continues, "You will ask me again why did I give up my melons to be played for. It was to fool and cheat Satan. He had tempted people to rob me of my melons this very night, but I made him serve the Lord for the first time in this neighborhood. The money that bought the melons will be given to the pastor here to buy a new black coat and pay his way to the Baptist Conference at Montgomery." The pastor put his head on the deacon's shoulder and sobbed, and the sisters shouted, "What heavenly wisdom from our own beloved deacon. They all then cried aloud, saying, "Oh, Deacon will you forgive us?" Then the deacon raised his head and hands as if to bestow benediction and said in solemn tones, "Yes brethern."

BASE-RUNNING.

Base running is the art of run-getting. Base-runners are born not made. Where the runner stops the base runner begins. Fleetness of foot carries a man to first base. Brains carry him around to the home plate. To be more lucid in expression, a man to steal a base must maneuver like a boxer to put in his blow or a swordsman to thrust his rapier through the opening, his opponent leaves in his guard. The intuition is the same in the three—boxer, fencer and base-runner. For a second to coach a boxer to tell him when the

opening in his opponent's guard would be silly, before the second uttered a word the opening would be closed. The same applies to the fencer or the base-runner. You will hear many a time a cry set up by the audience and the blank cartridge brain of some ball players, when a base-runner is caught where was the coacher. I will tell the public that there are some base-runners in the baseball profession that are so dull that if the rule would admit of a man to guide some of those base-runners around from first to home, that he would break away from him and be caught.

All the famous base-runners of the game never wanted any one to tell them when to steal and how to take a lead. It is just and right that the baseball public should be enlightened on this one subject called base-running. John Ward, Mike Keller, Jim Fogerty of the past. Jennings, Keller, McGraw of the present know when to steal, and how to maneuver a lead. The base-runner must pick a time and place to steal it. And he must maneuver a lead that cannot be taught to him by any captain or coacher.

If nature did not contribute this attribute of intuition and descretion before birth, it is beyond the power of any man to impart that heaven born spark to the runner. Where a coacher is necessary it is on the third base line where a runner will loose time by looking back to see where the ball is. But I have known of eagle eyed men of the profession that calculated distance so nicely as to know where the ball was when he was coming towards third, that no coacher was necessary to hold him there or to send him in.

OPPORTUNITY OF YOUNG PLAYERS.

Young players of the present generation have no idea of the easy sailing they have now compared with the young men of the past. There are hundreds of young men who never got the opportunity some years ago to join the baseball profession, for there were no minor leagues. Up to year '79, when the writer and James McGee organized the first minor league of the United States, (N. W.) namely: Rockford, Omaha, Davenport and Dubuque. Up to that time and later on, league clubs had to draw their recruits from the raw amateur ranks, and it took them some years before they were developed. To-day the young player graduates from one minor league to another, so that they are pretty well finished before they go to the major league body. There are exceptions however, where a crack player in a fifth rate minor league shows speed enough to jump into the strongest major, especially pitchers and outfielders. So the young ball player of to-day with steady habits and common sense can earn enough money to start him in life when his playing skill has left him. My further advice to the young player, that is thinking of making baseball his profession, he must cast aside any false idea of the game. There are lots of bumps and knocks that he will have to pass through, if he takes up the idea when he is entering professional baseball, as when he first enters school, to know that he has a pile to learn, the same as a scholar would think before he enters the eight grade or the high school, or the high school student before he enters the university. If he takes that idea into view he will get to the top more quickly than if he was fas-

minated with the idea that he knew it all. He must also be well posted on the human nature of the game and be ready to be called down for a careless or dumb play to those that are his best friends. But his hardest knocks will be in many cases, when he is entering some major league to take some older player's place. Those old players in many clubs by look and manner, will let him know that he is an intruder. And if this young fellow is not under the management of a nervy and keen sighted manager who can detect the attempted embarrassment of this young fellow by the older ones, Good day Mr. Young Player.

Many a magnate of the Major league club has been robbed of many a crack young player, by the cunning intrigue of a combination of those old players and figure-head managers, who don't have the chivalry or manhood to let them know they could not drive out the young aspirant.

Now let me cite from actual experience, the travesty on this noble stand of any manager for any young player. I have known one or two in my life who came to me with tears in their eyes and as suppliant and cringing as the lowest spaniel and told me that they were not wanted in the club. They did not have to tell me of it, for my knowledge of baseball human nature knows its cunning ways. After I manfully called those big ones down they let them alone. The fellows that I speak of became stars of the diamond afterwards, but they on their part years afterwards turned out to be the biggest bullies and most tyrannical fellows that I ever knew and hard critics on other young fellows that had to commence like themselves.

Baseball is indeed a churner of mankind, in its con-



JAMES COLLINS.



HUGH JENNINGS

flecting interest it will bring to the top the noblest qualities in a man, if he has them, or the lowest and basest. The hyenas and ghouls of the grave yards may remember you with kindness, if you open the gate to let them depart when hunted. The rattler might not sting you, if you keep your heel off his head, and let him pass as he is crossing a road. But never in your life will this being, which you call a baseball player return you any gratitude, though you fight for him for twenty years and push him to the front, irrespective of what you lose by it. I don't mean to say that this covers the entire mass of the exponents of the national game, far from it, but I do apply it to a certain class of men who afterwards became stars and try to deny their humble beginnings, and never speak of those manly fellows who put them on the baseball map—and that in downright pure sympathy—prompted only by a good heart. All professions have its class of ingrates. So baseball is not the exception by any means. The greatest men of the world boasted of their humble beginning. Bonaparte used to startle and horrify the kings of Europe by stating that he did not have money enough at one time in Paris to pay his laundry bill. Lincoln said he cut logs by day and studied by candle light at night. So different brains, different ideas.

VON-DER-AHEISMS.

During the early 80's when the St. Louis Browns were making Chris Von-der-ahe's name conspicuous in baseball literature, an exciting and amusing scene occurred in the old Sportman's park which made Chris un-

wittingly logical by his prompt order in deciding the case. There was a ground rule in which a batted ball hit over the right field fence entitled the batsmen to two bases, but this day the Browns' captain forgot to mention it either to the new umpire or the visiting manager. About the second inning one of the Browns drove the sphere over the right field fence and made the circuit of the bases. A cry went up from the visiting team that the hit entitled the batsman to only two bases, as that was the rule on their last visit. The Browns' captain would not agree to it, and the umpire was in a quandary as to what he should do. In the midst of all this kicking Chris leaped over the railing and advanced toward the umpire and excited players and in a loud voice he asked what was the cause of the trouble.

The captain of the Browns said the opposing team wanted the man to go back to second base instead of allowing a home run for the hit over the fence.

Chris was in his element that day, as there was a tremendous crowd on the grounds and he wanted to show them that he ruled the roost. He called out before the grand stand:

"Look here Mr. Umpire, vat is knocked is knocked, vat is ofer the fence is ofer de fence. Go ahead mit der game yet"—and the game went on.

THE HANDICAP OF THE THREE KINGS.

While managing the Washington team in 1888, there were three kings of the baseball diamond at the same time in that city. Two of them represented a battery of the Boston League Club, namely: Mike Keloey

and Charles Radbourne, the other king was that fearless of all baseball umpires, honest John Kelly, now of New York. There were two congressmen attending the session of congress and were great ball fiends, and were particular admirers of those three kings of the diamond. The Arlington Hotel in Washington, D. C., that night was the scene of a happy time. These two defenders of the nation's interests had their select friends and nothing would suit them unless the three kings accept an invitation to spend the evening with them. Wine of all kinds was opened, until daylight next morning. Rad and Kell went to bed to take a nap before the afternoon's game. Kelly, the umpire, remained with the congressman all that morning, but came down to the office of the ball grounds at 2 P. M., and fell asleep on the sofa in the back office of the club. Games do not begin in Washington until 4:30 P. M. At four o'clock the Boston club appeared on the grounds, with Kelly and Radbourne, who were the battery on the score card for that day's game. Not a soul in that vast audience knew their night's outing. The two kings were still under the influence of the hospitality of their congressman friends, but so quiet and unassuming were they in their action, that not a person knew of their condition but myself and the Washington team. Yet, with that handicap of all kinds of wine they were still kings. The personality of Kelly and Radburn was so great that if they were carried to the grounds on a cot they would outshine some people.

Rad's uniform only was pitching the last two years of his life on the ball grounds—the physique of the original Rad was there no more—but there was a

trick left yet in that uniform. Kelley's glove and mask still had the magic to bluff a base-runner or "kid" a batter. They were both in their element this day. Radbourne, with that slow ball of his, that was never duplicated, had the Washington batters hitting at it before it arrived at the plate. Friend John, the king of all umpires, whom I ordered to be woke up at 4:15, was in the back room of the ticket-office. I have heard of John L. Sullivan having cold water thrown on his head and rubbed to wake him from his spree on the night he fought Slade at Madison Square Garden. Well, it was about the same with John Kelly, ready to go out and umpire the game. At 4:30, the time for the game, good-natured Nick Young, president of the National League, came and asked me if I had seen John Kelly. Mr. Young was a great admirer of John's ability as an umpire and he was ever charitable of great men's faults, if they showed any great disposition to attend to duty. I had to prevaricate right here to my friend Nick. I told him that I thought that John overslept himself at the hotel, and I had sent a boy to bring him on at once, and I knew that he would arrive soon. At the same time I was taking a peep back into the office to see how Kell was fixing up to go out on the field to umpire. He was at last ready; but how to get Mr. Young away from the office door, so that he would not see Kell come out from the back room, was a hard matter. By an artifice Mr. Young was called into the grand stand, and gentlemanly John Morrill, manager of the Boston club, came over to me and asked the cause of delay. I explained to him the whole situation. Morrill was one of those noble fellows that

when they are lost to the game they are seldom replaced. He was broad and generous in this matter, and generally in all matters when it came to baseball. He finally said to me: "Is it safe to let Kelly go on and umpire in his condition?" I said to Morrill: "I would rather have John Kelly out there giving decisions for both of us in his condition, than all the lop-si-loos in the world." John smiled and went over to his bench; but before leaving, he remarked: "It is all up to you, Ted." Well, the door of the office was opened, king Kelly appeared in his blue serge uniform, walked out through the gate and over towards the home plate in that military, dignified walk of his. When the spectators caught sight of him, they gave him a grand ovation, as he was always popular in Washington. He looked around, and in that commanding manner and clear voice, he said, "Batter up." And then there was action on the part of both teams. "Kell" was still a king.

Let me tell the reader, there never was a game umpired better. The other two kings, Radburn and Mike Kelly, had this heavy batting team of Washington at their mercy. The amusing part of the whole proceedings was that the Washington team knew that Rad was "loaded." They had beaten Boston in the latter city on their last trip, and that with Rad sober, but on this day, with a slow tantalizing ball, he made fools of them—so much for the uncertainty of baseball.

The game ended by Boston defeating the Washington team, notwithstanding the handicap of their battery. John Kelley umpired to perfection, and the three kings still reigned.

MANAGERS I HAVE MET.

JOHN MCCLOSKY.

Of the many managers, who have buffeted the high seas of baseball and never faltered in his honest endeavors to do right it is John McClosky, formerly manager of the Louisville league team—now at Butte, Mont. My aim is not to taint my writings with prejudice in favor or against any one. The humble to me if he has an honest heart is always the one I extend the hand and pull or shove up the ladder but I never bow to Kesler's hat no matter what the financial loss would be for not doing so. Talent and honesty of purpose, I always revere. Æsop's proverbial ass with his load of gold never dazzled me. John McClosky has for years entered barren baseball fields, and by his hustling energy and enthusiasm has brought baseball to life in sections of the country where it has laid dormant for years. The most ironical thing on a man's work in baseball and in fact a travesty on any man's energy in professional ball, is to see some "butter-in" and shady day managers barefacedly claiming credit for what men of talent has worked up or done for the game, a professional baseball manager of a high class has something to lose in the game but this semi-amateur "who butts in one day and butts out another"—and says baseball is not his business—in fact the great game is not—for it is too honest for his zig-zag mind. This class you will especially meet in minor leagues, they are no part of the honest professional men who says boldly baseball is my calling. I might as well tell the reader that in the back provinces of America that there is a class of people who may be reputable in their

own line of business, imagine that the first requisite if they are going to enter professional ball is to be crooked, when it is just the reverse. Mr. McClosky has for many years developed the finest young talent that have made reputations afterwards of the highest order in the national league, and the game itself has no better or honest exponent than John J. McClosky.

JAKE WELLS.

Amongst the many managers I have met during my connection with baseball none impressed me more for ability, intelligence and culture, than Jake Wells, who retired some years ago, and entered the amusement fields in Richmond, Va. It is too bad for the game that a gentleman of Mr. Wells' caliber cannot stay in it, but it cannot be. To a far-seeing man who has energy and talent knows the base ball market is a poor place to exploit it in. The politics and the uncertainty of the game makes it so, the successful man of one year is a dead one in the next, if his team is a loser, yet he may display the same ability and energy while handling loser as he did the winner. The bat and owl are as good as the eagle if conditions make it so. Talent, energy and tact are submerged by the wave of disaster which the bench manager has no control of. It is all right for a playing manager who falls back on his skill on the ball field if his knowledge is found wanting in handling the team, there are exceptions, like Hanlon, who has proprietary interest in a club which makes him immovable, it should also be learned that Jim Hart, Vanderhous, Brush and Soden are practical ball magnates, and can

locate baseball disaster without placing it on the shoulders of their managers. Mr. Wells has made a grand success in his amusement line and I will close by stating that he was one of the most polished gentlemen I ever met in a game.

PAT TEBEAU.

The greatest military genius of any age, Napoleon Bonaparte, said: "That an army of sheep, led by a lion could do more than an army of lions led by a sheep," and this famous saying has often been illustrated on the ball field. Pat Tebeau, while he was not possessed with the highest mechanical baseball skill, did more on the ball field than many captains and managers that played only on their individual skill to keep them at the heads of teams. Pat had the inborn fight in him, flavored with that tabasco sauce, enthusiasm and grit, that infected his entire team, which in total made him a successful leader for years at Cleveland. While in language and manners on the ball field he was not of the Adisonion Chesterfield style, yet in private life Tebeau would make any one his friend. Pat is broad in views, and will give any man credit for possessing ability, no matter whether he likes the man personally or not. Tebeau on the field and off the field were two different kinds of individuals, he knew the winning side of a player and he worked on that, which quality made him a great general.

BILL JOYCE.

One of the most aggressive leaders of the baseball teams of the past was William Joyce, now of St. Louis.

Billy had no velvet exterior to conceal a dagger of deceit, to "con" or fool you on the ball field, his weapons were all in sight that he was to use on you, he was a bold and manly fellow, and always true to a friend. Of the many brainy and nervy aggressive batters I ever saw he was my ideal, he knew what to do at a critical stage of the game, he sized up time, place and the fibre of the opposing pitcher. Should ever a model batsman be chiseled out of marble to be placed in the art hall of the national game, it would lay between Jim O'Neil of the old St. Louis Browns, and Bill Joyce, formerly manager of the New York club.

MIKE FINN.

One of the most successful new minor league managers to adorn the game is Michael Finn, from "Way down East," Mike is a typical Yankee, but his Yankeism is flavored so much with his Irish geniality and good nature, that should you be mad at him his Irish sunshine would make you forget it. Mr. Finn has more than ordinary ability in moulding raw material into a winning team. May his base ball life be ever strewn with "no bigger rocks than he has already encountered."

ARMOUR.

Mr. Armour, who last year entered the Major league for fame and fortune, has demonstrated that he is quite a student in knowing what timber it takes to make up a winner in a major league. I met him some years ago when he was a fielder of the Patterson

Jersey Club of the Atlantic League, and I am pleased to see him successful in a profession that he is an honor to his work with the Cleveland club, last year was a surprise to many who thought he did not have knowledge of the speed of the American League.

GEORGE T. STALLINGS.

Mr. Stallings is another man of whom the writer has met and known, and can cheerfully pay a high compliment to his qualifications as a first-class baseball man. The selection of some of the past stars of the Philadelphia club demonstrated that he had a talent in knowing what essential qualities in a ball player made up a Major league player. When he played Lajoie on second base for the Philadelphia club he was derided by some wise critics, but the work of the great Frenchman in that position showed that Mr. Stallings knew more about the game than all his critics put together.

W. H. LUCAS.

This little gentleman, who has spent some money and time in extending the limits of the national great sport, should be spoken of in the highest terms. He is one of the squarest little men that has been connected with the game for years. He has more than average intelligence in organizing minor leagues, and the writer will vouch for his stern character and honesty of purpose in any baseball venture in which he undertakes. It is my duty to speak of any man that has done something for the national game, especially when that man

has spent time and money with no idea of returns. My acquaintanceship extends to the limits of the United States, and even over to the British Isles, and this book is intended to let every one know I remembered him, no matter what humble station he occupied in the great national game.

HENRY CHADWICK.

To deny that Columbus discovered America, to deny that George Washington crossed the Delaware, would be the same as to deny that Henry Chadwick is the father, propagator and adviser of the great pastime of the United States. He discovered the little foundling called baseball in its swaddling clothes, on the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., took it up in his arms and cared for it, nursed it, suggested advice for it, until the game entered the state of manhood and was able to take care of itself. The majority of the new generation do not know this, but the writer, when he was ten years old began reading the venerable old man's advice to the rulers of the great pastime. When time rolls on, and all Americans become lovers of their great sport, they will some day perpetuate in marble the founder and father of their national pastime.—Henry Chadwick of Brooklyn, N. Y.

PIONEER BASEBALL IN MILWAUKEE.

The early days of baseball in Milwaukee recalls the names of some of Milwaukee's leading citizens, who were either exponents or votaries of the game, and they only indulged in the pastime for the sport and recreation it afforded, and not for revenue. Those

were the days of pure amateur ball, and clubs had to be sustained by dues and assessments of its active and honorary members. The active members, who were the players of the team, had to be selected by the honorary members, to represent their organization on the field. Up to 1870 there were three senior organizations and about six junior clubs in the city. The Cream Citys were the leaders, with the Juneaus and Badgers next. The Cream Citys were the representative team for a time. The officers and personnel of the team were from the ranks of the best society in the city. They played at tourneys in the state, and were more or less successful. Janesville and Madison were their competitors, and gritty little Janesville generally held its own against the Cream Citys. The old pioneer guard of baseball supporters in Milwaukee from 1868 to 1870 were Morgan Furlong, M. A. Boardman, Dick Allen (the great umpire of that time, who stood on the side of the catcher with an umbrella in hand), Mr. Dryden, Jeff Jenkins, Wells F. Smith, E. H. Chandler and others of equal prominence. The active members of the club were Geo. Reddington, Archie McFadden, Jim Wood, Charles Norris, E. H. Chandler, Archie Middlemas, Clarence (Sleepy) Smith, Martin Larkin, Bill Dods-worth, Mike Dunn, Joe Dunn, Joe Hooley and "Free" Clark. The Cream Citys always picked a team from these players to represent them in all match games. The professionals of the east visited Milwaukee in 1869 and 1870—namely the unions of Morrisina, N. Y., the Atlantics of Brooklyn and Cincinnati Reds. The hand of progress has entirely obliterated that historic ball ground. First it was called Camp Reno or

Segel, where the rattle of drums and voice of command was heard in preparing the gallant 24th Wisconsin for the sanguinary battles of the rebellion. Some years afterwards the grounds were again the scene of mimic battles of the national game. The voice of the umpire took the place of the commanding officer, the crack of the bat that of the tap of the drum, and the shout of the spectators supplanted the martial music of the soldiers. The entrance to the grounds was on Prospect Avenue and across the prairie to the river bank was a plat of undulating grounds which the progress and enterprise of the city has transformed into beautiful avenues and palatial mansions. Magnificent residences, now occupy historical spots, where famous plays were made by Milwaukee's greatest players of those times—in the crisis of a game, which meant victory or defeat for their side. Babies are now hushed to sleep by the lullaby of their nurses in a beautiful mansion occupied by one, Mr. Berthelet, where sat shouting spectators, who were electrified by the marvelous running foul catches made by George Reddington. Servant girls are now seen gossiping in the yard of a palatial residence owned by Mr. Blatz, where Jimmy Wood caught many an unwary base runner napping off first base. Far to the west of the northwest corner of Farwell Avenue and Irving Place, stands a magnificent structure of marvelous architecture, painted a vermillon. The owner is Mr. Catlin. To the left of this house, on a well-kept lawn, swings a hammock occupied by a lady reading a novel. This is the place where Bob Waldo of the Junior Stars made a celebrated back-running catch with one hand that saved the day for

his team against the Eckfords of Racine. To the north of this house, at the corner of Lafayette Place and Farwell Avenue, the pedestrians are attracted by the appearance of a two-story flat of Gothic architecture. This residence is occupied by Mr. Pond, passenger agent of the Wisconsin Central Ry. This is where the left fielder of the Burlington, Wisconsin club, now Congressman Cooper of the Badger state, picked up a ball hit by Douglas Van Dyke of Milwaukee—then the champion of the Junior Stars; it was the longest hit ever made in the Cream City. Van Dyke, for a youth, was the heaviest hitter of his day. Yes, those were the days of genuine glory and recreation on the ball field.

Big Mike Dunn, the great batter of the Cream Citys, must not be forgotten. It is said of him that he made a hit in Chicago, foulwards-a-la-cricket, and remarked, as he witnessed the course of the ball, "It is too bad, boys, that the diamond is pitched the wrong way." Meaning that if it was behind the catcher he would have a home run. While the senior organization of the city and the state were batting it out among themselves for the senior championship, there was a junior organization of the city moulding and developing itself into a formidable team, known as the Stars. The members of this club were from the (F. F. M's) the first families of Milwaukee. These young men afterwards made themselves famous in commerce, law and other pursuits of life. This combination of youths were known as the Stars. It was the good fortune of the writer to be selected as captain and pitcher of that select gathering of youths, and never in all my life, of the many clubs I handled and of the

games I took part in, did I ever relish a victory, or fight harder for it, than I did for those boys of my youth, the Stars of Milwaukee. The young men who were connected with that organization, either active or honorary members, were Douglas Van Dyke, Chas. Simonds, Chauncey Simonds, Bob Waldo, William Jennings, Hamilton Voss, Jess and William Tainter, Will Rogers, Jim Bray, George Ball, Aba Hooley, George Hooley, Harry Chandler, and Phil Ellis. This young organization, after defeating all junior clubs for two years, threw down the gauntlet to their senior brethren, the Cream Citys, for the championship of the state, but they did not accept it. It was the unanimous sentiment of the city that the Cream Citys were afraid and the stars were declared champions of the state. A pick team of the entire city was organized with five or six of the Cream Citys, and the score herewith shows what that boy club did to them. The West Ends were another social club, which organized in the middle of the 70's, of which many prominent men of Milwaukee to-day were its members. Supt. Collins, of the Wis. Central, E. C. Meadows of the Grand Trunk, Sid Cole and Will Rogers were its sponsors and abettors. William Furlong, who had just come from the University of St. Louis, was one of the pitchers and the first to introduce the curve to the citizens of Milwaukee. There was also another club at that time called the "Alerts," of which the writer was the manager, and Sir Thomas J. Shaughanessy, now president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was the president. Those two clubs were of a social nature and played ball for the love of the game.

BASEBALL.—The match game of baseball played yesterday at Cream City Park, between the Stars and Athletics, resulted in a victory for the Stars by a score of 22 to 2. The playing was excellent on both sides. Jennings, short stop of the Stars, showed himself an accurate thrower and a good player. Bray and Sullivan with their good support in the field, proved too much for their opponents. We append the score:

STARS.	O.	R.	ATHLETICS.	O.	R.
Sullivan, p	2	4	J. Hooley, c.	4	0
Van Dyke, 1st b.	3	3	J. Edmunds, 3d b.	3	0
Waldo, c f.	2	3	W. Edmunds, 1st b . . .	4	0
M. Bray, 3d b.	3	3	Wetherby, s s.	4	0
Ball, 2d b	2	3	Murphy, p.	2	2
Simonds, r f	4	1	Lacy, r f.	3	0
Jennings, s s	6	0	Longmore	1	0
J. Bray, c	3	3	G. Hooley.	3	0
Taintor, l f	2	2	Dunn.	3	0
Total.	27	22	Total.	27	2

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Stars	5	2	2	6	1	0	3	2	1—22
Athletics	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

Fly catches—Stars—Sullivan 2, Van Dyke 2, Waldo 2, M. Bray 2, Ball 1, Jennings 1, Taintor 1—11.

Athletics—J. Hooley 1, J. E. Edmunds 1, W. Edmunds 2, Wetherby 1, Lacy 3, G. Hooley 3, Dunn 3—14.

Flys missed—Stars—Sullivan 2, J. Bray 1.

Fouls caught—Stars—Van Dyke 1, J. Bray 6.

Athletics—J. Hooley 4, G. Hooley 1.

Passed balls—Hooley 5, Bray 1.

Called balls—Sullivan 20, Murphy 17.

Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

Umpire—F. Ellis.

Scorer—F. Goll.

THE VALUE OF WIT.

In the next century, when baseball will be in the hands of posterity, and the present votaries and exponents gone to their long sleep, the bancroft of the national game will place Chris Vanderahe where he rightfully belongs. This book is intended to be a book of sunshine—not of cyclones and storms, but to give the wit and humor—which is the sunny side of all

men connected with the game. The man without either wit or humor is as flavorless as cold beef without seasoning. From the standard of the jackdaw, the eagle is considered crazy for his flighty evolutions, the ass looks with dismay on the fleetness of the race horse, in its circuit around the track. The cur dog that barks through the railings of a fence at the great mastiff or St. Bernard, views the attitude of those dogs entirely from his own standard. Prof. Morse who advocated the use of telegraphy, was looked upon as demented by even the brain of the nation at Washington, when he was begging a little appropriation, from the government. Fulton, the first advocator of steam as a motive power, was pointed out in the streets as a man who had gone daffy on some new foolish idea of his by the human sparrows of his time. So it is in baseball. Any man who has a little wit is viewed altogether from a different standpoint by people who never break the monotony of their own atmosphere by a witty remark. There was never a great man without wit.

The great confederate general, Stonewall Jackson, was considered eccentric and odd while a professor at Lexington, Va., by some of the students and professors of that institution. And yet he had the wit one day, while teaching a class in science, in asking the students, "why was it impossible to send a telegram from Lexington, Va. to Stanton." The whole class judged the taciturn professor from a cold, stern standpoint. Some said the reason was that the iron in the mountains would absorb the electric current from the wire. Answer after answer followed, until one witty scholar, detected under the

stern brow and look of his professor a bit of humor. As the student knew that there was no telegraph wires at that time between the two cities, so he arose and told his professor that that was the reason. The whole class saw into the joke but never thought Old Stonewall possessed such wit or would have cracked a joke at their expense. Well, Stonewall Jackson went crazy during the war of the rebellion, and he set five or six union generals crazy in trying to locate him, and was the cause of the Federal administration discharging five or six of their generals for allowing Stonewall Jackson to set them crazy. So much for genius and wit. The first Napoleon said that the Lord was on the side of the army that carried the most and heaviest guns.

But, kind reader, I am not accusing Chris Vonderahe of possessing to any degree, genius or wit, I have too high a regard for him to say that he possessed this divine spark, and to say so would be satirical and ironical.

Chris, at times has been unwittingly witty, caused more by his disagreement with Lindley Murray and Addison on the Queen's English, than anything else. Of the many famous remarks that Chris made to the writer, one was that I could hit one bird with a double stone. It came about in this way: I remarked to him that if I could not get Glen of the Richmond, Va., club, on the way back home I would stop off at Philadelphia and try to get Fred Lewis from A. J. Roach. Chris at once retorted, "Yes, Ted, you can hit one bird with a double stone." At another time he was talking about a player that was released from two or three clubs. I told him that I didn't want him,

Chris says, "That is right, a rolling moss never catches a stone." Chris was great on proverbs, but he used to get them inverted. Another famous proverb that he had was, "Everything comes to him who waits." So Chris hops up one day and says, "He that waits gets nothing." My relations with Chris would not be complete (in his verdant days of base ball), if I did not give a history of the watch he gave me.

On a quiet sunny April morning, at Sportsman Park, St. Louis, Chris whispered in my ear that he thought there was something in a plush box for me at his office. I hastened to find out what it was. When I opened the box there was a handsome gold watch and chain contained therein. I opened it and inside was the following inscription, "C. Vonderahe to T. P. Sullivan, April 4th, 1883." This watch had another presentation, at the Broadway Central Hotel, N. Y., on a September morning of that same year in which the writer hurled it back at him after his disagreement with the famous Chris, but nevertheless, I can pay the highest compliment to the grand old Teuton who recognized my merit when he first met me and presented me with the watch, as a token of his esteem. He put the watch in his pocket and in two months afterward, at Sportsman Park, placed it back in my hand and told me not to be so high strung. In an Alabama town, eight years afterward, a coon purloined it and fifty dollars from my vest, through a transom, and in my many travels I may catch that coon with the watch on his person at some high-toned Ethiopian ball. But the writer will state that Mr. Vonderahe was never given credit for what he did, in his day of success, he was lavish

in his generosity to needy people, and many times I have seen him help broken down ball players to their homes by getting them transportation. His political friends in St. Louis should never have left him in jail at Pittsburg, as he spent his own money time and time again to get them into office. Great kindness of the past should never be forgotten.

THE FIRE AND THE BALL GAME.

While a student at St. Mary's College, Kansas, in 1874, there was a baseball club at Topeka, Kansas, which was very zealous that I should come and play with them on a certain day. The faculty of the college was very strict in those days about the students leaving the college to go any where, even outside of college grounds unless you had a permit. While the rector personally was willing to grant me any privilege that was consistent with college rules, still he could not make an exception in my case.

Topeka was sending in a few smuggled letters to have me come on a certain day. They considered me a great shortstop, and they thought that I would help them to win the game. I was more than anxious myself, but how to get out was the rub. Topeka is some twenty-five miles from St. Mary's. The faculty held me in high esteem, as I was paying my own tuition, etc. The opportunity finally came one day, and it was the day before the game. The chance presented itself to me in a very novel and exciting way. Kansas at that time used to be troubled with prairie fires in the fall, and many a fire the students of St. Mary's extinguished, that saved the poor farmers

from loss of home and property. The primitive extinguisher that the boys handled were water soaked bags. This mode of putting out the fire was to attack it in divided numbers along its border. On this particular day, I remember, I was solving a problem in equations of unknown quantities, when the college bell set up the alarm of a prairie fire. We had a fire brigade in that institution that could master any fire. Grass in Kansas at that time used to grow very high. To belong to this fire brigade at old St. Mary's was no common honor, as wine and cake was the aftermath of a great fire victory. Farmers would vie with each other in feasting us, so the fire brigade of that college were heroes in that section of the country after conquering a bad prairie fire. At this alarm clouds of smoke were seen in the distance and about twenty boys left the college campus with a cheer and bags to extinguish the fire. In the smoke of that fire I could see the ball ground at Topeka, and the suggested idea of filling my promise fascinated me. We flanked and outflanked that fire, beating it down with the water soaked bags. Once in a while the fire would start up in some new direction, but we separated in pairs to meet that contingency. Now to get away from my college chums was a new puzzle. I noticed a little smoke about half a mile away, so I informed my chums I would go over there and put that fire out myself. The boys were very tired after their great battle with the fire so no one offered to accompany me, which was to my entire satisfaction. This left me free to roam, I made a bee line for that smoke, put out the little dry grass that was burning, and then took to the high grass towards Topeka. The

boys got tired of waiting for me and went back to the college, thinking I took another route home. I went through the tall grass of the prairie until I got to Silver Lake, a little station below the college on the Union Pacific railway. I took the train into Topeka, my friends there were delighted to see me and I was highly pleased to be in the game next day. I told them how I got away, and the ruse I advanced to fool my chums. We played the next day and we beat the club from Lawrence.

To get back to the college and give some plausible excuse for my absence was harder than the problem that I was working in the class when the alarm struck for the fire at the college. I stood in very high favor with the rector, faculty and brothers, and when I did not return with the boys they thought that something might have happened, especially when night came on. Some advanced the theory that I got tired and lost my way in the grass and took a wrong direction for the college, which was no uncommon thing in those days to get lost in the prairies of Kansas. One innocent, poor brother reproached the boys for letting me go alone to put out a fire by myself; others advanced the idea that after I found out that I was lost I went to some farmer's house and would yet turn up safe. A venerable old father, named Joseph Remmele, who was my professor, told the fire brigade that they had basely deserted their chief. While all this alarm about my safety was going on I took the train from Topeka to Silver Lake—got off—traversed my steps back to where we put out the prairie fire, over the hill back of the college and in full sight of the campus. When the boys caught

sight of me coming over the hill cheer after cheer went up, the lost was found and I had the whole college shaking hands with me. The grand old rector, who is now dead, never questioned me. Professors gathered around me to hear my story of how I found my way back to the college. I told them I went through the high grass, thinking I was coming towards the college and kept walking and walking until I was nearly discouraged, the boys were listening to my terrible adventure. I continued, and said I was on the verge of despair, ready to throw myself on the grass, when I saw the lights of Topeka, I then knew I was safe from the terrible fate of being eaten by wolves. When I got into the city, by accident I met a friend from Kansas City, and told him my tale, he made me go to his house and insisted that I should play in the game of ball the next day. I consented, and here I am. That settled it, I was back in old St. Mary's.

But readers, don't you think for a moment I fooled that grand old president, Rev. Stundebek, of the college, not at all, he knew of me being in Topeka and the artful method I took to get there. But his dignified silence and generous impulse hurt me more than if I was reprimanded for the act.

VIRGINIA SHERIFF AND A SUNDAY GAME.

In 1890 when Washington lost its league team, by the revolt of the brotherhood, it entered the Eastern league with the writer as sole owner of the club. We concluded we would test the Sunday law in the old Dominion. The grounds were across the Potamac,

near Alexander, Va., and there was an immense crowd from Washington on this day to see the opening Sunday. The game started and in the middle of the second ending, the county sheriff appeared and as he was lately elected, he wanted all to know who he was, and wanted to arrest every one connected with the game, from the manager down. First he was looking anxiously for the manager, Sullivan, a friend heard about it and posted me. So eight or nine of the men rehearsed the reception for Mr. Sheriff, when he appeared. As all the details of the plan were understood, out comes Mr. Sheriff from the crowd to see me. Some one in the distance pointed me out, who was oblivious of what the sheriff wanted, he was partially excited, and his long, red beard bore crumbs of a pumpkin pie. In his hurry to get to the ball grounds he had failed to utilize a napkin, and the crumbs of the pie were nestling in his long, flowing beard, he approached me with that proverbial Virginia politeness and said: "You will pardon me, sir, but are you not Mr. Ted Sullivan, manager of the Washington base ball club, I am sheriff Ashby, of Fairfax Co., Va., and I wish to inform you that this violation of law and desecrating of the Sabbath will have to be stopped." In the sweetest tone possible, I turned and extended my hand, saying, "Sheriff Ashby, I am not Mr. Sullivan, manager of this base ball club, but I am Senator Tim Sullivan of New York, allow me to introduce you to some of the great members of the house and senate, they wished a little diversion this afternoon and came over here to Old Virginia soil where even the trees bid the stranger welcome. Are you not a blood

relative of the Ashby's of Valley of Virginia, and also of Turner Ashby, the Murat of the southern cavalry. Proud am I to meet you and so are these distinguished gentleman."

Reader I know the Virginians, I know them well. My residence in Washington taught me to know their hospitality and the traditions of that they never allow to be questioned, and they would rather have a hand cut off before they would tell you to leave their soil. As a class of people they are social kings. The humorous side of this unsophisticated county sheriff in trying to stop the game, presented itself, and I could not but take advantage of it.

The introduction went on from man to man, one man was so and so of Pa., another man that was introduced was supposed to be Senator Morgan from Alabama, the next was a senator from Ohio, until finally we picked a man who slightly resembled Joe Blackburn from Old Kentucky, the latter man played Blackburn to a dot. First the Fairfax County sheriff had to take a snack of Old Bourbon from Old Kentucky, and Joe took from his hip pocket a flask of Old Rye, and remarked: "Let old Virginia and Kentucky drink together." And Sheriff Ashby took a good swallow. The game was going on and the audience was cheering at all good plays. Funny story after funny story was told to the sheriff between drinks, and why should he leave this distinguished company that he was in? He laughed so much that he jarred all the crumbs of the pumpkin pie out of his beard.

The game was nearly over when the sheriff said: "Well, gentlemen, I will not hunt up manager Sullivan,

but I reckon that I will let the game go on since you all desire it, and if the Governor of Va. himself was here and desired me to stop it I would not." As the last inning of the game closed, the chivalrous Ashby took one more drink of Joe Blackburn's Kentucky whiskey, and bidding us all good-bye, thanking us for the honor conferred upon him and happy with the thought that he spent an afternoon with the distinguished men of the nation, he left for home. But you can bet your life that we never attempted to play any more Sundays over in "Old Virginia."

SENATOR SAWYER AND HIS FIRST BALL GAME.

An amusing story is told of Senator Sawyer of Wis. In 1887, Oshkosh, Wis., had a great ball game, of which a son-in-law of Senator Sawyer was backing, in fact, the senator himself donated liberally towards the club. The senator had a very crude and vague idea of baseball and its rules, he had an idea that the rules of the game permitted each club to play as many men as they wished on a side if they so desired. He had no idea that nine men was the limit. During the game in Oshkosh, while the senator was a spectator, the opposing team were batting terrifically the Oshkosh pitcher, all the hitting of that day was to the out field. Ball after ball was hit over the fielder's head during this terrific fusillade, some one that was sitting near the senator remarked that there were not enough men out in the field to catch those long flies. When the senator spoke up then, saying: "That Edgar, his son-in-law, was always a stingy cus, why don't he get more men and put them out

there, as he has plenty of money to do it, and what are all those men doing in here piled near each other?" referring, of course, to the infield, "why don't they go out and chase some of those balls."

HARRY WRIGHT.

The pioneer professional manager—the scholar, the statistician and gentleman,—Harry Wright. If I did not pay this tribute to him it would demonstrate that I did not know him, or else I was a man of no perception. This grand man of baseball was the first to demonstrate to the baseball world that combined mediocre skill, which we now term team work, could defeat the best individual skill the country could get together. Wright was the originator of collective plays, in the art of run getting, and also the art of preventing it. He began his playing in center field for Cincinnati, in the '69 team, and afterwards showed the whole baseball fraternity what a man could do sitting on the bench, directing his team. He was the inventor and originator of getting men to blend their plays to the good of the whole. He created a profession for the present generation that people of his time thought was a useless and superfluous appendage to a ball club. He was not only a tutor of raw skill, but he was an adviser of the young, to regulate their habits to the good of their health and profession. Any man that knows the antecedents of professional baseball cannot gainsay this, unless he is either obtuse or prejudiced. The writer met the late Mr. Wright in '83 and ever afterwards held him in the highest esteem, for not only

his knowledge of high class ball, but as a cultured gentleman of the profession. Professional baseball owes a great deal to Harry Wright, in keeping it clean in the darkest days of its struggle for existence. It was a matter of record that Harry Wright made the position of bench manager such a factor in the championship races, that a rule was made and adopted that no manager should sit on the bench during the progress of a game. This rule was aimed at the noble and skillful Harry. And after a few years the National League rescinded it. There was only one Harry Wright in all that appertains to professional baseball management. And though he has forever passed from the voice of the umpire, the crack of the bat and the cheer of the crowd, he will ever remain in the minds of the followers of the great national sport as one of its purest and ablest exponents.

ABNER POWELL.

There is one discrete, careful and thrifty little manager who has made his home for many years in New Orleans, La. I have known him for the past fourteen years, and I want to say that he is a clean exponent of the national game. He has always been to the front in keeping the game alive in that section of Dixie, and there has been many good players developed under his tuition and guidance. The greatest baseball general that ever lived can outlive his popularity in any city if he remains there too long. So this may be the case with Mr. Powell at New Orleans. Ned Hanlon, after giving Baltimore one of the greatest clubs in the history of the game,

and won the championship for their city three consecutive times, and followed it up by coming second in the race two consecutive seasons, was derided and hooted at years afterward for taking his club out of Baltimore.

GUS SCHMELTZ.

One of the most honorable men that the game had to introduce into its ranks is Gus Schmeltz, Columbus, O. He was a man whose personality and intelligence would give other walks in life a tone other than the management of baseball clubs, he was always a gentleman, affable and courteous to all. The writer knew him since 1884, when he made the Columbus club the great factor in the American Association race. His retirement from the game some years ago, was a loss to the Nation's pastime.

THE GREAT COON GAME, CHARLESTON BLUES AND COLUMBIA BOOKERS.

The great colored game of the south, which shall be ever remembered by the negroes of the two Carolinas, took place in the early '90's between the famous Charleston Blues, of S. C. and the Columbia Bookers of the same state. This game was arranged for the fourth of July, in Columbia. Immense preparations were made in both cities for the great contest. Charleston people chartered a train of twenty coaches and two flat cars for their trip to Columbia, the two flat cars were to carry the watermelons. The Blues had not been beaten since their organization, and the Bookers of Columbia laid all plans to capture this game by

a novel device. Nobody knew of this scheme but the manager and a few players of the Bookers. Any one who has lived in the south, knows the hospitality that one negro section shows to the other when they visit. The fervor and abandon with which they greet one another surpasses anything in the way of cordiality. Columbia made extensive preparations to meet the famous Blues. The ball ground was fixed up in fantastic shapes, one table was set aside for the "famous Blues," loaded down with chicken in various shapes. There was chicken leg, and chicken wing, and chicken sandwiches. There was also a table of watermelons cut in many shapes and frills. Those two tables were intended for the ball players of the "Blues." In the rind of those watermelons lurked the demon that was to defeat the hitherto invincible Blues, from Charleston. The chicken sandwiches were well moistened with the colored man's beverage, known as gin. The melon rinds that were intended for the hospitality of the Charleston ball club, were as full of gin as a sponge would be of water. To carry matters to the extreme end of novelty and originality, instead of having a foul flag or a white-wash mark to designate the foul lines, they had a chicken perched and tied on a pole to show the end of the foul line. So the sight was novel indeed, to see two white shanghai hens, perched on a pole in left and right field. When the team left Charleston for Columbia, that fourth of July morning, all the people along the black belt crowded the stations to see the famous Blues and excursion train pass through on their way to Columbia. A white man at the station that day was as scarce as white crows. The Charles-

ton's were musicians as well as ball players and their gaudy uniforms, which were the colors of the rainbow, nearly set the dusky damsels wild along the route. Colored people in that section of the country have a great weakness for anything red or yellow. The favorite negro airs of the Carolinas was played that day at a number of the stations. The names of some of the airs were inspiring in themselves, the favorite air was: "No melon is sweeter than the one stolen in the night." As the Charleston train whistled for the Columbia depot, there was a shout sent up by that black mass of humanity that could be heard for a mile.

All reserve was thrown aside, it was the first visit of the Charleston Blues to their city. The black people of Columbia made it their business to treat their visitors royally. One colored sister was heard to remark, as the cheering and music was going on, looking into her escort's face: "Simpson, I know dat my heart will be stolen back to Charleston by de pitcher for de Blues, they say he carries a charm about him." Another black girl says to her beau, "Eben, this is going to be one scandalous day in my life." (Scandalous, indeed, it was). In this seething, maddened and enthusiastic black crowd there was one object—and that was to get a glimpse of the Blues.

As the train stopped the guard of honor of the Blues advanced, and pushed every one aside and met the captain of the Blues as he stepped off the platform. He calls in a loud voice, "Charleston Blues and friends. We cast the key of the city high in the air to the Charleston Blues and their friends," at

the same time throwing a big wooden key, which he held in his hand, into the crowd. Loud murmurs of admiration were heard at the sight of the Blues' uniforms. A line for a march to the ball ground, with the Blues in the van. The Columbia band stirred the coondom to their highest pitch, when they struck up the famous darky air of long ago. "De gal on de log and I love to court my gal under a sparrow roosting tree." The Charleston band had not played yet. There was nothing in rag time that could stir the music of the heart like this tune. The strains of it would make a southern darkey give up his life if you only play the air while he is dying. The writer has seen darkies almost go into spasms of delight when certain coon airs were played. But when this celebrated darky band struck up this southern air entitled: "Give me a yallar gal with a red dress." The poetry of this air at once struck the wenches. One of them fainted in her fellow's arms, nothing could rouse her to consciousness, until some one thought of throwing watermelon juice into her face. This restoration had its desired effect, and when she opened her eyes and looked into her lover's face, she said, "Eben, why did you not let me die in dat happy dream?" When the ball grounds were reached, every thing was ready for the feast and game. The players of the Blues were conducted to their festive board, loaded with gin-soaked sandwiches and melons with the same article. The Columbia band played as an honor while the Blues were eating. The black masses of both excursionist and Columbia negroes encircled the field. The two chickens, representing foul flags, created great merriment among the crowd.



J. MCGRAW.



JAMES FOGARTY.

Chickens were tied to a pole and guarded by four men. It was noticed afterwards that the Blues were consuming more watermelons than was ever known before, and it was also perceptible that they only ate the red part, which was the receptacle for the gin. After the repast the game was called, and the Blues took the field and that with no steady step. The "Bookers" were all politeness to their visitors, as they knew from the actions of the Blues that they were already intoxicated from the consumption of the watermelon rinds and the chicken sandwiches. The pitcher of the Blues was a big black fellow with tremendous speed. He commenced to hurl the balls at the batter but had no control on account of his gin-soaked condition. He hit the first batter on top of the head with the ball, but the batter only smiled and called out, as he went to first base: "who hit me with dat peanut shell?" The next batter he struck full on the shin, the batter fell as if he was hit with a hammer, he went into convulsions and all efforts to revive him proved unsuccessful. Water was thrown on his head, and even a bottle of watermelon juice was sprinkled on him, finally an old Carolina hoodoo doctor called out, "Stand back, people, from this man," asking where was he hit. They all told the doctor he was hit on the shin. "Den why am you people rubbing his head?" The players said that he was out of his mind. The doctor says at once pull down his stocking and give me a glass of water, and also some watermelon juice. The doctor at once dashed the water on his shin and rubbed it with melon juice. The player revived at once, and went to first base. The colored people went wild

with laughter at the doctor's funny procedure, of reviving the Carolina coon by rubbing water and melon juice on his shin.

The next ball was batted out into left field, all of the three fielders of the Blues started to catch the ball, but the ball caught one of them full in the eye, as they were so drunk they could not see it.

The manager of the Blues now saw that his team was drunk, and how they got drunk he could not fathom. He also partook of the gin-soaked sandwiches and melon the same as the rest, yet it had taken no effect on him. Finally he says, "Gentlemen of Columbia, I think there is treachery in this hospitality," This remark created a great sensation among the Columbia people. All the people that accompanied the Charleston club demanded at once that the manager of the Blues should apologize. This he did, and all went merrily. Run after run was coming in until the Columbia made ten runs before the side was out.

The Blues then went to the bat and their great batsman, Sumpter Jones, came to the plate. This batter was the terror of S. C. The first ball pitched he hit it high into left field, notwithstanding that he was under the influence of the gin. The ball hit was soaring high towards the foul which was represented that day by a big white chicken, tied to a pole with a string. The ball, by a coincident, looked as if it was to hit this feathery fowl, but the audience in looking at this funny co-incident of the fly ball apparently to drop on the chicken, never noticed the big, fleet-footed left fielder of the Bookers, who started after the ball as soon as it hit, the white chicken, however, wished to carry out the baseball

rules that day, by posing as a baseball foul line, saw both the ball and the big black man running towards it with high speed. The chicken, however, might have taken chances of being hit by the foul ball, but never by her hereditary enemy, the coon, so the feathery fowl began to flip and flap her wings as she saw her old enemy coming towards her with outstretched arms, the poor hen broke from her moorings and flew a hundred feet back into the crowd, to the left of the original foul line. The ball fell safe, but of course, it would have been a foul if the chicken remained where it was. Sumpter Jones made a home run, but the Columbia team claimed that it was a foul and would be if the chicken remained stationary. This brought a dispute, but it was settled by the umpire in a novel way and pleased all. The umpire made the following ruling, he says: "Columbia Bookers, de Charleston team am your guests, you have tried to make everything real in this game, going as far as to put a real live chicken to represent the foul flags. A chicken is a chicken, no matter where you place him, and it is a weak-hearted bird—when in the face of our sex. Dat chicken represented the foul line of dis game, and I don't care if it flew into Alabama it carried the foul line with it, and dat settled it. And de ball am fair. And Sumpter Jones has made a home run." This decision pleased all, and the umpire, Blackcloud, was known ever after that as the black Solomon.

The game was resumed, but the Blues' condition made them easy victims to the pitcher of the Bookers. Charllestons were getting beat badly, they were throwing the ball all over the field.

Dark clouds were now seen gathering, preceeded by claps of thunder. A strong breeze commenced to blow and a tornado seemed inevitable. A gust of wind now and then blew over the field, this is the sure sign of a cyclone. Darkies are very superstitious about a storm, it now commenced to blow with great violence. Large drops of rain began to fall. A mile to the rear of this ball field was a colored camp meeting, attended by ten thousand people. They also saw the cyclone advancing but their preachers told the mourners not to mind, and not to get alarmed as it already had spent its force on Satan's camp ground where the sinful game of base ball was played.

Before the bats could be gathered, the storm and rain came on in full force. Rain came in torrents, and the wind in its mighty force blew tables and wagons and all movable things aside, as if they were shavings. Colored belles and fat wenches were all huddled together behind some refreshment stands with torrents of rain soaking them to the skin, all was in confusion in the face of the worst rain and wind storm that ever visited Columbia. The ball players and the crowd kept moving back to the shelter of the forest, where the camp meeting was held to find some shelter from the terrible storm. But this cyclone seemed to be an agnostic one, as it cared neither for camp meeting shouters or ball players. The storm had already reached the camp meeting, and blew down tents, carried off the roof of sheds and literally immersing again with heavenly rain both saints and sinners. As the storm was in its violence one preacher got up and told his shouters not to stampede, when he was hit by a board that

was blown off from a shed. All had now to take shelter either behind a tree or allow themselves to be blown away. The ball players made helter skelter towards the camp meeting ground which was between the ball ground and the city. As the ball players, in their shining uniforms, came into the camp meeting grounds to seek shelter from the storm, a cry of indignation went up from the camp meeting followers. To think that Satan's followers should come into the grounds of the Lord! One preacher, with water dripping from his clothes, got up on a chair and began to rail against all of those sinful people, claiming that it was they who brought down the wrath of the Lord for playing on the Sabbath. After uttering these words, a clap of thunder, preceeded by a gust of wind, blew down a limb of a tree that struck the preacher on the back, he took this as a warning that he should say no more, and he beat a hasty retreat under a large refreshment stand. This created a great laughter from the rain-soaked ball players and the crowd. This was the second mishap to the preachers that began to state that the ball players and their followers were the cause of that terrible storm.

To picture this rain-soaked crowd by the utterance of words would be beyond my power. Here were big fat wenches, with powdered faces, leaning up against trees with water dripping down their beautiful red and yellow dresses. Preachers, with their bibles soaked with water, and throwing angry glances at the ball players with their shining uniforms. This black mass of humanity, composed of saints and sinners, was seeking as much for shelter as the leaf

of a tree would give them. It presented an appearance of a flock of blackbirds or crows.

One big fat, religious sister got up during this down-pour and cracking of tree limbs, said dis was all brought about by those imps of Satan coming right here to git sheltered from the Lord, and he followed them up and this very sister that was talking this way had the appearance of one who is pulled out of a cistern. She says further will de day come in my life that I will tend the camp meeting that is near the ball grounds. A clap of thunder was heard from the heavens which seemed to applaud the words of the sister, but it was followed again by a gust of wind that blew the old girl off the chair. The storm now ceased and they all wended their way towards the city.

The Charleston Blues did not go home that night, their friends and players took them home in sections, with intervals of days and weeks. In all this confusion—where were the two chickens and their guards, after the sun came out and everything looked pleasant—the grounds were visited by the managers, these were the guardians of the chickens, holding the feathery birds fast in their hands and they were sound asleep. Yes, they were like the romance sentinel, faithful to their trust to the last.

THE ROUDY SPECTATOR.

A great deal of agitated stuff has been written about the roudy ball player, there may be some excuse for the bad temper of a ball player who is a participant in a hotly contested game. It generally comes from players who have their heart and soul in the winning of the game, but there is no excuse for the society roudy

who sits in the grand stand in the garb of a gentleman yet with the manners of a hoodlum. This inbred roudy with his immaculate linen, decorated with a borrowed diamond pin, sits in the stand among cultivated ladies and gentlemen and by his language to the ball players of the field is a jar to the entire audience around him. There should be some way of ejecting and debarring this hoodlum from the grand stand, at least, he should not be allowed to sit even, among the hardworking men of the bleachers, because that class of men would know how to act at least in the presence of ladies and gentlemen. There should be some way of keeping him out of the grounds the same as they do out of the race courses.

NED HANLON.

Ned Hanlon, manager of the Brooklyn Club was at one time in his life one of the greatest players in the National League. And the famous saying of Shakespeare, which says, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may" can be well applied to Hanlon's case in baseball. If it were not for an unfortunate accident, to him while playing on the Pittsburg team, he might have never been the manager of the Baltimore club. This mishap to Hanlon kept him out of the game for two or three weeks, Buckingburger at the time was manager of the Pittsburg club. So the accident to Hanlon, was a blessing in disguise and steered his course in another direction. His coming to Baltimore came about in this way: Harry Vanderhous, owner of the Baltimore club, needed a manager and he finally made arrangements with Pittsburg to let Hanlon go to Baltimore to handle his club, which

they finally did. Now if Ned was not hurt, his great ball playing skill would have kept him in Pittsburg and the Pittsburg management would not think of releasing him. So there goes your luck in the game.

Hanlon's success as a manager is viewed from many standpoints; some say it is all luck and cite a few cases where Hanlon tried to get rid of some of his men before they became famous stars, but nobody would take them, or in other words it would be the same as if a man tried to commit suicide by jumping into the river and did not know that he had a life preserver concealed in his clothes. But let this be as it may, his work with stars and without stars is nearly the same. Those five or six meteors that he had on his team from '94 to '97, had to be dominated and controlled by just such a man in temperament as Hanlon. Kelly, Keeler, Jennings, McGraw and Doyle, were magnetic and dashing spirits and took just such a man as Hanlon to control them. Sometimes leaders govern men more by their demeanor and manner than they do by talk. Hanlon, in temperament, was just the opposite of the players he controlled that had won championships for him for years. This is an exceptional case, where a leader in temperament and magnetism is the opposite to that of the men they control. All great leaders of the world, military especially, surrounded themselves with men of the same dash and temperament as that of themselves, Napoleon especially. But it is dead certain, that Hanlon could not do anything with a team of pallbearers. To the greatness of Hanlon must be added the greater greatness of Harry Vanderhous, who has been president and owner of the club that Hanlon has been connected with. The baseball public will be

startled when I tell them that Hanlon and those great spirits he had for years would not be left together under the presidency of any other than Mr. Vanderhous, and why? Because other presidents would think that it was useless to pay Hanlon the big sum, when he had such supposed electric brains on his club as McGraw, Jennings, Kelly and others. Down in the bottom of that deep baseball well, which is full of baseball policies, fallacies and chimeras, he saw the real merit that carried the day. After 17 years of "try-everything" he should know what constitutes the elements of success. Hanlon is a great judge of baseball human nature, without which a leader is useless, that knowledge alone governs players, they soon know that you know it, and they govern themselves accordingly. But the great success of Hanlon (that is if he has the material, has been that he knows what features in a player makes a winner. I have been thrown in contact with Hanlon, and I have had a few dealings with him off and on in the last ten years and I pretend to know a little about his judgment on players. There is two things about him that is great and in one of those he stands alone, that is the "comer" there may be a few managers that will equal him, but on the "goer," there is not a living baseball soul his equal, or to be more explicit, he knows if there is anything in a young player but when a player that is loosing his skill, (though at times he may show brilliancy,) Ned by intuition can see every screw, rivet and bolt in his baseball anatomy. Hanlon is a high-class man, every way. His manner and bearing is always dignified. He possesses to a great degree the close and proverbial economy of his section of the country, (New England), and if Sir Ed-

ward had the magnetism of the late Billy Barney or the off-hand jollity of Loftis he would be a wonder, but all in all he is a well balanced man and I have always liked him, he is a credit to his calling and it will be many a year before Ned Hanlon will be duplicated in the baseball profession.

GOLD BRICKING.

Gold bricking in baseball is the art of making the other fellow believe that he is getting the best of you.

DRESS PARADE BALL TEAM.

What an outward show of display of courage some ball teams and ball players show when they are winning and they don't know why. For a week they may be at home where they are catching clubs coming into their town all broke up, by having their best pitchers crippled, etc. Their work is all outward show, they will start up town and tell the people they struck their gait at last. "They knew that they would get there" and they'd got there. When one or two players of that team come home to their village town after a playing season, they think it is an honor to bow to you. Some man that has kept them all winter before they got a job, they will hardly notice when they get home. All the puffs they received that season while out, they have plastered under the rim of their hat. But to get to the dress parade team that is winning and they don't know why, is the ones that I wish to comment on. As I have stated, they have "heads up" during those weeks of temporary success, but when they have to take the gaff by lossing three or four games, they put me in mind

of an old dung-hill rooster that I used to have when I was a boy, who used to fly up on the neighbors' fence and crow all day at the quiet game rooster in the next yard. When I was a boy I was quite a rooster fighter, but the laws of refined evolution put me out of that barbaric sport. In the adjoining yard was a boy friend of mine, who had a game rooster. This dung-hill of mine was very aggressive at a distance, (that is when he was up on a high fence,) he would crow, flap his wings, and try to impress on the game roosters' mind, that he was a regular Jeffries in the art of fighting. One day there was a board pulled off of the fence, and my rooster and a few of his feminine gender strayed into the game rooster's yard. The game rooster saw him and his plumes struck a fighting attitude, my dung-hill was not going to run away, without at least making a bluff, so his tail and long feathers about his gills raised up and was getting the full benefit of the breeze, he struck a menacing attitude towards his race of a different blood, but with all his biting of stones and spiting them up he kept on receding while the game was coming towards him. While he was backing up towards the fence, with all his bluffs, I noticed that he threw his head backwards once in a while to see if he was backing towards the hole in the fence, so he could make a quick exit, when Mr. Game would make a dart at him. While this preliminary skirmishing was going on, a dog passed through the yard and Mr. Dunghill commenced to cackle, in chicken language to his adversary, that they both better look out as this dog may bite them. Any excuse to distract Mr. Game to get out of the fight. Old true Game, did not give a d—— if a million dogs passed by, he had Mr. Dunghill now and

he was going to pluck him. He remembered all the insults of the past six months of Mr. Dunghill, who perched himself on his high fence in his own yard, and called him all kinds of cowardly names in his chicken crowing language. He was now crowding Mr. Dunghill towards the fence, but "rooster yellow" threw that left peeper of his over his wing to see if he was right at the hole in the fence. His calculation on his side-stepping was correct. Old game got tired of his bluffing, and made a lunge at him, spurs and all, but Henry Dunghill anticipated him and dodged through the hole in the fence, over in his own yard. He then flew up on the high fence like all cowards and crowed. When translated into the vernacular of roosterdom, it means you dare not come over in my yard and fight.

My chum and myself saw the whole proceedings and I made a bargain that I would fight his game four days afterwards, with a new rooster that I was to get from another part of the city. The bargain was made and I hit upon a plan of disguising and fitting out this rooster of mine in a real fighting regalia. I first got my father's razor and cut his comb and gills and trimmed his tail and wings, he had fine yellow feathers and I painted them green, after this trimming took place he looked like a real fighter sure enough. He appeared in the yard with the hens the next day, trimmed up like a warrior but combs and gills were yet a little sore. Father asked me what was the matter with my rooster, I told him, as Dick could get no rooster to fight, he tackled a buzz saw and got the worst of it. Some of the hens did not know him and would not associate with him when I was feeding the chicks corn. Dick called a couple of the hens to him, to show his good

nature, but they didn't want any part of him, as they did not recognize him as their old (guardian) Dick. Dick himself thought that he was rigged out for some festive occasion, but wondered why he had to go through a surgical operation in having his comb and gills cut. The day of the battle arrived, and my boy companion was there to see me fight my new rooster, with his game cock in the next yard. Not even my boy friend recognized my old dunghill in his new fighting garb. His game was in the yard, I had old Dick in my arms. Mr. Game spied him and recognized at once it was his old neighbor Dunghill Dick,—trimmed up as a fighter, as soon as I dropped my Dunghill down in front of him, Mr. Game made a lunge at him. Mr. Dick took to his heels with old game after him. He ran into a corner, put his head under a fence. Mr. Dunghill then made one of those crooking cries, "Please let me alone." Mr. Game made another dash but Mr. Dunghill got under the house out into another yard and never stopped until he got back into his own premises and ever after that, he only raised quarrels with bantams and ducks. Some ball teams and players are like this dunghill rooster, they cannot stand the gaff of defeat. They are only great when the other clubs quit on them.

PLAYER RELEASED FOR HAVING NO ERRORS.

Mike Scanlan, of Washington, D. C., is one of the oldest baseball men in the United States, and in fact, the father of the game at the capital of the nation. Mike, like all men of his caliber carries no deceit, and speaks out the promptings of his head and heart nobly and honestly to any person that is trying to deceive

him. His best friends were not made at the start, but after they enter the inner door of his social mansion, then they will see the true gold in the big-hearted Irishman. Mr. Scanlan was always a good judge of a ball player and he could judge quickly if the player had the art of avoiding a difficult play, or in other words if he was what they called a "record ball player." The story of Mr. Scanlan's dealings with a famous player, who in his last years on the diamond was deteriorating, has been told at many fanning bees.

If I remember right, this great infielder, whose skill had left him, was one of Mr. Scanlan's proteges, who for many years shared the honors with George Wright, as the premier short stop of the world. All practical baseball men know that a man who gets older is covering less ground, especially if he is an infielder. If the story goes right, it was the last year of this famous player on the diamond and it happened to be with his old friend Mike, the erstwhile peerless shortstop, that used to get balls that looked to everybody safe, couldn't gather balls in his last years that were hit apparently at him, but somehow he had the art of going for the ball but never got his hands on it, therefore, no error could be charged, the shortstop skill entirely changed to another part of the game. At one time in his life it was a wonder how he got the balls, in the latter years of his life it was a wonder how the ball got to him without getting into his hands; any way he played some twenty games without an error. Mr. Scanlan made up his mind to release him just for that, if nothing else. Mike, who was always governed by sentiment, reluctantly let the shortstop go, but when the player told him that it was funny

that he should be released and yet had no error in all of the games, Mike, who would not have said a word otherwise, so tender was the sentiment of Auld Lange Syne, at the same time wanted the player to know he was no fool, so he said right out: "Why, man, that is why I am releasing you, just because you had no errors."

THE GROUND KEEPER AND THE POUNDED BALL.

Some years ago, in major leagues there were tricks resorted to that are now obsolete and unworthy of attention of high-class baseball managers, and they should not be resorted to even by the smallest of minor leagues. The longer a man is in baseball the more apparent becomes the uselessness of unsportsmanlike tricks. Amongst the many requisites of a good ground keeper in those days, he had to be skillful in watching the incoming of a new ball and the outgoing of old balls. In fact, his efficiency in that direction would overbalance any bad knoll left unlevelled in the in and out field of a ball ground. But the ignorance of the "legerdemain" of the old and new ball would be sufficient for his dismissal. A pounded ball is a story of the past. Some years ago in the East there was a new ground keeper that had a confab with one of those shoe string pencil managers, who sits on a bench and when some brainy player of the team turns a quick witty trick, he will turn to some friend near his bench and say, "I drilled them in that play yesterday," without giving any credit to the player who did something that this manager was entirely oblivious of. Well, this ground keeper in this incident had explicit orders to throw in the old and pounded ball at the

beginning of the ninth inning if the home club was ahead. The home team was ahead at the end of the 7th and 8th. The poor ground keeper got his orders then to throw in the old ball at the first opportunity. He was ready for the trick as soon as the ball was fouled over the fence. But the visitors in their half of the ninth went in and exceeded the home club's score by two runs. As they finished their share of the inning a foul ball went over the stand; but, holy Moses! in came the old pounded ball for the home club to bat. The manager saw it and so did his players, but it could not be helped. The poor ground keeper carried out his orders literally and to the letter, but he exercised no judgment. The dose that was intended for the visitors was administered to the home club. The visiting pitcher got hold of the ball, and he smiled. The ball was so pounded and flabby that it could not have been hit out of the diamond even if struck by an arch of Brooklyn bridge in the hands of Jack the Giant Killer. Of course the game was lost.

TUTORS OF THE GAME.

The army of votaries of the great national game of America have no idea of the debt they owe to those gentlemen who have spent time, money, and fortune teaching the rudiments of the game to the mighty host of ball players, who in after years are benefitted by the original brain of those persons of original thought in developing the game in its team work and discipline. It is an irony and a travesty on the original brain of any man to see unlettered and untutored people peddle out second hand the genius and thoughts of superior people to a lot of gullible and credulous

friends, who may be provincials on some newspaper, or otherwise. And hear those managers give out those stolen thoughts as emanating from their unoriginal brain. From Harry Wright down, there have been some great tacticians of the game. Wright was the first original ball man, that gave the game a sturdy appearance and solved the problem of winning by a systematic style of batting and fielding, which we term, now-a-days, team work. Others have caught his idea, and have been imitators. I may lose a few friends by speaking frankly on this subject, but I will boldly state that there are very few original men as baseball tutors. I am speaking now of originality of thought and methods. Those recognized tutors of the game deserve a world of credit from the generous and enlightened body of the baseball fraternity. They take a raw player and show him his defects and try to have him overcome them. An actor has to pay for his training in any dramatic school, the student his tuition and the apprentice in any profession his tutor, but the average ball player imagines that he is obligated to no one, and that he learned everything by himself, and he will be the last to give anybody credit for teaching him something about his profession. On the other hand there are grand exceptions to that and the exceptions are not of the mediocre class, but they are noble men, who would do honor to any business in life. There is another thing that is noticeable for years, it is the prejudice of some captain that learned all he knows from the bench manager, that is ever nagging and picking and intriguing against this bench manager, and stating to thousands that a bench manager is a useless position of the team. I

have known in my time captains and players who were the bitterest opponents of the brainy and capable bench manager, who were themselves afterwards, (when their baseball skill had flown) the most beseeching, cringing suppliants for that position, telling every one that no captain on a ball field can do two things. Yet in the entire history of major league ball bench managers have ever been successful, and the playing managers have been the exceptions. Harry Wright for years won championships, Hanlon and Sealey followed, not to mention the many others. Anson, Comisky and Tebeau were the exceptions, but I noticed that when the stars that had floated them along had left them, they stood looking into blank space. I will say for Comisky and Tebeau, they were men of some originality. One excelled more as a player while the other excelled more as a leader, that is my unbiased analysis of the three. A bench manager of any originality and enterprise can see more points in the game than the men that are in action. First of all he is disinterested, if he has any backbone; but God help him if he is under some vain swelled-up magnate who gets stuck on some player of the team, as in cases I know of—yes, in the major leagues at that. Good-day for his power and discipline. He will have to subordinate all pride and honor, and regulate what little he has to say to the wishes of this cunning ball player that the magnate is stuck on. To the men that will read this article on the ball playing manager and the bench manager, will say, "Well, the time has come when one man has had the nerve to touch this subject." But that kind of ball players don't catch such men as Harry Vanderhous, Sodan or Hart, who know that the me-

chanic is not the superintendent, the typesetter the editor, the student the professor, nor the bricklayer the architect.

FRANK SELLEE.

One of the best known men in the National League is Frank Sallee. A polished courteous gentleman who came into the National League in 1889 without drum or cymbals and has won five or six pennants since he has been there. Frank is a man without any ostentation and he is now connected with a man who recognizes ability in any man without being told so.

THE LATE BILLY BARNEY.

Of the many great lights of the managerial firmament, Billy Barney is one who should never be forgotten by the fraternity. Beginning as a catcher he devoted most of his lifetime to the national game. Barney was a catcher of no common ability, handling Jim Whitney in his first great pitching in California, when that pitcher with rifle-shot speed knew no other way to deceive a batter, than to hurl the ball over the plate with the speed of a rifle shot. Barney managed many clubs in the national league and American association and owned clubs of his own in Baltimore and other cities. Barney was a man of more than ordinary culture and affable in conversation. He never failed to make a friend of any one he met, and he was never known to go back on any one. I knew him personally, and I for one can tell of his unfailing friendship in a crisis where it was tested. He was an Elk and a grand Elk and one of the most steadfast that

ever roamed the forest, and he would stand for his fraternity amongst shot and shell, and never flinch when his aid was needed. And should the writer ever be asked whose hand would he grasp with the true warmth of feeling of positive friendship, before the genial gentleman died he would answer—Billy Barney's.

W. H. WATKINS.

One of the brightest and most intellectual men that was ever connected with the game, now owner of the Indianapolis club, is W. H. Watkins, having managed and organized so many champion clubs that it would be almost superfluous to mention them. The Detroit League Team, of 1887, not only won the league championship, but the world's also from the famous St. Louis Browns, was under his management. His clubs have carried off first honors in the Western leagues for years, he is a great student of the game and many strategic plays of the game which are used to-day were of his origin. He is a man of polished address and a man of great executive ability.

JOHNSON C. CHAPMAN.

Mr. Chapman, who retired some years ago from all activity in baseball was the oldest living baseball manager and one of the most cultured gentlemen that was ever connected with the game. His career began with the first great ball club of America, (and he was one of its greatest players) the Atlantics of Brooklyn. Jack Chapman was always identified with first-class ball from the National League down. Many of the great

stars of the country for years learned the rudiments of the game from the patient and affable Jack. The Atlantics of Brooklyn of which he was the left fielder will remain as green in the memories of the early lovers of the game as that of the American Revolution.

ARTHUR IRWIN.

Mr. Irwin I have known for fourteen years, he was one of the best shortstops in his time in the National League. In '84 Providence won the championship of the United States; Mr. Irwin's work at short field won many a game for them. He is an honorable exponent of the national game from any standpoint, his knowledge of the higher mathematics of the game ranks with the best. He is kind and considerate to a player and will go out of his way to give advice to a struggling ambitious young man. Arthur commenced to manage clubs back in 1889 and always got the best out of the material he had.

FRANK BANCROFT.

Of the many men that I have met in baseball, Frank Bancroft is one of the most original. Mr. Bancroft was one of the most successful of the pioneer managers of professional baseball. He is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and his wonderful executive ability which he has demonstrated—year out and year in with the Cincinnati club has made him a fixture with that management. Frank is a typical "Down Eastern," a (genuine yank by gosh) and his native wit bubbles up from that original think tank of his as a clear and sparkling spring from his New England home. To sit and

talk with Frank ten minutes, it is that much of sunshine. When landmarks like Frank leave the game it is one brilliant light extinguished down the corridors of our baseball life.

JOHN WARD.

To take a large cluster of diamonds and pick out its brightest gem, and lay it aside—no comparison could be drawn that would be as strikingly true as that of John Ward leaving the game. He, a man of more than ordinary ability as a ball player in the fastest class of the world, the brightest student in the game's highest branch of mathematics, versed not only in the politics but the playing of the great sport. John Ward will always be considered by those that have followed the destinies of the great pastime of America, as one of its greatest exponents from any and all standpoints. Such men as Ward should always be kept in the game either as an honorary member or on an advisory board, because the personality of Ward's type brings credit to baseball.

MIKE KELLY.

The genius and individuality of any man will show itself in any profession or calling—no matter how high or humble it is. Had it not been for the civil war General Grant would have ended his days at Galena, Ill., as an humble tanner or a small merchant. Stonewall Jackson would have remained in obscurity at Lexington, Va., as an eccentric professor instead of one of the greatest American generals—if not the greatest—if it were not for the same strife between the states. The national game enlisted Mike Kelly in its ranks, and

he demonstrated that he was its greatest playing exponent in its entire history—when it came to the highest perfection in its strategy. While going once from Dover, England to Calais, France, across the English Channel a revolving electric light was noticed in mid-ocean on the French coast. As we came nearer and nearer the light became more brilliant. As the boat was heading into the port of Calais we noticed there were other brilliant lights, but they were entirely eclipsed and absorbed by this tremendous revolving light on the wharf at Calais, so in the entire baseball harbor there have been, and are to-day other brilliant lights, but the late Mike Kelly's work and name is that tremendous revolving light of the entire baseball harbor.

He was the ideal baseball athlete. About six feet tall, and his anatomy was moved by an electric engine, guided by an eagle brain, that would see a point in the game and execute it with a lightning move that no one possessed but the late lamented Kelly.

FRED SMITH.

One of the most unique figures in the profession for years was Fred Smith of Chicago. Some people term him crazy but Fred is about as crazy as a Jew, or it may be that Smith's superior intelligence or style of wit may be too deep for a superficial critic. Smith is an educated man endowed with a fair share of literary attainments. There are some people in the world that are as devoid of wit as a flag stone is of vegetation and they judge sayings and mannerism from their own standpoint. The bat and owl find a flight of other birds ec-

centric, so this analogy could be illustrated from fifty different standpoints. Fred Smith, the pitcher, is a bright fellow, but he is witty and should be given credit for it. Of the many funny sayings that are attributed to him, none equals, from a technical baseball standpoint, the remark that he made to the judge in Macon, Georgia. In 1892, Smith was doing some fine pitching for the Macon club, but on one particular occasion, he shut out some club without a hit or a run. He felt highly elated that night, after the game and indulged in more than his usual allowance of wine with his gallant southern friends. On the way home, he tangled up in an argument with some one, and at the final round of the melee, the man ran away to avoid being attacked. Both, however, were under the influence of southern hospitality. The man who ran away from Smith had a warrant out for Fred the next day, so the case came up, the court house was full of baseball enthusiasts, all friends of Fred's, the judge was also a baseball crank, which is characteristic of the legal fraternity of Macon. Smith's opponent had the first say, as no one saw the fight, and how it ended, it of course rested on the veracity of both. Smith's accuser stated to the judge that the pitcher threw a brick at him and missed him; at this accusation Smith was on his feet like a flash. The judge told him to go on. "That remark of my accuser clears me. What he says, it shows that he is not telling the truth, I will rest my whole case of being cleared on that point. Judge, you and all the men in this room saw me pitch yesterday. Did I give one man his base on balls? Did I miss the home plate once?" They all cried out in the court room, "No." Smith continues: "Now Judge, such control have I now days of the ball, or anything else that I

throw, that if that man was hiding behind a tree, and I should throw a stone or a brick at him, it would curve and hit him in the back, so when he says that I missed him, with the stone or brick, it shows that he is not telling the truth. The whole court house was in a roar and the judge himself had to laugh on the witty point of control. He then dismissed the case and Fred was discharged.

POINTS FOR PLAYERS.

It is better to err in trying to make a play than not to err in failing to attempt it.

A player should not be inflated by the applause of an audience on the day he accomplishes great feats on the field, for the same people would deride him the very next for poor work, although he put the same spirit and energy in his work that as he did on the former day.

It is better and more noble for a batter to strike out fearlessly than to show the craven in allowing the umpire to call him out, and then to look at the poor official disdainfully to make it appear to the audience, that he was wrong. To cover up his cowardly action in not hitting at the ball to save the disgrace of a strike out.

Remember the attempt to always do your best on the ball field will condone for many an off day you might have.

Good hours and sobriety will enable you to remain long in your profession and enhance your reputation among major league managers. The proverb that silence is golden and speaks silver, is a truism when applied to professional baseball. The player who has little to say but plays his game will always command respect and should he not play up to the standard, when

he first enters the major league, he will have many a player on his team, making excuses for him to the manager, whereas, if he is one of those fresh young fellows, who wears his cap on the side of his head or wears it so far back on his pole as to lead people to believe that there was only one hair on the back of his head holding it, and with a what-you-say air around the hotel and dressing rooms, you will find yourself treated the very reverse from the young man with the opposite demeanor.

THE TOUR OF THE SOUTH WITH THE ST. LOUIS COMBINATION.

In the fall of '83, we toured the south with the St. Louis combination. In its ranks was Buck Ewing, Tom Mulane, and among the other stars was Hugh Daily, (one armed), the crack pitcher of the Cleveland national club. Among the cities that we visited was, Pennsecola, Florida. In the center field the cedar trees were packed with coons, so thick were they on the trees that they resembled a flock of blackbirds or crows. In looking at our players entering the field, they saw one-armed Daily, so one big coon says to the other, "Why dem St. Louis babies thinks so little of our white club, dat they are putting in one-armed men on dem." At that time some one threw a ball to Daily, he picked it up neatly, which was his custom, as if he had two arms. So one negro, who became enthusiastic of this act, turned around and said to the rest of the black people, "Which of you niggers said dat dat one-armed man couldn't play." When Daily came to the bat all the negroes in the trees watched him, old followers of the game knew how Hugh could hit with that one arm of

his, and hit hard too. So Daily drove a liner into the trees and hit one of the coons on the back, all the rest of the negroes laughed at this occurrence. But the negro that was struck said, "O Lordy, if dat man had two hands I would have been killed."

GREAT FEATS OF PITCHING.

Two of the greatest feats of pitching, (barring Radbourne's unprecedented feat at Providence) came under my observation in 1883. One was on the part of Bob Matthews of the Athletics of Philadelphia, and the other Tim Keef of the Metropolitans of New York. It was nothing for Tim Keef or Bob Matthews to pitch five or six games in succession, when the exigency of the case demanded it. The Browns hit Keef very hard in the first of the particular series, making some sixteen hits. To my surprise next day, Keef again went up against the Browns and defeated them letting them down to six hits. The next day he was in the box again and diminished the hits to three but the Browns won the game by wonderful base running. Matthews in a series of games in St. Louis surpassed the pitching feat of Keef. The Browns won the first game from the athletics with Matthews pitching, making 12 hits of this little wizard. Game little Matthews asked the manager if he could not pitch the entire series against the Browns, as he felt chagrined at the number of hits that were made off him that day. He pitched the next day, and the next and the next, defeating the famous Browns three straights games after they had so unmercifully hit him in the first. The hits to my knowledge ran thusly: Seven in the second game, five in the third game, and two in the fourth. Now reader he

didn't do this with the mechanical work of his arm but he did it with that mental power that made him a pitching marvel for sixteen years.

BATSMEN OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

The question has often risen between lovers of the game whether the batters of the past were equal to the batters of the present. The writer has seen them all in his time beginning with professional baseball down to the present time. There are some writers and people who are so prejudiced in favor of the people of their time of playing that they will not give credit to men of any other period. Readers of this little pamphlet do not want to hear of any prejudice I have, but they do want to know my honest and unbiased judgment on matter I pretend to write about.

We will not take the great batters while the underhand pitching was in use, because the present generation will say, that style of pitching was easy. We will, however, speak of those giant batsmen, when they allowed the use of the overhand throw and mystic curve which is in operation to day, and will compare those batsmen with the present. If the reader should ask me frankly, that as a body do the batters of the present compare with the batsmen of the past. I say frankly, "No." Then why? "Because that kind of human timber has stopped growing." When the reader will consider that at the distance of 45 feet and 50 feet afterwards, with pitchers jumping in the box and whirling the ball over the plate with the velocity of a lightning express; those men of the past must have been batsmen to cope with those human cannons, like Jim Whit-

ley, Charles Radbourne, Charlie King and others, and yet no penalty attached to them in way of a donated base should they strike a batsman. Today the pitchers are back sixty feet with one leg anchored on a slab, and further penalty on the pitcher for hitting a batsman. And then think of those batters, that had to face those human catapults, who had the liberty of a hop-skip-and-a-jump, while inside a box.

The reader can draw his own conclusion who were the greatest batters, the men of the early '80's or '90's, when the forms of Lip Pike, Jo Start, Andy Leonard, Jim O'Neil, Dan Brouthers, Paul Hines, Sam Thompson, Jim White, Jack Rowe, Richardson, Hanlon, Roger Conner, Charley Bennet, Jim O'Rourke, Gillespie, Dale-rymple, Gore, Mike Kelly, Ed Williamson, and many others that memory fails to recall are compared with the present. To think of those Herculean batsmen, who were under fire through the golden era of great pitchers and compare them with the few Delahanty and Lajoie that are left. It would require no orator with the persuasive power of Bourke Cochran, to tell you in what period the great batsmen lived.

MONKEYS ON TREES.

Young ball players entering the profession are often made the butts of jokes by the older ones of the profession. While going south with my team some years ago, two wise old heads commenced on two or three young fellows of the team who had never been south in their lives. They tried to show them some monkeys on trees while we were passing through Georgia. The old "codgers" had those poor innocents straining their

necks through windows, trying to spy the Darwinian tribe of our ancestors, which the older heads asserted were there. The young lads finally asked me if it were true that monkeys were in that part of the country. I told them, "No," and that the old fellows were only joking and joshing them. But I impressed on their mind to keep the joke up and pretend that they saw them on the trees. This they did, so every five or ten minutes they would rush at jokers number one and tell them they just saw a baboon with her young on a big pine tree; they kept this sort of business up all day to the annoyance of the original kidders. One time they would say, that they saw a boa constrictor eating a monkey, another it was a flock of parrots or ostriches they saw fly up, then again it was a gorilla or a tiger, so finally joker number one became suspicious of joker number two and told them to run away and not to annoy them. But the older heads ever after that never tried to show the young fellows any tropical birds or animals while passing through Georgia.

"VANDERISMS."

Of the thousand and one tales that are cited by baseball fans about the great Chris, none are more amusing than his order to the printer at St. Louis, about his four-time-winners, the Browns. His club had won the championship four consecutive years, namely: '85, '86, '87 and '88. In '89 the Browns looked like winners again and that up to the last week of the playing schedule. If he had won the pennant the fifth time, he was to tour the country, as the five-time-winners of the American Association, and the litho that was to be

struck off should have the illustration of a hand, five fingers to represent the number of times the championship was won." The printer showed Chris the sample of the hand of the litho, bearing the inscription, "Five time winners. Chris was delighted at the appearance of the litho, but says he to the printer: "We have not won that other finger yet, could you keep it off until we see if we can win it? And if we don't win, couldn't you make that hand with four fingers?" Well, Chris did not win it, and the printer lost a job on all fingers.

In the year 1890, big-hearted and good natured Jim Kennedy, who has now the control of the high-class sports in the Madison Square Garden, N. Y., had a ball club in Brooklyn, which was a member of the American Association. This club was scheduled at St. Louis for two games on a fourth of July. The Brooklyns won the morning game, and instead of going into the city for dinner, Jim and Chris set out a grand repast for the Brooklyn club under the grandstand at old Sportsman's Park. Being the national holiday, Jim thought he would give his team a little more license in the way of jollity and fun than at any other time. He allowed them to place a big keg of beer, covered with ice, on an elevation on the table. This was indeed inviting on a hot fourth of July day. Two of the Browns were invited to partake of the lunch, but the beer was the most they indulged in. In the midst of the reports of fire-crackers and pistols they kept drinking the beer, until the gong sounded for the second game. The Browns took the field, and after two or three innings the sun and the beer began to tell on the two Browns.

It was so noticeable that the whole incident of the beer was told to Chris; he became livid with rage, and walked over to the bench where jovial Jim was sitting with his team. After delivering a peroration of the high standard of the game, he remarked to Kennedy: "Jim, on account of our old acquaintance it cuts my heart to my feet, but for the good of the game you are expelled for life." Jim says, "All right, Chris." And Chris departs notwithstanding this cold-water, puritanical declaration of Chris'. Vanderah's park that afternoon was a veritable beer garden, with white-aproned waiters hawking beer. There was to be a meeting of the Association at Louisville, and Jim and Chris had to attend. Those chums of by-gone days took the same sleeper for the meeting. What could be more absolutely ludicrous than the meeting of those two men in the smoking-room of the cars? Chris, bowed down with a heavy heart thinking of the duty he had to perform for the Association and the national game—in expelling his boon companion for life for setting up a keg of beer under the grandstand, which made two of his players drunk. Jolly Jim could hardly keep from laughing at the pretended sorrow of Chris as to the duty he was to perform in expelling him for life on to-morrow's meeting. After sitting in silence for a while, Kennedy rung for the porter, he says, "What will you have, Chris?" This was the first time that Chris spoke. "What you drink will suit me, Jim." It was ordered and brought in. After emptying the glasses another drink was ordered. Chris says to Jim, "It is you that is happy to-night not me." Jim says, "Why, what is the matter, Chris?" "You

know what is the matter, Jim. Think what I have to do to-morrow, to keep the game on an elevation, and to expel my best friend for life. Jim, it was with dripping tears from my heart that I went over to the bench to-day and told you that you were expelled for life." Chris further remarked, "Oh! Why could it not be an enemy of mine that I could rejoice at it? But you, Jim, it is like murdering my own son," bowing his head. "Jim, to-night I would give one thousand dollars if I could change places with you." The bell was rung again and the porter was ordered to bring more drinks. Kennedy, who had to smother his laughter, said to Vanderahe, "Have courage, Chris, be like the Roman father who had to sentence to death his own son to satisfy justice." Chris says, "I know nothing about the Roman father, but, Jim, the game must be kept on an elevation," (that is where the keg of beer stood). After the glasses met and they drank, Jim says, "You know, Chris, it was the fourth of July, and there was no elevation in your eyes under the grandstand but the keg of beer." All loyal Americans will take a good time on the nation's birthday. Chris remarked, "Jim, I am as disloyal as any American, but we must keep up the elevation of the game." Another bell was rung, and the porter had to depart for two more, when Chris remarked, "Oh, and why was I born for this hour, what has the Lord against me, that he should put me in a position to expel my best friend," and with this he wiped one of his eyes. Jim answered him with the following remark, "Chris, I will take the sentence and kiss the hand that gave it." Bell taps are heard again, the porter appeared and the

order was given. Chris began: "Jim, with my heart dripping tears I will have to stand up in that meeting to-morrow, and pronounce sentence of expulsion for life. You can follow a hundred kinds of business, but poor Chris will have to leave the meeting with dripping tears from his eyelids down, nothing will be bright to me again. Oh! I wish I was a cradle baby again. You will leave the meeting, Jim, with a joyful heart. Oh! why was I not dead before I lived. Before I heard of the keg of beer." During this dialogue drinks upon drinks were coming. Kennedy held his balance well, but good-hearted Chris was falling under the many drinks, and was falling into the arms of Bacchus. He says, "Jim, if I was killed this moment I don't think I would live, but, Jim, we must keep up the elevation of the game. I am going to bed with bleeding tears dripping down my heart. I can never sleep to-night, thinking of what I have to do to my best friend to-morrow. Oh! why was I not born before I lived?" They both started now for their berths. Chris was helped along by the porter, Kennedy navigated himself. It was the fourth of July night, when all men of freedom are happy. They both got into opposite berths. Chris was about to doze away when he called out to Jim: "Say, Jim, say, Jim." Kennedy says, "What is it, Chris?" Chris says, "I was thinking it all over, Jim, I will let that expulsion business go. I will not expel you. Now, Jim, I will sleep happy." Jim says, "Thank you, Chris, it will save you a lot of pain."

Tim Hurst, the great umpire, is the author of the substance of this story.

NICK E. YOUNG.

When the National League, the father of legitimate baseball, celebrates its first centennial, and the present generation of votaries and exponents of baseball are in the spirit land looking down on its prosperity, Nick Young will be like George Washington, the first president of the National League of baseball clubs. The writer has had the good fortune of knowing this little modest gentleman for the past twenty years. With all my travels and experience of meeting men in the higher and lower walks of life of both hemispheres, never did I see the typical democratic American more exemplified than in the person of Nick Young. This tribute might look like a fulsome eulogy but it is not. When I state to the baseball public that an infant could bring his baseball griefs to the ex-president of the National League and he would try to redress them. Any player that ever wrote Mr. Young—whether on the smallest round of the ladder of his profession or not, always received a prompt answer; and that is why I esteem him. Literary men and all men of worldly experience know that all great men are approachable no matter what their professions are. At ball meetings you would notice the strut and pompous airs of some minor league president walking up and down the corridors of the hotel, pondering as if he had the weight of a nation on his head, stepping sometimes on people's toes so they would be compelled to ask who he was when some bystander would speak up that he was Jim Lightbrain of the Insect League, and he has a case on hand before the national board, where one of his players is claimed by a major league magnate for

shaking hands with him some years ago. It is equal to a "reserve" now-a-days. While on the other hand you would find genial Nick Young in some corner of the hotel talking kindly to some friend—encouraging him to overcome his baseball trouble. In the many years that Mr. Young has been president of the national board many intricate and complex cases were presented to him for a decision, but not one, when all the circumstances were known, did he decide but according to his honest convictions under the law governing the case, he threw technicalities aside, which are shields sometimes for the dishonest, but he decided on the honest intent of the purpose of the player or the manager. Equivocations of players and subterfuges of magnates bore no weight with his keen observation of baseball tricks. And I will vouch for this and stand by him that he would take the word of an honest baseball manager that he knew was on the level, in matters pertaining to baseball, quicker than he would a Vanderbilt or an Astor who butted into the game for notoriety's sake. I know whereof I speak of this genial gentleman as I have lived in Washington City and made it my home fifteen years of my life.

Mr. Young is a part of every department of the game, he was a player, manager, umpire and magnate. He was at the head of the National League for 27 years. He weathered all storms with it, whether in the dark days of the Brotherhood or in the sunshiny days before or after it. He was the same approachable little gentleman—that generations will not see his counterpart again.

DAN SHANNON.

In the midst of minor league managers of the past looms up the rotund form of Dan Shannon of Bridgeport, Conn. If Dan ever extended his hand you know it was prompted by the heart, and not the Jeky and Hyde order, but was part of an anatomy that was hale hearty, and well met. He did not belong to the order of handshakers and jolliers, who would one minute speak well to your face and five minutes afterward show the counterfeit, and drop the poisonous acid either by insinuation or word to rot away the iron band that linked together two friends. The writer knows Mr. Shannon personally, and knows his good manly qualities. While he was in baseball he showed he was a man of the highest baseball intelligence, and drove many a club to the winning post by his keen insight into the true strategy of the game. Shannon was no score card manager, putting down the mechanical errors of the game, but to his credit he knew what errors the player committed that could not be set up in cold type, but could be set in the column of unthinkable plays.

TIM MURNANE.

Of the many managers I met in the early days of my baseball career, big-hearted and genial Tim Murnane is one of them. The first ripple of revolt on the placid waters of the National League and American Association was caused by the Union Association of 1884, of which Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Altoona, Pa., Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston were members. My dis-

agreement with Vanderahe in St. Louis, was the cause of me joining with Lucas. We organized the famous S. Louis Maroons, which included Fred Dunlap, Shaffer, Dake Rowe, Jack Gleason, Billy Taylor, Lew Dickerson, Perry Werden, Hodnett, Baker Whitehead and Jack Brennan. This team won the championship with ease, but Tim Murnane organized a young team in Boston that shared the honors with the Maroons all that season. The players of the Boston Unions were Ed Crane, Shaw, Slatery, Tom McCarthy, Tom O'Brien, Walter Hacket and Tim himself. There were others that I fail to recall. It was a first-class team, and all beginners at that, but Tim brought out all the playing that was in them. Tim, to-day, is one of the greatest baseball writers in the country, and it is a pleasure to read the writings of one who has been in the actual conflict and strife of the game.

JOHN TROY.

Of the many players that I have had the good fortune to have under my management in my baseball career, none impressed me more with originality, genuine good humor, clean language in the style of coaching, than the famous "Dasher," John Troy, of New York. Troy, in his time, played for the New York National League team, the Metropolitans and other crack clubs. He was the equal of Charley Bastian in the natural way he picked up ground balls. The good nature and witty side of him in a hard-fought contest was what made me always like him, and a better little piece of humanity never lived than the "Dasher."

I must confess that I thought a great deal of him, not only as a player, but as a man of principle. His style of winning was "catchy," and he was always jollyng some poor pitcher that was going in for his first game. The Dash would begin it in the following conversation to the trembling pitcher: "Well, my boy, we will just kill the other pitcher to-day, and that team that is going to play against us could not hit the city hall if it was pitched to them. Ted Sullivan expects us to gather up all kinds of balls, and never expects much of a pitcher on his first trial. Now, my son, let them hit the ball, that is what we like, if they make fifty hits off you, why, we will go at the other pitcher and drive him to drink, as we have done before. They will have to use four pitchers against us to-day and they know it, they are all afraid of you, as I heard them say so." After this jolly that Troy gave the new-comer, he would go into the game feathers up. In 1898, the Washington League team controlled a minor league team in Troy, N. Y.—members of the international league. It was a baseball farm, which came into practice afterwards. I was managing the Washington club, but I had to make four or five trips to Troy that season to see how the farm hands were getting along. Good-natured Troy promised me that season that he would abstain from any beer drinking, and I on my part, told him that if he did I would put him back on the regular National League team, as his ability warranted it. I don't wish to infer that good "Old Dash" was a tippler—far from it—but he did like his beer, like other good men.

What little beer Troy drank never interfered with

his ball playing, as he always attended faithfully to his duty, but I must confess that at that period of my life I was a little narrow and prejudiced against any players who drank. John's friendship for me made him abstain entirely from drinking. The humorous incident of Troy and the beer came up at Troy, N. Y., on one of my trips over to that city. The good-natured "Dash" complained to me about his batting being totally weak, since he stopped drinking any beer. The boys corroborated the statement. Troy would not break his word with me, as he esteemed me too much, but he was down-hearted on account of his batting, and I assure the reader Troy, at that time, was a cracking good batsman. This one game at Troy, N. Y., was an exciting contest and I was urging the boys to win it. "The Dash" wanted to be in the thickest of the fray, and distinguish himself some way in that game. There were three men on bases with nobody out, when John looked at the score card and saw who was coming up. The two men ahead of him were rank quitters in a pinch, and both of us knew it. They would either strike out, or allow the umpire to call them out before they would touch the ball. There was beer sold under the grandstand and the old "Dash" knew it. He whispered in my ear and said, "Ted, let me go under the stand and get a big beer, and I will clear the bases for you." I said, "All right, my boy, go on quick." Sure enough, my two "buckos" showed the "yellow," and struck out. The audience was greatly excited, as it was the ninth inning, and the Troy club's last turn at the bat. I looked around for Troy, and saw him come from under the stand, wiping his

lips. He says to the bat boy, "Give me my bat." As he walked by me towards the plate, he says, "the 'Old Dash' is himself again." He tapped the plate with his bat, and said to the opposing pitcher, "Come, my old laddy-buck, you have been getting off pretty cheap." One strike was called on the noble John. The game and gritty Troy remarked to the pitcher, "That is where I am strong, when one strike is called on me." The second ball was met by the "Old Dash," full in eye—shoulder high, away it sailed—high and far away; two fielders gave chase, but it was no use, the stout hand of Troy, with the stimulus of that glass of beer, sent the ball speeding against the center field fence. It bounded off the boards, away from the fielders that were chasing it, and the lion-hearted Troy was skimming around the bases, with the three men ahead of him, and the game was won for the city of Troy.

Readers, I have known of great lawyers who had to drink before they made a great speech, and I have known of famous actors who had to do the same, and after that I never stopped my old friend, John Troy, from taking a glass of beer when he needed one.

FAMOUS DECISION BY AN UMPIRE.

A famous decision was made by John Gafney, Washington, D. C., which ever afterwards established a precedent for sound baseball philosophy. This decision was coincided with by the best judges of baseball in the United States. Up to the time that this decision was made by Gafney, umpires made a practice of judging fly balls, while

the ball was inside the inclosure—claiming that they had no jurisdiction over the course of the ball after it went over the fence.

This ruling caused no end of fault finding, as many a high ball changed its course after it left the left field or right field fence. Gafney established a precedent in a certain Washington game, claiming that the last seen of the ball, whether it was on fair or foul ground, would govern his decision no matter what course the ball took afterwards.

DAN O'LEARY.

Dan O'Leary, who retired some years ago from professional baseball, was the most genial and witty man connected with the game. His knowledge of baseball was above that of the ordinary manager of his time. An excellent story is told of him, while he was managing the Indianapolis Independent team of '83.

Dan's club had defeated all the semi-professional clubs for miles around. They seemed to be invincible, but his directors were ambitious. They wanted to conquer new baseball worlds, and they aimed high, in their mad baseball pride. They asked Dan to get a game with the Chicago League team, when they passed through Indianapolis. Wily Dan knew that it was matching Jefferies against Terry McGovern. He tried to ignore the game but the swelled up directors were inexorable. The game should be made if Chicago had an open date. Finally the game was arranged.

The Chicago club came and crushed the hitherto invincible Indianapolis club by an overwhelming

score. Dan was cast down, but the directors—more so. After the game that night, Dan entered the hotel, where he saw all the directors sitting silently together with a scowl on their faces. Genial Dan could not stand this demeanor of the hitherto glad-some directors. He at once exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, why so sad to-night? You desired to see the classics, and you saw them."

This story is told by Arthur Irwin.

CHRIS VANDERAHE AND THE LONG TELEGRAM.

In 1884, when the Union Association was started, a great many of the American Association and league teams organized reserve clubs to crush out the newcomers. That is, they were to play on their grounds while the regular team was away. Chris had one and at its head was a very high and expensive manager. Chris sent his team and this extravagant manager on a spring trip to Indiana and Illinois, before his team left the city, he told the manager that after every game he should send him the result of the game, so he would know the work of his aspiring "reserve team." The unsophisticated manager, of course, thought that Chris meant the entire count of the game, inning by inning. So after the game on the first day here comes a telegraph boy into Chris' office. He carried a large-sized envelope in his hand, with inclosed telegraph matter, which in its size and bulk, indicated that it was cable stuff intended for some Metropolitan newspaper. The boy said, "This is a telegram for you, Mr. Vanderahe, and there is \$27 charges on it." Chris looked at the boy and at the bulky envelope, he could hardly restrain himself

in the chair, he was so mad. He blurted out again, "What, did somebody telegraph me his will across the ocean?" The boy says, "No, Mr. Vanderahe, it is an account of the ball game, sent by your manager, from Terre Haute, Ind." Chris jumped to his feet, and exclaimed, "Why didn't he telegraph me a history of his life?" He took the telegram, paid the boy, and commenced to read the telegram—sure enough, it was a defeated account of the game, inning by inning. Chris at once flew to the telegraph office, and wired to his manager the following: "For God's sake, don't send any more telegrams." Chris told this story himself.

THE MANAGER AND THE DUMMY SUBSTITUTES.

Some years ago professional ball players, in some cases liked a night's outing, when a good time presented itself. Of late years, however, players of the major leagues are very easily handled. As they know in a year or so the prejudice of the owner of clubs is very strong against any violation of club discipline, and it is only a matter of time when such players are dropped entirely from major leagues. The particular case to be cited in this instance, was a breach of discipline that was novel and amusing. The manager, who handled this club of years ago, was a wily and wary fellow and up to all the tricks of players, in getting out or staying out after a stipulated time, namely, 11:30. He caught them at all their tricks, such as taking the keys and putting them in their pockets, getting up after the manager had made his rounds to the rooms and going down the fire escape, etc. But there is one thing that this manager did

do, and that was to look over the transom and see if the men were in the room, if they failed to answer him after 11:30, when he knocked.

The latter scheme, these two players wanted to foil and outwit, and forever kill the transom act. They were invited on this night by some friends to attend a ball in a certain part of the city. This manager was a good fellow, but he was strict on his men in keeping good hours, while on a trip at least. Those two men were the best players of the club and one of them delighted in working up some scheme to outwit and kill this transom peeping of the manager. They hit upon a plan to attend this ball, and that was to fix up two dummies made of hay, put them each in the bed, and they knew that would settle the whole case, when their manager peeped over their transom. Well, at nine o'clock they took their key and went upstairs and fixed the dummies, naturally in the bed and left for the ball with the keys in their pockets. The manager, after 11:30, commenced to make the rounds of the players' rooms and when he arrived at our heroes' apartments, he knocked but no answer came, then he got up on a chair and looked over the transom, he saw that the beds were occupied and then left for his own room and retired, regaling himself with the idea that no wonder he had a winning team, with such excellent discipline in his club.

Between 12:00 and 1:00 that night there was a row at the ball, and the two players of his club were assaulted by some jealous fellows, the result was that those two players cleaned out the whole batch

that commenced the trouble with them, and some of them were left with banged up eyes. After the fight they left for their hotel at once, and got in about 1:30 in the morning. They removed the dummies by throwing them under the bed, and retired themselves. Next morning there was a policeman looking for two men, of this certain ball club that whipped those fellows at the ball-room. The policeman had their names and he was waiting in the office of the hotel to arrest them. The policeman finally called upon the manager and told him that he had a warrant for two of his men, and hoped they would go along peacefully. Hearing this the manager flew into a rage, and said, "What is the matter with you people? My men were in bed at 11:30 and I saw them with my own eyes, and yet you say the fight took place at that time. Why, it is ridiculous and an outrage." The policeman answered, "Well, Mr. Manager, you will have at least six men swearing against you, that your two players were at that ball at 11:30. And they will have undeniable proof in the shape of disfigured faces, to show for it. So have a care and do not perjure yourself." The manager finally called the players out of the dining-room, and told them what the officer said, but he would show up the town for the attempt to disgrace his team. The two players told him never mind, that they would go with the officer to the station, but the manager must go along, as there must be some terrible mistake somewhere. The manager says, excitedly, "Certainly, why, I saw you in bed and if you are harmed, you bet we will throw this city out of the league." The officer told him he could do as he pleased about the city,

but the players would be treated all right, if they were not the starters of the fight. The manager flew up again and says, "How could they be fighting and they in bed two miles away?" When they got to the station, the judge, who was a regular ball crank, called in the two players, and a few of their city friends in the room, and heard what they had to say. One of the players told him the whole story, and also told him what the manager was laboring under, which caused the judge to laugh. The players had friends, who swore that the accusers were entirely the aggressors, that they provoked and attacked the two players of the visiting team. While this preliminary business of the trial was going on, the manager was wondering who in the devil were in the beds, playing the part of the two men.

Well, the trial ended by the judge giving the players a reprimand and presented a bill of cost to the accusers and assailants. He then turned to the manager and told him he was saving him from perjuring himself by trying to prove an alibi for his two players, and impressed on the manager's mind that hereafter, he should go into the players' rooms instead of looking over the transoms, and to see and feel what was in the beds as some night his whole team may go out and put in their beds dummies, made of hay or straw. The wily manager comprehended all, and he smiled at the trick for he could give credit to any one who would outwit him, without getting angry. His players were released without a fine, and all went back to the hotel happy.

But, reader, listen, this one manager never looked

over any more transoms, but went right into the players' rooms and felt of the occupants of the beds, whether they were straw, hair or flesh.

CUBAN GIANTS.

The Cuban Giants, a colored ball club that was stationed at Trenton, N. J., for years was a team of no ordinary ability, in a playing sense, but the flavor of their whole work was their humorous coaching. While they were willing to make fun of the white clubs when they were beating them, still they were rather sensitive when the white clubs got back at them. It was a singular thing that all the clubs that I ever managed, could beat them easily, whether my club was a league team or a minor. And they thought that I hoodooed them some way. The final and amusing incident took place in Trenton, N. J., in '97. I had a small team practicing for the season to go to Atlantic city. The Cubans looked upon this team as sure prey, as they were players that they never heard of before. The Cubans, who had not been in Trenton for years, were desirous to show their old-time friends that they could demolish any team that would dare take their place in the hearts of the fans of Trenton. The club that I had in that city that season were really amateurs, but they put up a great game against the invincible Cubans. Three games were arranged with the Giants, and when they arrived in Trenton they strutted around their old former haunts, and told all those that were inclined to bet, that they would burn up that baby team of Mr. Sullivan's. There was a lot of betting going on and the white people in Trenton backed my team

to win. The coons saw that it was like finding money. The first game ended 7 to 11 in the favor of my club. The Giants were disgusted, and so were their friends who bet their money on their "say so." They said, however, that was luck, and they would show Ted Sullivan next day that he could not pick up unknown men to beat them.

The betters who had lost the day before, doubled and trebled their bets for the next. Expecting to win all back, but the game little Trenton team went at the coons again and trimmed them by another score of 7 to 11. As they were both crap scores, the second game created a great deal of laughter among the audience, and made the Cubans furious. In the ninth ending there was a man of my team held on third base instead of sending him home, which would have made the Trenton score 12, as the Cubans had 7. The darkies claimed that I ordered the man to stay there, so I would disgrace them by taking two scrap scores on them by 7 to 11. That night "coon town" was wild and so were all the Giants, to think that the famous old time Cubans could be beaten twice by a picked-up scrub team by Mistah Sullivan—and that in their former home. The third and final game took place the next day. The friends of the Giants had not lost heart as yet and thought that it was impossible for the picked-up Trenton team to defeat the old time Cubans three straight games. Those that had lost their money on the Cubans the two former games, wanted to retrieve their losses in the last and final game. The game started with the Giants taking the lead in the beginning of the game. Feeling that they had the Trenton team

beaten, they commenced their old-time coaching, making all kinds of fun and shouting to the audience that they had tossed the other two games away. The eighth inning began with the Cubans in the lead by three runs. The umpire made a decision that the Giants objected to. They flocked around the official at the home plate and refused to play unless he changed his decision. The home plate was not very far from the grand-stand. While the kicking was going on, a southern white man from Georgia went out and secured a large and juicy watermelon from a vender who was stationed at the gate. He entered the grandstand just as big Clarence Williams who had a bushy head and a loud voice) exclaimed that he would quit the game before he was robbed. At this junction, the southern gentleman hurled the big melon high in the air and it landed in the midst of the Cuban players and broke to pieces. Terrible indignation arose, the Giants declared that they were insulted in their former home and said it was a trick of Ted Sullivan's, manager of the Trentons to break them up. They were about to quit the game then and there as the insult was too much and they were no hoe-down coons, and cotton pickers from the south, but colored citizens from the states of New York and New Jersey. The audience and umpire were convulsed with laughter, but the Giants refused to see the joke and had their bats packed and were about to leave the grounds, thinking as they were three runs ahead they would have the prestige of winning one game anyway, notwithstanding the decision of the umpire, which was to declare the game against them by a score of nine to nothing if they refused to

play. I informed the manager of the Giants that if his team left the grounds, that they would not get any receipts of the game. This put a new phase on the situation, and the Giants hastened to the field, feeling the loss of the money. They were, however, very mad, especially the pitcher, who tried to hit two or three of the Trenton batters with the ball, which resulted only in filling the bases, this is where the Giants' trouble began, as the coaching and "kidding" of the Trentons soon had the Cubans in the air. They went all to pieces, throwing the ball all over the diamond, the net result of the inning was ten runs which put the Trentons in the lead by seven scores. The mad Cubans never rallied after that and were beaten by a score of 14 to 6. The comical coaching of Harry Wilson of Baltimore, who was a member of the Trentons, did the whole thing in the fatal eighth ending. He told the high-bred Cubans that there were chickens on all the bases, this raillery they could not stand, but yet if they were in the lead they would give the same dose to the young Trentons. As the dusky warriors were leaving the grounds, one Giant called out to the rest, "we done got beat, but Ted Sullivan and the melon was the cause of it."

Now they had a little trouble with their own color, whom they induced to bet. That night in Trenton there was crape on all the doors in "coon town."

THE BALL PLAYER AND THE SPARROW.

An amusing incident took place some years ago in one of the Western League cities. A certain right fielder, that was known for his sleepiness during a game, was suddenly aroused from his lethargy by

the infield calling out to him to "Look out." All at once a swallow flew by him which he took for a fly ball and made after it. The real ball he did not see, and the audience became demonstrative, thinking that he had purposely run away from the batted ball. He did not know his mistake until the second baseman ran out in right field to get the ball and hurl it home to catch some of the runners, who were scoring by the gross mistake of this sleepy fielder. He was chagrined when he found out his mistake, and he came near getting his release, but he promised the manager to keep his eyes on the game thereafter.

JOHN ARUNDEL (TUG) AND THE LEMONADE TUB.

One of the funniest and most ludicrous incidents that I ever witnessed at a baseball game took place in Memphis, Tenn., in 1885.

John Auranel, who was known as "Tug," was a catcher of more than average pluck. John Clarkson and Tony Milane, in their best days, could not phase Auranel with their rifle-shot speed. But if matters did not go right in the game, Auranel was easily aroused, but he was a noble fellow to any one he liked and possessed good principles. He was catching for my club (the Memphis team), in that year. On this particular day there were three men on bases. John had a passed ball and the ball did not stop until it caromed off the backstop into the lemonade tub, which was about fifteen feet to the right of the grandstand. Auranel was after the ball like a hound, burning with rage on account of the ball taking a hurdle into the tub, which was filled with lemonade and skins. Runner after runner was scoring and

John made two or three grabs at the ball, but in his anxiety he missed each time. It was slippery around the lemonade stand and in the last grab for the ball Auranel slipped, and to save himself from falling, he grabbed the side of the lemonade stand. The tub came over on him, lemon skins and all. Bold "Tug" was indeed a sight, his uniform wet and lemon skins all over his hair. The three men had scored while John was fishing for the ball, but as mad as the audience were, they could not but roar at the sight of the valiant Auranel. John was a hard loser, and he said he would not catch any more if the lemonade stand was not moved to some other part of the grounds. To beat Atlanta was their only joy and hope. Towards the latter part of '92, both cities had good teams. Mason's series in Atlanta was disastrous, but all Macon and players swore that it was a premeditated steal and robbery on the part of the umpire to defraud Macon out of the three games. The citizens of Macon that witnessed the games in Atlanta came home boiling with rage. Atlanta's team followed for the next three games at Macon. The same umpire came over, if I remember right.

Now comes the ludicrous scene. A large cannon was dragged through the streets of Macon, bearing a placard with the following inscription: "Macon will win three games sure." This cannon was dragged by the hotel where the Atlanta team and umpire were stopping, six or seven times, amidst great cheering on the part of the crowd.

Reader, do you think Macon won the games? I whisper slowly she did, and that with a good margin in each game.

JIM FOGERTY AND THE SIGNALS TO STEAL.

The late Jim Fogerty, right fielder of the Philadelphia Club, was one of the greatest players in that position that ever graced the game. And one of the brightest wits in the whole baseball fraternity.

Fogerty, like all brainy players, did not like to be coached and pulled around when on bases like an automaton. If he intended to steal a base he wanted to do it at a time and place when the pitcher and catcher were wrapped up in some other play, besides watching him. He had the art of base stealing down as fine as the greatest in that art. This particular day he was on first, and it was imperative to steal second, as the captain thought. The order for Fogerty to steal was of the grandstand and "dress parade" order, and the pitcher and the catcher of the opposing team were closely watching the fleet-footed Fogerty. Finally Jimmy obeyed orders and started to steal and he was thrown out easily at second. He was mad indeed. It was a game between Washington and Philadelphia. As he passed our bench he said to the captain, of his team, in that witty way of his: "Why, you tipped me off too quiet, why didn't you turn on the fire alarm and ring the courthouse bell, so the whole city and audience would know that I was to steal?"

THE RACE TO SIGN W. E. HOY (THE MUTE) IN THE FALL OF '87.

There was a novel and exciting race to sign W. E. Hoy, the celebrated mute player, for the National League in the fall of '87. I was to manage the Washington League team for the season of 1888. While

looking over the players of the northwest, I was more than impressed with the ability of the intelligent mute. He had played in Oshkosh, during the summer of 1887, and after their season closed there was a great demand for his services. Minor leagues had no reserved rules in those days after their playing season ended. So the sharpest baseball managers were liable to get the best players. I met Hoy the year previous and he knew that I was a great admirer of his playing, which he considered a compliment. As players of the Northwestern League at that time could not be signed until October 1st, to make the contract baseballically legal, Hoy went to his home in Findlay, Ohio, after his season closed, which was near the end of that September. All the agents of the League and American Association clubs were in St. Paul until the Northwestern season closed, but afterwards came to Chicago. Hoy, before leaving St. Paul for Ohio, gave me his word he would not sign until he saw me first, which he faithfully kept. But with the tempting offers of the League managers in those days for select timber of minor leagues, a player would have to be more than common baseball flesh to resist them, especially if the offer came from a great city. While sitting in the Tremont House, which was that day the rendezvous of all high-class baseball men, some one asked guardedly of the others where Hoy lived?

I had made up my mind to leave for Findlay, Ohio, to sign my brave "bucko" next day, and went to the telegraph office to inform R. C. Hewitt, president of the Washington club my whereabouts, when, to my surprise, my eyes met a thrown-away telegram, on the blank of a Western Union, which the sender had cast aside,

as people usually do, when they wish to change the wording of some telegram. The telegram read: "W. E. Hoy, ball player, Findlay, O. Will leave to-night for Findlay. Don't sign until you see me. No trouble about salary. Signed ———." I murmured to myself that this was indeed luck. I had just one hour to catch that train, and to Findlay I betook myself. But by all means I must not let the agent of this certain league club see me. The best man in the race to sign this man must win, so I hastened as quickly as possible to the depot and got into the sleeper. It was about nine or ten o'clock. I retired before the train pulled out, and soon afterwards I heard the voice of my rival asking for berth No. 10. I, myself had No. 5, some distance from it.

Before we arrived at Toledo in the morning I was up early and hastened out to the other coaches of that train, so I would not be seen by this baseball hunter. He chuckled to himself: "I will bag my rabbit before any one knows it." As the train pulled into the Toledo depot, my jolly rival leaped off and went into the dining room with a gay and jolly air, thinking what a scoop he would have on the whole baseball world. The train did not leave Toledo that day for Findlay until three or four P. M., so it was my business to keep out of his way as much as possible until train time.

Findlay, if I think right, is about eighty or a hundred miles from Toledo. Both of us were now to make our last dash to capture the great mute. I remained away from the depot until the train was about to pull out. At a distance I noticed my rival going towards the smoker. I hopped on the last coach and sat in the rear seat with a paper in my hand looking forward now

and then to see if my light-hearted friend was coming back.

He regaled himself, however, that afternoon, smoking rich Havana cigars, and in the rolls of smoke that were wafted from his perfecto he could see Hoy's signature at the end of a league contract. As the train was pulling into Findlay the voices of the hotel runners were heard, he got off the front end of the train and I got off the rear. While he was in the midst of hotel runners asking which was the best hotel, I was asking of a liveryman how far Hoy lived from the city and if he was at home. A bargain was struck at once, by which he would take me to Hoy's home immediately. He hastened to the stable to hitch his horses for the journey, while I watched my rival leaving the depot for his hotel. The team was ready to take me to Hoy's home, and I hopped into the wagon and rode three hours along a road that was illuminated by nature's torches, the gas wells of Ohio. As the teamster made a turn in the road and halted in front of a new two-story building, a big black dog leaped from the porch to warn us from intrusion. The teamster turned and said to me: "This is Hoy's home." As it was about eleven o'clock at night the whole household was asleep, but three calls from the voice of the driver called up Hoy's father, who raised a window and asked what was wanted? I then spoke up and told him who I was and wanted to see his son. He invited us to enter the house while he went upstairs and woke up his boy. After a few minutes, down comes William, in his night shirt, and grabbed me by the hand in an enthusiastic way. While he could not talk, his actions bid me a thousand welcomes. I wrote on the pad what I was there for

and asked him if he was ready to sign? He said he was. He said his terms were fourteen hundred dollars, but as Paul Haines was sold to Indianapolis eight days before, by the Washington Club, for twenty-eight hundred, and as Hoy was to take his place, I knew Washington could be a little generous with this faithful mute. So I took out the league contract from my pocket and put on it \$1,800. To the credit of Hoy, he placed his autograph on the contract before looking at the figures, but when he saw it his eyes glistened with gratitude, but I told him that he was entitled to that for keeping his word. I explained the situation to Mr. Hewitt, president of the Washington Club, and he fully approved of my course. In all my dealings with ball-players, which included little stars, big stars, shining stars, none of them appreciated a kindness like this selfsame Hoy. Nor did I deserve any great thanks for what I did. He was a man that was sought after, and was on the market, and most salable goods at that. But I have helped players in my life that were not known—that nobody cared for; they were as blank on the baseball market as if they never existed. In their obscurity they were pulled out of mines, off drays, and other humble positions. I pushed them to the front with no gain for myself, but with a sympathetic heart, and I never in my life heard one of those people say "Thank you." But this mute was an oasis in that desert of ingrates.

Well, after my boy was signed and sealed, I hastened back to the city and went to the hotel, where my sleeping rival was lying on a downy pillow, with a call set with the clerk to wake him at seven, and with another call to a liveryman to be at his hotel at 7:30. After

eating a lunch at a restaurant that night, before retiring, I left a call also at the hour of seven. We both met each other in the dining-room at breakfast. He raised his hands in holy horror, saying: "Ted, when did you get in?" I told him some time in the early morning. He says to me: "What are you here for?" I propounded the same question to him. We both commenced to smile. I said that gas wells were cheap in this part of the country. He says he didn't think so. As we both were about to make another remark a liveryman enters and says: "Mr. ———, the team is ready." I says to him, "Where art thou going, my pretty, pretty maid?" He says: "To the country, lad." I remarked, "I might save you the livery price, if you tell me where you are going." "Well, Ted," he says in a prosaic way, "I am going out to sign Hoy, and even if you would get a livery right now I would beat you to his home, as my team is already hitched." I laughed outright and said: "Well" (drawing out Hoy's contract), "I don't have to go after him now. I have him on this contract," showing him his signature. This man was a first-class gentleman, and he laughed heartily himself; and he was, furthermore, one of those clever people that give any man credit for outwitting him.

But let me say to the reader, I did not outwit him, because he could have done the same thing if I had laid a telegram aside, as he did. I had the advantage all the way through in knowing what he was to do. The telegram revealed all, and it shows the folly of any person in writing out a telegram at the telegraph office and throwing it aside.

We both returned to Chicago that same day and had many a hearty laugh on the route. Hoy will vouch for this incident himself.

A DOG WHO WON A GAME OF BALL.

Not many years ago in the northwest, a certain ball ground had a dog who was trained to grab and run off with the ball. This day, the home club was at the bat—in the ninth inning and was making a rally at the bat. The club house was at the rear of the grounds, where the dog was sitting with the ground-keeper. The ground-keeper of course, kept track of the game. As the last ball was hit towards the center field fence, the ground-keeper gave the dog the cue to seek the ball. The dog started for the ball batted and so did the three fielders. The dog was there first as the ball bounded back from the fence. The dog clutched it in his teeth and away he pranced around and around with the fielders after him. The men who were on the bases were scoring one after the other. The audience was cheering madly and frantically. The dog was finally halted by the ground-keeper, but the game was won and over. A mad rush was made by the distant team for the umpire to make him put the men back on their bases. This he could not do, as it was a question how many of the men would have scored, if the dog had never touched the ball. He had no precedent to go by and he was in a quandary. A like instance never came up in a ball game and under such circumstances. They wanted him to call it a block ball. As the umpire was one of those stubborn fellows, who become so under a fire of badgering, he got very mad at the kicking team and said

that he would make his own decision. He says, "Since you fellows become insulting, I will make my own decision. I will not call it a block ball or a dead ball. There are no rules in this game to cover the interferences of a dog. So I will have to call it a dog ball to-day. And you bet his decision went that day at least. But Mr. Dog was watched next day and a special rule made between the two captains as to what would be done if the dog took part in the game.

COACHING PARROT.

Some years ago there was a parrot at Tampa Bay Hotel, Fla., who must have been brought up on a ball ground. This parrot had the expression, "you're out" down to a nicety. Some funny, mischievous person brought him to a ball game one day and set him in his cage near the grandstand. As the game started, the first batter up made first base safe, but a voice near the umpire, called, "Your out." The runner and the team began to kick on the umpire—to the latter's astonishment. The umpire declared that he did not call the runner out; then the parrot's voice was heard again, and the parrot had to be removed amidst general laughter.

CHRIS AND HIS WILD WEST.

Chris Vanderahe told me the following story about wild west people: Some years ago, after the ball season was over, Chris became interested in cowboy scouts, Indian chiefs and wild steers. His tours went as far south as Little Rock, Ark. Matters went smoothly until he got to that city, when every-

thing went to "smithereens," all on account of the antics of a wild steer. When the show got to Little Rock, the marshal came to Chris and told him that if he made a parade with those denizens of the wild woods, he would have to pay a license of three hundred dollars. Chris told him he would not make a parade, but he would have to take his Indians and wild steers to the grounds. The sheriff told him that he would consider that a parade. Vanderahe looked with dumb amazement at the sheriff, and he also comprehended that it was a case of holdup or "shakedown." He exclaimed, "Sheriff, how am I to get to the grounds and hotel without being seen? Do you think that I am going to tunnel myself to those places?" Nothing more was said on the subject, and Chris went to his manager and told him the conditions of the sheriff. So a novel plan was hit upon to get to the hotel and grounds without giving the semblance of a parade. One by one, cowboys, scouts and Indians left for the hotel and grounds, leaving a space between each of about two thousand feet, all to avoid the appearance of a parade. But that did not keep the small boys from following, and the crowd was getting larger and larger. The last to leave the depot was the terrible wild steer and he eventually caused, by his antics, the disruption of the show and the loss of a large amount of money to Vanderahe. The steer was the last to leave for the show ground. As it turned into the street held by a rope, with two cowboys clutching the end of each, the steer presented a fierce and wild appearance, jumping and rearing. The small boys were in evidence to a large extent, and the antics of the steer quite pleased them. The main street

in Little Rock was packed that day with vehicles of all descriptions. It seemed to be a holiday of some sort. The steer was headed that way. The crowd observed that the wild steer was getting wilder and wilder, but after a plunge or two he suddenly became docile. That quiet attitude did not please the small boys. When suddenly one of them pricked the hind quarters of the steer with a pointed stick, never was the demeanor of a steer changed so suddenly. He made a leap and a plunge—the ropes were snatched out of the cowboys' hands as if they were held by an infant, the crowd scattered and they scattered foot fast. That packed street looked down and saw that steer coming and the havoc it was creating in its route. If a Kansas cyclone was gathering in the clouds and the puffs of wind that precede it was only a skirmish line of the main body that was to follow it, it could not produce more consternation and fear than the advance of that wild steer. They saw one horse and wagon thrown into the air from the horns of this terrible steer. A mad rush was made to get out of his way. Women grabbed their children, men their wives, a pell mell was made by the people to get in doors. Horses were snapping their halters and running away, the crashing of wagons was heard by the collision of runaway teams, farmers were upturned in their wagons with potatoes, cabbages and turnips thrown on top of them. The steer had horses and men on the run. Doors were slammed and locked. One milk wagon was struck by a team and a milk bath given to a couple of negro women, who had a watermelon stand. One heavy negress, who wore a red dress, was tossed

thirty feet into the air by this steer in his wild rampage, when the sister came down from the sky her dress was missing. To sum it up briefly, when the steer passed through that street and into the suburbs of the town there was not a living person to be seen on that street, nor would they venture forth until they were assured that the king of the Texas plains was either captured or killed. To describe the appearance of this busy, thrifty and business-like street after the steer had made his exit, you would have to think that it was either struck by a Kansas cyclone, a Colorado tornado or an Asiatic simoon. But where, Oh, where was Chris during this terrible romping of his steer? Lo, he was up in the window of the hotel with some other guest watching the frightful havoc his steer was creating. As soon as order was restored and the steer captured, the sheriff and constables came into the hotel, excitedly looking for Chris. The first thing the sheriff said to Chris, "I want three hundred dollars for the parade you made, Mr. Vanderahe." Chris said, "I did not make any parade. My Indians and men went singly to the hotel and grounds." The sheriff remonstrated, and said, "makes no difference, the people saw them, and we call that a parade in Arkansas." Chris saw that he was up against it and paid three hundred dollars.

Now to the parade of the steer who created all the damages. Claimants were coming into the hotel good and fast to see the man who owned the steer. The \$300 paid for the invisible parade was a mere bagatelle to what Chris had to pay for the demonstrative and cyclone parade of the wild steer. The sheriff stood by to see all damages were paid, but



PITTSBURG CHAMPIONS.



PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS.

after a while the good nature of Chris kind of softened the maganimity of the sheriff and claimants for damages. Chris knew the steer played the devil but not as much as claimed. First it was a horse that was disembowled, next it was a wagon that lost two wheels, next it was a milk wagon that was capsized and a hundred gallons of milk thrown on the street. Following this was the negro wench that had her beautiful dress washed in milk, and another one who got a free ride into the air. And from another direction came damages from three men who claimed that their store was destroyed by a load of hay that was upset and pushed in through their door and spoiled their soda fountain. The man who had his load of hay upset, had his bill for damages, they were coming in on poor Chris from all directions, until the arrival of the negro woman, who was tossed into the air and her dress carried off by the ferocious steer, on his horns. The wench wanted five dollars for her dress and thirty dollars for the bruise she sustained by being thrown on the top of a watermelon stand. The watermelon man was there for the loss of his melons, that was caused by the fall of the negro woman. The climax was reached at last, when a woman came in from the suburbs of the town and wanted pay for a brood of chickens that the steer had stampeded on his wild run to the country. At this point Chris looked at the sheriff in utter despair, and says, "Sheriff, is the steer captured?" The sheriff nodded and said "Yes." Chris heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Sheriff, thanks be to God, if he kept on running I would have damages from here to St. Louis." Chris had many refractory ball players in his time, but they never painted a town

in such golden crimson as this wild steer did in that fifteen minutes. Chris settled all the bills, called all the Indians and cowboys together and paid them off, gave them all tickets back to St. Louis, and left for home that night himself, after sustaining a loss by the outing of one steer that will ever keep him shy of all wild west shows. This story was told to me by Mr. Vanderahe himself.

CRICKET AT THE KENNINGTON OVAL, LONDON.

On one of my trips to London, England, I went to the Kennington Oval, the famous cricket ground of that city, to witness a game between the two crack county clubs of England, namely, Surrey and Lancashire. It was on a Monday, and a vast crowd was in attendance. While the game was in progress I asked the little Englishman when it would end. He said to me blandly, "Well, sir, 'hif' it is a grand match, 'twill not be 'hover' until Wednesday, you know." I looked at him for a moment, and said, "According to your idea, sir, the longer the time the better the game." He said, "Yes, you know. You see 'hif' Dr. Grace gets to the wicket he is liable to stay there two days." Here I interrupted him and told him that I was going to Paris that night and would be back on Saturday, and asked him if I would have the good fortune to see the wind-up of the game. He laughed and said, "Bless me 'art, not quite that long, but if you get back on Thursday, I am sure you will have the pleasure of seeing it." As I left I told him I hoped it would be an extraordinary game, as I would not return again until the following year.

SCHEMES TO PUT SUBSTITUTES IN THE GAME.

Before the rule was adopted by which a captain could substitute one player for another at any stage of the game that he saw fit, there were many tricks resorted to (and by high-class managers at that) to get one player out and another in. This applied in nearly all cases to the pitchers. Whereas, if he was getting hit, the object was to replace him by another man. There were just as many sinners as saints, when a substitution became necessary, and I was one of the sinners myself. A humorous case came under my management in 1885, when I was manager of the Kansas City club. We had a pitcher named Veach, who was clearly out of form on that day, and showed it from the very first inning. To get him out by an artful ruse was my desire. I had no scruples in this case, as that same club played a trick on me while I was in their city. The pitcher, Peek-boo, was by no means a dummy, a bright and jovial fellow, who did not require to be hit by a catapult to know what was wanted. It was decided that he should receive his fictitious injury while running to first base on his next turn at the bat. But his quick wit got him out of the game sooner. Among the cargo of singles, doubles and triples that was shipped to the out fields by his aid, one shipment grazed his shoestring on the way to center field. Nobody saw the ball hit him on the leg, but he suddenly dropped in the box, and the fall was indeed natural. He said he thought that his leg was broken, although the ball only slightly touched his pants. The visiting team crowded around him in great sympathy, lifted him up and carried him carefully to the bench and laid him down on the shady

part of the stand and poured water on his head and rubbed his leg. Veach played the injured man as well as John McCollough played Spartacus, the dying gladiator. The cry was sent up for a doctor. This was the first time the visiting manager became interested, as he was getting rather skeptical of the true injury to Veach, and he thought also I might be getting even for the dead pitcher that he took out of the box in his city, claiming that a straw stuck him on the arm. But in the mad call for a doctor, I went over to the stand and picked one out, who was one of those old iron-clad fans, who was so anxious for me to win that he would have proclaimed Veach dead if I had desired it. By an exchange of glances he knew what was wanted, and after feeling of Veach's leg, he proclaimed that the man's leg was badly fractured. That settled it. The visiting manager smiled and went back to his bench. The game was resumed, and I sent in a new pitcher. Those things looked rather unsportsmanlike in those days, but some managers were taking a technical advantage of the rule in the crisis of a game, and there was no use for a saint to live amongst sinners to win. The rule works all right now—and no unsportsmanlike act can be used.

MISCELLANEOUS HUMOR.

In the early days of professional baseball in Milwaukee, there was a very good-natured and witty German catcher by the name of Schwab. He was traveling with some kind of a team whose players had not been paid for over two months. Schwab's accent had more of a German flavor than Pabst's beer.

While catching one day, the umpire told him that if he would not keep quiet he would fine him. Schawb looked at the umpire through his mask like an enraged lion, and blurted out, "Say, Mr. Empires, it was so funny yet it makes me smile. Don't you know that this club never gets money, we are traveling to show the people we like the game. You better go and find (fine) the manager, that is more than we can do." And the umpire laughed.

TOM LOFTIS.

Tom Loftis, the manager of the Washington League team, stands alone in his individuality, different from any other man that was ever connected with the game. The writer has known him for over twenty years, having first met him when he was a member of the Peoria Reds. I selected Tom to captain the first great champions of the Northwest, of which the writer was manager, namely, the celebrated Dubuque team of 1879. His personality has built up for him a profitable business in Iowa, and he stands to-day head and shoulders above any one in professional baseball, in the magnetism of his manners. He is original in everything he does or says, and in his manner of handling men and getting work out of them is different from any ball man that ever lived. There can be no cliques, toughs, dudes or feather heads, but Tom can get among them, and after he has told them all their place, everything is settled. He never loses his popularity with his men. He has remarkable judgment in sizing up the true value of a man, which the player, on an acquaintance, instantly understands, and is thereby governed accordingly. His manner of talking to his men

is void of harshness, yet it is like the sugar-coated pill—it counts just the same, and his men soon know it. Born and bred in St. Louis, he has all the ease and temperament of the southerner, with none of the parsimony and coldness of a class of northerners.

Tom locks up in an ice chest what he thinks of a man, so he will be a person that will ever be devoid of enemies. In fact, he is a natural politician, and if he ever gets thrown in with that Tammany crowd in New York, he will surely have an office outside of baseball.

THE COON WHO FORGOT TO THROW A BALL.

Of the many funny incidents that have come under my observation, none was more ludicrous or surpassed in hilarity the scene I witnessed some years ago in South Chicago, between the Cuban Giants of New York and the celebrated Columbia Giants of Chicago. Those two colored clubs are deadly rivals, and have been for years. The game they play is as fast as some of the best minor leagues.

This game that the writer witnessed was on a Sunday and the stands and bleachers were packed with real live coons. Anyone who has been in Chicago knows that South Clark and State streets, Chicago, are the homes of thousands of the colored people. Nobody can touch a South Clark or State street coon when it comes to betting on the Columbia Giants, the Chicago favorite colored club. Anyone in the world who is fond of mirth and funny sayings should go to Chicago on a Sunday and see a game between those two celebrated colored clubs, the Columbia and Cuban Giants. Betting was heavy on this particular afternoon on

everything and anything. The Columbia shortstop in this particular game was making stops right and left, no matter to what side of the diamond they were hit. And he was worked up beyond his natural speed by the cheers of the excitable negroes on the bleachers and stands. One walnut-colored sister by the name of Lucy Blue took a roll of money from her stocking and called out, "All you people who wish to destroy your money, I have fifty dollars here to scatter on the Columbia Giants, har me cluck?" A small coon who had come along with the Cuban Giants, rose up and said, "My distinction is never to bet with a lady. That is not our New York style, but I wish to throw the flashlight of Uncle Sam's coin across this grandstand and say, I carry the goods to bet with any gent. that Chicago can furnish." Fifty South State street coons were on their feet. The honor of Chicago was at stake on that eventful game. All was excitement in the stand, the game for a moment was forgotten. It was a contest between New York and Chicago as to who would bet the most money on this game. A swell coon from Sixth avenue, New York, with cuffs touching the tips of his finger, and a collar rasping his ear, calls out and says: "People, how much do you want to bet? What do you call betting here in this Windy City, anyway?" One little dark coon from the Polk Street Crap Club calls out: "We call betting here in Chicago, from \$10 to \$100." Here the New Yorker let out a big laugh and says, in derision, "Ten to one hundred! Let me tell you, my dear sir, and you people that inhale this lake breeze, that a man in New York in high betting circles that would offer such a cheap bet as that to a gentleman of high class stand-

ing, on 4th avenue, would never be noticed on the street again.” After this remark he drew from his hip pocket a roll, took a \$100 bill from it (counterfeit of course) chewed it up and spit it out in utter disgust, which act excited the coons that surrounded him. He began: “Now, I tell you people here, you are below my insignificance in betting, because I never annoy myself or put my goods on trial unless it is from \$1,000 to \$5,000, so you are entirely out of your class when you talk to a New Yorker on betting. If it was said in the sporting papers of that great city that I had bet as low as ten dollars here in Chicago, my name would be stricken from the roll of high betters in the Manhattan Crap Club.” Cheering and commotion was now heard in the other part of the stand; it was the arrival of Chicago’s greatest better and coon swell, proprietor of the Dewey Club; he was known as “Money Hating Bill,” and was never known to take water when it comes to high betting. He was cheered along the aisle as he advanced towards the arrogant New Yorker. The people in the stand were now on their feet to see the contest between the world’s two greatest colored betters: Money Hating Bill and Sandy Green of New York. Money Hating Bill had a flaming red necktie and a large piece of glass in his shirt bosom, and a large roll of bills in his hand. He says to the New Yorker: “In the name of my fair City of Chicago, I understand that you wish to place a high bet on the New York Cuban Giants against Chicago’s champion colored club, the Columbia Giants. Have I mentioned it?” The New York coon looked at him with utter contempt, and remarked: “If I remember right, sir, I have said it.” Money Hating

Bill asked again: "Could I ask again, the highest bet you wish to make?" All the dusky belles and coons in the stand held their breath, for the New Yorker to state his highest bet. He says: "People of Chicago, prepare yourself for this sudden avalanche in betting; I am known as the colored Riley Grannan and Pittsburg Phil of New York. I generally tear a hundred-dollar bill to pieces to show my utter contempt for money. He took from the roll a thousand-dollar bill and tore it into pieces (another counterfeit, of course). He looked the president of the Dewey Club full in the eye. "My smallest bet, sir, on this game is as low as ten thousand and as high as fifty thousand." Hearing this, Money-Hating Bill fainted and had to be carried out of the stand. He was finally revived by drinking a bottle of South Clark street gin. The game was now at its height; it was nip and tuck for awhile. The Chicago Columbia Giants took the lead in the seventh inning and were tied again in the eighth by the Cubans. The betting was brisk, but Columbia had the call. Six colored gamblers that followed the Cubans from New York were betting fast on their favorite club. The Columbia shortstop was the hero of the day; he had the peak of his cap nearly worn off in taking it off his head in acknowledging the applause he was receiving; but the constant tipping of his cap was finally the cause of his losing the game and also his popularity. One big black sister, the belle of Polk street, by the name of Tenny Blass, tied a yellow ribbon to the shortstop's bat after he had made a home run in that game. The climax and fun came in the ninth inning. Chicago Columbia Giants took the field in the ninth inning with one run ahead, the Cu-

bans now went in to win the game, their last turn at the bat. The New York delegation were still betting the Chicago crowd to a standstill, even with the one run ahead, but the Black Pittsburgh Phil no one would go near; he had the Chicago crowd scared to death. He sat in the corner smoking a dollar cigar and lighting it once in a while with a hundred dollar bill. The Cubans went at them in the ninth and big Clarence Williams, the catcher of the Giants, began his famous coaching, in his original and his only style. He says: "Come, Cubans, there is no hill too high for us to climb, let us deal out one of old Garrison's finishes." The first Cuban up hit a ball that looked safe, going over second, but the Columbia shortstop picked it up on the run and the batter was out. One enthusiastic Chicago coon calls out in the stand: "Why, that shortstop is a burning bug." Another calls out: "Why, he is so warm he burns up the grass." One of the Cuban coaches calls out to the grandstand: "He may be warm, but we are going to cast him into a refrigerator." As the next Cuban batter came up Williams calls out: "Come, Bebee, lay your timber against that ball." Bebee did hit the ball safe, which caused a great commotion. The coaching began in earnest. Cuban enthusiasm was at its height. The New York delegation calls out to the Cubans: "Cast dem all into de refrigerator." The king of black coaches now began, "Come, Bebee, don't be married to dat base, get a divorce from dat bag; look out over dere you will be stung by dat pitcher sure, don't stop at any stations, if de ball is hit. But tie up de game. The balloon is coming down for the Columbia pitcher and he will soon go up in the clouds. That is how we won, the

last game we beat them." Sure enough, the Columbia pitcher was ascending, for he gave the next man his base on balls. Great excitement was now going on in the stands. One little chocolate sister says: "Why, it am perfectly scandalous dat dey allow dat black coon, Mr. Williams to talk dat way to our gentlemanly pitcher. I don't see any balloon in de air." Another Cuban coacher says to the pitcher, "he is now in the basket and he is soaring high." At this remark the pitcher hit the Cuban batter and the bases were full. All was now confusion in the Columbia infield, and the heaviest batter of the Cubans was seen coming up. Three on bases, one to tie and two to win and one out, that was the position of the game in this trying moment. The coacher called out to the batsman as he took his position at the plate, "Come, Salamander, there is plenty of room in the air," the whole Chicago team is going up in a balloon and de ropes am cut. Salamander, lay your piece of carved hickory against that ball and dey will all be buried." Salamander met the ball and it went like a rifle shot on the ground to the shortstop. He picked it up miraculously with one hand. The applause was so instantaneous with the stop that he forgot himself and took off his cap to bow before he threw the ball. The man on third went home and tied the score, and the player that hit the ball was nearing first, while he held the ball in his hand as if in a trance. All at once some fellow called out from the grandstand and says, "Nigger, why don't you throw that ball." Finally he did throw it to first, but the ball went twenty feet over the baseman's head and the game was over and lost, all on account of the shortstop tipping his cap and neglecting to throw the ball at the right time.

JOE CANTILLION.

Joe Cantillion, the famous umpire, who this year is to enter the managerial field as the pilot of the Milwaukee American Association club, is one of the finest types in baseball. He is a counterpart of Tim Hurst in honesty of purpose and fearlessness in action. Joe for many years was a player of no common ability in the minor leagues, having played for Tom Loftis in the Columbia club. Cantillion never takes a bluff, which is characteristic of any brave and honest man. Both qualities are akin and inseparable in the person that possesses them. The possessor may not shine before a craven deceptor, who would appear to your face with a rainbow smile and use his stiletto in the background. Men with the qualities of Hurst and Cantillion will ever be respected when the jollier and deceptive fellow is gone and forgotten. I have known the Cantillion family in Wisconsin for the past twenty years. His brother Bill, who is now superintendent of the Northwestern System out in Chicago, was a crack center fielder of the Omaha club in the first Northwestern league. So Joe's antecedents in a social and intellectual way are of the highest order in the Badger state.

CHRIS AND THE DEAR UMPIRE.

Umpires have been exchanging of late years without any cost to the magnate desiring the change, but in 1883 Chris had the then king of umpires changed in the person of John Kelly, and ordered Charles Daniels, who was then umpiring at Louisville to come to St. Louis. On a Saturday's game, Chris thought

the peerless John made mistakes against the Browns, which cost us the game. On that afternoon Chris was surrounded by fans who told him that Kelly was sore on him and the club. Chris, without saying anything to me, who was the manager of the Browns, rushed to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to Jimmy Williams who was then secretary of the American Association, to order Kelly to Louisville that night and send Daniels to St. Louis for Sunday's game. Williams dispatched both telegrams to make the change. Kelly made his train for Louisville all right but Daniels missed his train, the last for St. Louis. Chris was notified of Daniels missing the train but that did not disconcert him in those days of the Browns' prosperity. He asked the L. & N. people the price of a special engine and coach from Louisville to St. Louis. The answer came back \$300. "All right," says Chris, "bring Daniels on." Vanderahe then came over to the baseball headquarters, corner of 6th and Pine, which he and I owned, and says, "What do you think, Ted, I ordered Jimmy Williams to change umpires, Kelly will not be here to-morrow, he left for Louisville at 8:30 to-night. Charley Daniels will be here in the morning from Louisville." I was struck dumb, and said, "Kelly was all right, why did you not speak to me about it?" He began to realize at once that he had acted impolitic, which was characteristic of him, but he did not have it in his heart to tell me that he was such a fool as to pay \$300 for a special for Daniels. But in comes the agent of the L. & N., who said, "Well, Chris, I just got a telegram from Louisville, your umpire left at 10:40 on a special. Three hundred dollars is pretty

stiff, Chris, for changing umpires." Chris fell dead, ashamed with this extravagance and looked sheepish, but the old boy was equal to it and says, "Ted, we will get it back at the gate to-morrow, as it will be a great add, to see an umpire that was brought on a special train that cost \$300 and it shows my power in the Association." In those days \$300 was a mere bagatelle in Chris' expenditures, if I remember right, he had nearly fifteen thousand paid people at Sportsmans Park on that identical Sunday he changed umpires. Charley Daniels, who now resides in Hartford, Conn., remembers that ride well and he was indeed one of the best umpires that ever figured in the national game.

THE THRIFTY BALL PLAYER.

It is an accepted fact throughout the country by some, that ball players, as a class, are improvident and careless with their earnings—while the rule is just the reverse. There is no profession that I know of where men hold onto their earnings like the Knights of the Diamond. After a ball player gets into the major league he hustles to the bank after every pay day and deposits his money. There are people in other vocations of life that are more pretentious who would do well to follow the example of the baseball profession.

CHRIS DODGING REPORTERS.

Good-natured Chris was no exception to the general world in regard to newspaper notoriety, although many baseball men maintain that they don't care to see their name in print, still some of them would not

blue pencil the lines of the proofreader if they had the power. Chris Vanderahe in trying to keep his name out of the newspapers was as novel as it was amusing. He was like the elephant that was supposed to get out of the way of vehicles, he was always backing into them. Chris was no exception to the vanity of the average man in this respect. So I will have to tell one on him in his last efforts to get into the mythical baseball association that was forming a few years ago. There was to be a special meeting of the promoters of that league in the summer of 1899. Chris impressed on his friends' minds that of all things he must not be seen by the wily Chicago reporters, for Chicago reporters, they would give the whole business away. It was claimed by all concerned, that the most secret way the secrets of the Rainbow league would be kept, would be the better for all. All that Sunday in Chicago, Chris and one of his friends were on the street looking at different things. Up to six o'clock, two hours before the train left for St. Louis, no reporter was seen, much to Vanderahe's outward delight yet inwardly he was saying to himself, "Where are the d——n fools, must I get out a brass band or will I have to send them a wireless dispatch to tell them that I am in town." While standing in front of the Great Northern Hotel, an hour before train time, Ed Sheridian, sporting editor of the Chicago Tribune, was seen coming up the street directly towards where Chris and his friends were standing. One of them remarked, "Look out, Chris! Here comes Sheridian, the reporter of the Tribune." Chris at once turned towards a window and pretended to be interested in a railroad picture. Sheridian

stopped and saluted one of the men, and was about to pass on his way, when Chris threw out one of his legs and tripped him. Sheridian stopped to see who the obstructionist was, when to his delight he exclaimed, "Why, Chris, is this you?" When Vanderahe exclaimed, "My God, how was I discovered, eh?"

KICKING STEERS.

Of the many minor league clubs that I have owned and managed, none were more noted and advertised than the famous Dallas team of 1895, known as the "Texas Steers." They received this title in Richmond, Va., on their way to Texas. They were all Northern players, but their ability in the art of kicking developed as they journeyed on towards Texas. It was a wonderfully good team for a minor league, and their fight for the championship of the Texas league of that year, where they won 24 straight games, 17 of them away from home, demonstrated it. When they struck the invigorating air of Texas their power in the art of kicking had developed to an unusual degree, and no umpire had his peace of mind while they were behind in a game. No matter what curb I would put on them they would break away from it. The only medicine that could be administered to cure their fault finding was a good practical joke, so I hit upon it by arranging an exhibition game at Abilene, Texas, the home of the cowboys. Those steers were a bustling set indeed—and their fame and kicking powers extended to all parts of Texas—in fact no club could be mentioned to-day in that grand old state but the Texas Steers, (namely the

Dallas club). Abiline is one of the liveliest little towns in the Lone Star State, booming at all times of the year, and inhabited by a class of people that are surpassed by none for chivalry and hospitality. When the game was made with the Abiline manager, it was the talk of the cowboys and ranchmen for miles and miles around. The Steers had won the championship of the Texas league and all wanted to see them at Abiline. It was arranged with the manager of the Abiline team for a practical joke. My gallant Steers heard all about the town and its hospitality, with a good knowledge of its stern justice to any offender. The king kicker of the team was the captain, Mike O'Connor. Mike, for a minor leaguer, was one of the nerviest and brainiest players I ever met. A good fellow in every respect, but a devil of a kicker. On the day of the game the Steers were met at the depot by the crowd and were received with great favor. The manager and I had a very good understanding on the methods of the joke. When we got to the grounds we saw no fence, but all at once the manager drew a revolver and fired in the air three times. The report was about dying into silence when a man was seen galloping like the wind towards us, on a fleet horse. He halted near, took off his hat in that real cavalier style (which is characteristic of the high-born Texan). The manager went through the same formality and says, "Col. Sullivan and Captain O'Connor, allow me to introduce you to Cheyenne Pete, the Mayor of Bleeding Gulch. Pete bowed with a graceful gesture and said, "Col. Sullivan and Captain O'Connor, this is a meeting long desired. I wish to politely inform you I guard

a square mile around this field. Should you ever come to Bleeding Gulch I assure you of a hearty welcome, and amongst the many other sights of that City, is a well-stocked cemetery of my own." We all bowed. Cheyenne Pete then drew a revolver from his belt and fired it in the air, which is the customary act of politeness to friends of Bleeding Gulch. O'Connor looked at me in amazement. Crowds were now coming in large numbers towards the grounds, on horseback. At once we were startled by the report of a revolver to the left and saw emerge from a cloud of smoke, a model horseman riding a jet-black pony. He was a typical Texan, graceful and tall, with jet-black hair, in waving curls down his back. A real Adonis on horseback. The manager of the team, Col. Crawford, discharged a revolver in the air to show he recognized the stranger. Who was this magnificent personage? A question that arose in all our minds. As he advanced he took off his hat and with that sweet expression of face, which is an attribute of a well-bred Texan, he exclaimed, "Col. Crawford, I am at your service." The Col. at once turned to us all and said, "Col. Sullivan, Capt. O'Connor and Texas Steers, allow me to introduce to you, Texas Ned, the ideal of the Panhandle." The Steers all bowed, but I noticed they were losing that nervy air which was their chief stock in trade when they went on a ball ground. Col. Crawford said, "Texas Ned, you will collect the money and guard this entrance." The cowboy band was now seen coming up the road, playing lively airs. People were pouring into the grounds, dropping their money into Texas Ned's box as they passed in. Terrific

shooting was now heard in the air and Cheyenne Pete was seen galloping over the prairie towards us. As he drew rein, he alighted and said, "Col. Crawford, you will pardon this intrusion, but I have just killed eight men who were trying to steal into the grounds, what shall I do with their bodies?" The Steers now had sunk to heifers and they almost stopped throwing the ball around. Col. Crawford answered Cheyenne Pete thus: "Pete, let those bodies remain where they are as there will be others killed in different parts of the field, and we want to bury them all at once." An immense crowd surrounded the field. It was a grand sight. It resembled a body of cavalry in a compact mass, ranged in a semi-circle around from left to right-field. The Steers were cheered every time they would catch a ball while practising. They were receiving a royal reception, notwithstanding that they could not understand these novel side plays. The Abiline club now appeared. The cowboy band struck up, "A Hot Time in the Old Town." A cheering was now set up which resembled a diminutive Niagara in its noise. Some great person was seen coming. Thousands of revolvers shot their contents into the air. It was to greet this personage, whoever he was. A gap was made in this body of horsemen to let this man pass. Revolvers were again discharged into the air as he was seen to emerge through the crowd at center field. As he rode across the field on a jet-black charger, he received a continual ovation until he pulled up near the home plate and was met by Col. Crawford, the manager. This magnificent-looking person was girded by burnished and silver-handled

revolvers. The Steers were astonished, but did not know who he was as yet. Capt. O'Connor stood near me. An exchange of civilities and courtesies passed between Col. Crawford and this distinguished horseman, when at once Col. Crawford turned towards us, saying, "Col. Sullivan and Capt. O'Connor, allow me to introduce to you Sure Shot Bill of Texas, a son of one of the old Texas Rangers, who fell at the battle of Alamo. He is to umpire this game." Sure Shot Bill advances and grasps each of our hands in turn, saying, "Gentlemen, this is an honor that was not sought for, but it pleases me to officiate in any game with the Texas Steers as contestants." Mike turned and whispered to me, saying, "Ted, if he calls us all out in one inning to-day, I suppose it has to go." I answered back in a low tone, "You bet your life it has." The Steers at this stage had fallen in spirit and size. The question propounded to me, "Could Mike, this fierce, fiery kicker of a thousand games, control himself?" Reader we will see. The game started with Abiline at the bat. The first man up hit a ball and was thrown out, but Sure Shot Bill said, "Safe." Immovable Texas! Capt. O'Connor forgot himself and moved in from first base towards the umpire and said, "Mr. Umpire, did you say safe?" Sure Shot Bill advanced towards O'Connor, with a look of a lion that is about to seize its prey, yet with a manner that was soft and refined as if he was in a drawing-room, answered in a gentle voice, yet commanding in its tone, "Capt. O'Connor, I wish to pay my compliments to you and the Steers" (at the same time picking up a pebble, throwing it into the air and like a flash draws his revolver and

shatters it to pieces). "If memory serves me right, Capt., I think I called the runner safe." Mike trembled. Was he equal to the occasion and emergency? Yes, yet it was a terrible moment. The Steers' hearts sank, was their captain equal to the occasion? He was! Mike took off his hat and bowed, saying, "Sure Shot Bill I wish to return compliments, to think the matter right, the man was safe." All went easy now. until the ninth inning, when the game ended in a novel and exciting climax. The Steers had finished the ninth inning and took the field, two runs ahead. Abiline went in to take her turn for the last time, with two to tie and three to win. With two out and two men on bases their best batter hit a high sky-scraper to the Dallas center fielder. The ball soared very high but Ashenback, of that peerless team, had been making good catches all through the game and the cowboys knew that he would surely catch this ball—that would settle Abiline's fate—as the ball was about to descend from its lofty height, a tall horseman suddenly darted out from the crowd—and in a singing voice, called out, "Boys of the Panhandle, to the rescue!" 5,000 revolvers emptied their contents on that descending sphere. A storm of lead struck it as Ashenback was about to settle under it. The ball swayed to and fro until it was finally lost to view when the smoke of the revolvers had finally cleared away—pieces of yarn were seen dropping from the sky. In the meantime, Abiline had scored her three (3) runs and won the game. After the contest ended a mad rush over the field was made by those gallant and chivalrous spirits of the plains—discharging their revolvers as

they rode their fleet-footed steeds through the field and city. The Steers stood as if they were petrified, and were amazed at the whole proceedings, but the whole joke was explained to them and they were the lions of the cowboys and citizens that night in Abilene, Texas. The writer has no objection to the reader's accepting the shooting of the ball as supposititious.

AN ESSAY ON JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

My first visit to the land of Dixie was in the winter of 1882. While in New Orleans, in the early part of Februrary of that year, the atmosphere of that hospitable city was pregnant with prize fight talk. This was the result of a coming encounter that was to take place between two great pugilists of the north, who were to fight a London prize ring battle for the championship of the world. I never saw a prize ring battle before in my life, although the literature of former great encounters, in England and America was consumed by me, when a boy. The novelty and excitement to see the two great warriors of the roped arena stripped to their waists, fighting for first honors of the world's supremacy in a grand assault of arms thrilled me with joy.

The day before this great battle all the information that any one could get, as to its whereabouts—was to go the depot of the L. & N. R. R. about five in the morning, as there would be a train of cars there to take you to the battlefield and that battle field might only be a mile out side of Crescent City or it may be this side of the coast of Maine—anyway you were told to buy a ticket at the station, which

would be ten dollars and not to ask any more questions where this contest would take place—in fact, you were on a movable battlefield, when the train left the foot of Canal Street, New Orleans. It was early morn and dark yet when the train pulled out of the city of New Orleans, with an immense crowd of people who knew not where the train would stop to pull off the encounter.

The principals had left a day or two before, but it was only a conjecture as to where they were. On that early morning train were some notable people from all sections of the United States. The theatrical world was represented by William Crane, the comedian, the late Nate Sulsbury and nearly all of Haverley's minstrels. It was an orderly crowd, it was a jolly crowd. The southern people, who are ever lovers of fair play, predominated. The little class of northern sporting element made up the rest. So that all the people that went to that great contest were lovers of decency and fair play. While the train was speeding on to this debatable battle ground, agents came through the train selling badges for the inner ring at \$2 apiece. The writer purchased one of these to be near the ropes. As the train drew near Bay St. Louis, the former battle ground of the fiasco between Joe Coburn and Jim Mace, there were a great many on the train that thought that this would be the place of the battle. But no, the train momentarily stopped and pulled out. Many uncomplimentary remarks were made about that hippodrome, which took place at Bay St. Louis, years ago, between Coburn, champion of the Americas and Mace, champion of England. They stood in the

ring for three hours and hardly hit a blow. People were in no mood to see a repetition of that business, and although respectable in all walks of life—from the jurist, doctor and merchant, to the squire, gambler and sport—they would have made it very unpleasant for the present principals, if they gave an exhibition of a fightless fight. But little did they think that on that day they would see a new-comer enter the pugilistic arena and inaugurate a policy of honesty and lofty sentiment, that never went down until the same gladiator of gladiators sank to his knees, thoroughly exhausted, in honorable defeat, afterwards, in the sawdust of the arena of the Olympia Club of New Orleans.

To continue the narrative of the journey of this stationless train, that no one knew its destination, except engineer and conductor. Station after station was passed until about the hour of eleven in that morning, when the train came to a sudden stop, there was silence for a moment in that vast train-load of people. Then the noise of raising car windows burst on the air. The men at this obscure station were recognized by the officials of the train. An old weather beaten sign was seen over the door of the office, it read, "Mississippi City." A little station, 75 miles from New Orleans, a place destined to be known afterwards, in the pugulistic world and become as famous as that of Waterloo in the military world. When it was officially announced that this was the place of the battle ground, the people left the train in an orderly manner. All at once a big darkey came up to a group of people and said, "Gentlemen, I will show you where dat ring is to be pitched, it's down

dar near de road, near Barnes Hotel." He was right, there was a long string of people already winding their way to this gulf seaside resort, and hotel, which was about one mile from the station, on the Gulf of Mexico.

Of the many trips of the writer, over that road afterwards, in which the voice of the trainmen was heard calling Mississippi City, there was still magic in that memorable name after that event. Barnes Hotel, on the Gulf of Mexico, is a southern summer resort. It is a two-story structure, with large, extended porches. The plat of ground around where the hotel stood was dotted with the ever sweet scented magnolias. The spectators to this fistic encounter arrived on the premises of this hotel before a ring-stake was driven or a rope put up. There was an attempt to drive the stakes at first away to the left of the hotel, but as the ground was rather hard, the stakes and ropes were dragged to a piece of ground more pliable, which was discovered right under the porch of the hotel, amongst a group of pines and magnolias. The croquet mallet and ball found on the spot, were hurled with utter contempt out of the way, as they were the symbols of an æsthetic taste and unworthy to be seen on this memorable London prize ring battle ground. When the measurement of the dimensions of the ring was taken, the stakes were quickly driven by the heavy strokes of the mallet in the hands of brawny men. The ropes were quickly adjusted and quite a rush was made for places around the ring side. Holders of the inner ring badges were privileged first, but as good and even better places were found on the porches of the hotel, and the limbs of over-

looking trees, the inner ring holders threw away their badges. I have been to Sunday-school picnics, which had more hustle and bustle and more disorder than was grouped around the ring of this outdoor London prize ring fight. Although way back in the mist of time, the writer remembers well the picture that this contest, under the porch of Barnes Hotel, presented. On one side of the ring could be seen members of the cotton exchange of New Orleans, high up on the porch of the hotel prominent judges, doctors, legislators from north, south and west. Sitting on the grass with their hands nearly touching the ropes, were high-class sporting men from Chicago, New York, Cincinnati and other cities. On the other side of the ring could be noticed the reliable merchants, discussing dispassionately, the merits of the two men. On the over looking human-laden branches of the magnolia and pine, were clerks of mercantile houses, who thought a seat on a tree was better than one on the grass. This motly variety of human beings, occupying different positions and stations of life were there for only one purpose, and that was to see a fair and honest fight, no matter what their feelings were. They wanted to see the best man win, with no favor to either contestant. As the crowd was waiting for both principles to appear, some heavy and great betting was going on. A slight shout was heard, and it was caused by the appearance of one man who emerged from a group of pines from the left of the hotel, he was accompanied by his seconds and trainers, as he neared the ring, it was noticed that his step was light and elastic, he was heavily blanketed, wearing a slouch cap. As he got to the ropes he threw his

cap from his head, (the custom of the London winner rules), into the middle of the ring, he jauntily leaped the ropes afterwards and was followed by his attendants. He took his seat in the northwest corner of the ring. While there was some cheering at this young man's appearance, it was nothing compared to the reception that met his opponent some ten minutes afterwards. All eyes were now centered on the countenance of the first arrival. But they had not yet seen him strip, they noticed the fire in his eye; the well set jaw, and the grim resolution which settled on his marble countenance. While comments were made on this new comet of the prize ring, a tremendous shout rent the air. It was the appearance of the popular principal of the two, (the former principal was not known, while the latter was). As he came nearer and nearer to the ring, the shouting became louder and greater in his behalf. He was also accompanied by his seconds, etc. He was clad like the former principal, but he wore a slouch hat, which he threw into the ring as he neared the ropes. Betting became lively on both principals as the men were now in the ring. Betting was all in favor of the last arrival. Detective O'Malley of New Orleans, made five distinctive bets of \$500 each on the late comer. The selection of a referee now began, and as both sides were bent on fair play, two were finally chosen. When they entered the ring, the disrobing of the two gladiators began; first the man with the slouch hat on the south side of the ring disrobed. When he finally was divested of all but his fighting trunks, he presented a model of physical humanity, tall, erect, with a white-pink skin, that

would rival that of the Jersey lily's! His face had the sweetness of expression that would do honor to an archbishop, yet this very individual had the courage and daring of a lion, which he demonstrated in that bare knuckle battle of the London prize ring, on that Feb. day, 1882. This man was Paddy Ryan, of Troy, New York and his seconds and attendants were genial Tom Kelley of St. Louis and Bill Harding of the Police Gazette. All eyes were now turned on the disrobing of the young man who sat in grave reserve under the applause and cheering that was tendered to his disrobing opponent. After his spike shoes were laced, they removed a heavy blanket that he had over him, the next garment they removed was a heavy sweater, when divested of this heavy knitted apparel, he looked still larger. He now stooped to let his attendants pull over his head his inner shirt, which was the last vestage of incumbrance of battle. As the shirt came over his head he straightened himself up from his stooping position, with head erect and defiant looks. The sunburst of the new gladiator of the world startled that crowd. As each garment was removed, he looked larger, yet when divested of all clothing, (barring fighting trunks), he still seemed to grow in size and an involuntary murmur of admiration broke from that crowd at his appearance. Appearances and looks are sometimes deceiving, but it did not deceive that vast assemblage that day at Mississippi City. Gentle reader, the writer is not bordering on the hyperbolic when he states that the demeanor and the attitude of this new gladiator to the prize ring as he stood erect on that historic day, on the Gulf of Mexico,

resembled in fancy a model human physical form, carved out of the finest alabaster marble, placed in the arena and touched with the spring of life—could not startle that crowd any more than when this young man stretched out his arms and looked around, when the last shirt was pulled over his head. Or in other words, he resembled in fancy, Spartacus, the gladiator, as he entered the Colliseum of ancient Rome, so symmetrical was he in physical form, without an ounce of superfluous flesh. This young man was John L. Sullivan, at the age of 24.

The beginning of that bare knuckle fight impressed itself on my memory that to-day I can recall the fierce onslaught of that first round. Where Ryan took the blows of that lightning and ponderous first of that young man, with a gameness that was never equalled in the prize ring, before or after. When the courageous Ryan came up for the second round, he did not wish that the ring was larger so he could display the modern science of the feet, namely, sprinting, but no! he again gave battle in the center of the ring, but again he was carried to his corner by his seconds. Although outfought and outclassed by this young Samson, he never once in that nine rounds dropped tail and ran. He could not. He was of the same race as the man who was delivering the blows. At the end of the fight, when the sponge was hurled high in the air, all the ferocity of the fighter left this conquering hero, (which was ever characteristic of this king of battles). He ran to Ryan's corner, grasped both of this game man's hands and said, "never mind, Paddy," patting him on the back, he then turned, and with a celerity of foot, he leaped the ropes and

hastened to the train, with the rest of the people for New Orleans.

Such was the battle of Mississippi City, fought under the Barnes Hotel, Feb. 7, 1882. Eleven years afterwards, Sept. 7, 1892, a pugilistic carnival was given in New Orleans, under the auspices of the Olympic Club of that city. This club was comprised of an organization of gentlemen who raised the surroundings of the prize ring to a standard never attained before or after. On the 7 of Sept. of that year, this unconquerable king of the magic circle was called on again to defend his title by a young Apollo of the Pacific coast. This battle was altogether different in its rules and surroundings from the one at the Mississippi City. This contest was to be fought with gloves, under Marquis of Queensbury rules, while the former was the old London prize ring. There was no "hiding and go seek" as to where this contest was to take place, it took place in New Orleans, in a regular chartered club. The gallery took the place of the overlooking porches and trees of Barnes Hotel, Mississippi City, where people purchased tickets ten years ago, to sit on a branch of a tree. The writer was there to see if the gladiator of Sept. 7, '92, was the same one that he saw in Feb. 7, '82, or had the dissipation of eleven years deteriorated him.

Of all the many pugilistic contests that I have seen in seventeen years none impressed me so forceably as the one I saw that night at New Orleans, 1892. The audience was so select in its make up that it would have done honor to the highest lecture on science. At the appointed time the gladiators appeared, ac-

accompanied by their seconds and advisors. The first leader was a young aspirant for the pugilistic crown which was worn by the great Sullivan for eleven years. Tall, lithe, and willowy, with hair cut pompadour—a forced smile, step as elastic and graceful as the antelope that leaps from cliff to cliff, this young man walked directly across the ring and sat down. All eyes were now on the man following him. He is the idol of the prize ring. As he stoops to go through the ropes, cheer after cheer go up until they shake the rafters of that mighty building. He was there to gallantly defend his title. He bowed to the right and left, acknowledging the overwhelming greeting. He is the personification of confidence and coolness itself—and why not? Did he not give battle for eleven years to men of all climes, and yet not one dared exchange blow for blow? Did not only the limits of the ring prevent them from being whipped sooner than they were? The writer was not far from his corner. I looked at him clearly to see if he was the peerless fighter I saw at Mississippi City eleven years ago.

Reader, I say without bias or prejudice in his favor, "No; he was not." As he looked across the ring at his opponent with his arms stretched on the ropes with that ever confidential demeanor, there was not one part of the physical Sullivan of Mississippi City, but only the stout heart and that ever positive demeanor of victory. So positive was he of winning that he remarked to one of his friends (who was anxious to have everything packed to leave as soon as possible after the battle), "Never mind, don't you hurry, we cannot get the check cashed before noon to-morrow." Instead of the peerless athlete I saw

eleven years before, who leaped the ropes at Mississippi City (with a physical construction and strength, that was only produced by the virtue of ancestry) was an old man with gray hairs and patched up stomach, with belts and plasters around it to give some semblance of his former self. He had extinguished the fires of life, the steam in the ship of vitality was exhausted long ago, and when he called on it to propel those mighty arms in his contest that night, it had passed on with the dissipation of time. What a transformation of a man in eleven years! Yet that night of Sept. 7, 1892, he was but thirty-four years of age, yet with that handicap of form. He was on his feet at the tap of the gong and left his chair for the center of the ring, which was ever his custom and where he always did business. With the old confidence he made for Corbett, and made him recede before him all through the first round. Although nothing was left in that former king of fighters but a stout heart, yet for twenty-one rounds under a shower of blows he was ever the aggressor and ready to get in the knock-out blow, should he ever get within hailing distance of his fleet adversary. In that eventful twenty-first round (when that Spartacus of the prize-ring was battling for the sceptre he had held so long) nothing was more dramatic in the whole history of pugilism than when that peer of all referees, John Duffy, of New Orleans, counted the fatal ten. Nature though exhausted, Sullivan appeared like a grand old warship at sea, that had passed through many a victorious fight, and now, amidst a constant fusillade of shot and shell, this old human warship "rocked to and fro," and finally went down with colors flying. The incidents that took place in



LOFTUS.



RADBOURN.



COMISKEY.



LAPHAM.



SULLIVAN.

CHAMPIONS
1879
NORTH WEST.



REIS.



ALVERETTA.



W. GLEASON.



J. GLEASON.



TAYLOR.

DUBUQUE TEAM.



T. P. "TED" SULLIVAN.

Mgr. Washington Club, 1888.

the arena of the Olympia Club, after John Duffy had counted out the nineteenth century gladiator, would baffle description, but I have a good many of them photographed on my brain, the adherents of Corbett were cheering madly while those whose hearts sank with the toppling over of this hitherto unconquered king sat grim and silent in their seats.

A scene now followed which will ever place Sullivan in lofty sentiment and patriotism as high above the ordinary pugilist as Washington's monument in the District of Columbia is above the oyster sheds along the Potomac river. After being helped from the sawdust of the arena, and placed in a chair, by his seconds, Jack McAullif, Joe Lennon, and Charley Johnston, when his face was wiped with a sponge by the faithful McAuliff, he at once realized what had happened. Then he said. "Jack, did that young man whip me?" Jack bowed assent. Reader, his head fell for a moment, in that grief and mortification which comes to all men in the hour of defeat. Then the mighty John L. saw the blue of the sky in the rent of a cloud of that black horizon. What was it? It was not money, for that he never cared for; it was something higher than money; it was love of country and patriotism. With a noble impulse he leaves the chair and starts for the center of the ring. By a waive of his hand he calls attention. His conqueror is at the other side of the ring, receiving the congratulations of his friends. Sullivan utters in sublime words which I pen here in substance, "Gentlemen, I fought once too often; but I am glad it was an American who whipped me." After gallantly delivering those words, he was seen in another light than on the

level of a prize-fighter. Men who wanted him whipped were now leaving the building sore about it. Those patriotic words of his were not rehearsed or premeditated or uttered for policy in that dark hour of defeat. They came from a hearty impulse which showed the quality of the head and the heart of this matchless boxer. Other fighters could not rise to such heights; it would be the purse and loss of prestige that would first be thought of.

John L. Sullivan did not have to carry the American flag around his heels, his hips and his ears. It was ingrafted in his heart as he sat on his mother's knee. It is quite amusing to me who have traveled and seen so much abroad to see those English fighters with Old Glory around their belly, and then go up in their room and throw it aside as a "blooming Yankee rag." I know what opinion those foreign fighters have of America, and when they say they are Americans they are like the A. P. A.'s—Americans for revenue only.

"When nature makes a great man it generally destroys the moulds." Some modern critics who are generally prejudiced and have never seen Sullivan in his greatness, are willing to accept the night of Sept. 7, 1902, as a standard of Sullivan's speed. To the superficial and prejudicial the want of anything, are willing to take a standard of anyones skill at any time it suits their prejudice. The peerless Mike Kelly, the greatest ball player that ever lived, if seen in his last days on the diamond at Allentown, Pa., some would be willing to accept the work of those days as a sample of Kell's highest skill, while the days that he spent with the Chicago club from '80 to '86 would be forgotten and unseen. A man's greatness

must be judged in the time of life when his skill and ability are at their height.

They say that there were no fighters in Sullivan's time. My answer is that there would be no fighters to-day in his class if nature could reverse itself and rehabilitate that wonderfully constructed man. Men come alone in different vocations, branches and sciences of life. Shakespeare fills a place in dramatic literature that all attempts by men to match his genius fall short of his standard. Napoleon Bonaparte stands out like an eagle among sparrows, as the most resourceful military chieftian in any portion of the world's history. Demosthenes in oratory, Diogenes in philosophy, were men who had no counterparts in thought. There was but one Samson, one Hercules, and with all of the ideal pugilist attributes there was but one John L. Sullivan. He whipped men drunk, and he whipped men sober, he whipped them shaved and unshaved, and when posterity looks back on the present generation of dress parade, masquerade and long distance fighters, the ever stalwart figure of Sullivan will ever loom up as a giant amongst pigmies.

LONG DISTANCE SPARRING.

The revelations made in New York, that knocked the Hoston law out, made me think of writing up a supposititious long distance battle between America and England. The names I use I hope will in no way displease the two principals, as I considered them in their time the most scientific of the fistic arena. The fight will be called the greatest battle of the century, the acme of science produced by long distance sparring, the great international battle, between Charles Mitchell of England and Charles Kid McCoy of America, one

appearing at Madison Square garden, New York, and the other at the sporting club, London, England. Arrangements made with Edison for special cable giving blows on diagram, two referees, one in London another in New York. Description of fight, six hours difference in time, therefore fight called at five P. M. Fight seen by proxy.

SUPPOSITITIOUS GREAT INTERNATIONAL
LONG-DISTANCE
BATTLE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

The great international battle, Charles Mitchell of England, and Charles (Kid) McCoy of America, one appearing at the Madison Square Garden, New York, and the other at the National Sporting Club, London. By special arrangements with Edison, two automations or dummies had electric bells placed inside of them, and when a blow was struck in London the dummy in Madison Square struck back. All blows delivered in America were seen in London on the dummy there as quick as the electric current could carry it over the wires. This match astounded the world, as the acme of Edison's greatness. As there was six hours difference of time between London and New York, the contest had to commence at Madison Square Garden at 5 P. M. On this occasion the garden was packed to suffocation. The learned men of America, in all departments, were there to witness the novel contest. George Siler is called to London, while Charles White officiates at the garden. Humphries explains to the people at Madison Square the workings of the electric cable. He begins by saying to the audience, after an electric bell was heard, "That

Mitchell has entered the ring in London, looking good and sanguine of victory." There was not much cheering, the audience seemed to be heartily in McCoy's favor. Cable flashes back that, "Siler is now examining Mitchell's gloves." People in the garden call out, "Good for Siler, he knows his business." A great shout went up in the garden as McCoy, emerging from his dressing-room in a long white bath robe, walked towards the ring. So long and loud was the cheering that McCoy had to bow two or three times. Humphries touches the electric bell, and it flashes back to the club in London McCoy's appearance at the garden. There was an immense cheering amongst the American portion in the Club at London at this announcement. The sons of Albion are about to give the American fair play, even if he is so far away from them in New York, that they cannot "cut the ropes." But such things must not be considered now, as this contest is to take place at the swell National Sporting Club of London. Both cities are now waiting for the sound of the gong. The two cable experts are giving the audience the gossip of the ring side. The gong was heard in both clubs instantaneously. McCoy leaps from his chair and advances towards the center of the ring, to face this dummy which was the proxy for Mitchell. Both are now fainting for a lead, which can be seen by the actions of the dummy. The cable announces that Mitchell has led with his right for the jaw. McCoy at once side steps and drives a straight left towards Mitchell's stomach. All was excitement in the garden to hear the effects of this blow. The electric dummy in the garden is staggering. Cable flashes that it had knocked Charley against the ropes.

The people in the garden, hearing and seeing this, went into an uproar. To follow the diagram on the dummy, McCoy was now on the aggressive, which the people of London could see by the actions of their dummy. But still the swell sporting club allowed their patriotism to get the best of their judgment, and called out, "Show your British grit, Charley, and don't let the 'blooming yank' whip you!" One English gentleman in the audience said, "Remember, gentlemen, you are English, this is not fair to the young American." Siler had to smile when the reprimand was uttered. Both men were fibbing in a clinched position in the southwest corner of the ring, when the gong sounded in New York and London instantaneously. Mitchell, as he went to his corner, was puffing heavily, but full of fight, yet an older man than McCoy. Mitchell's training brought him into fine fettle in his great long distance match. McCoy went to his corner at Madison Square smiling. The proud eagle was raised on a pole and was carried around the garden. Swelldom at the London Sporting Club were highly delighted at the fairness of the contest although the indicator on the dummy showed more blows for the American. Wet towels and new electric fans, intended to give air to the fighters, were used rapidly on Mitchell and McCoy.

Both gongs clashed for the second round, and both were in the middle of the ring facing the two dummies. Mitchell was the first to lead, and landed heavily on McCoy's jaw. It is seen that McCoy reels and falls against the ropes, the garden is in consternation at this sudden change of the battle, while the London Sporting Club has gone mad with delight. English-

men hug each other, and a dummy lion is raised in the audience. McCoy is on his knee and White is counting. The old American eagle screamed for him to rise. The English audience see by the actions of the dummy that McCoy is rising to his feet. Mitchell advances to finish him, but McCoy meets him with a straight left, and then puts "Coup-de-grace" by his famous corkscrew punch, and Mitchell falls to the floor. All was excitement now in the garden and consternation in London. Siler is counting, which Humphries announces to the audience in the garden. When ten was announced, the garden became a seething mass of mad humanity, and they carried McCoy literally in their arms into his dressing-room.

Such is the result of the famous supposititious international long-distance battle.

BAN JOHNSON.

The question has often been asked throughout the United States for the past two years: Is Ban Johnson a force in himself or is he a part of a combined force—with himself as a leader—to carry out the mature deliberations of his brainy associates. No one can gainsay but there has been a lot of good baseball sense governing the actions of the American League the past three years. No league that has ever been organized to cope with the National in its entire history has shown the business and political sense of the American League. It is true that for a while they traded in the errors of the National that gave them a little prestige, but still their progress was steady. In the combined brain of Loftus Gomoskey, Sum-

mers, Killilel and Johnson, which is the real director? Does Comiskey and Loftus furnish the baseball sense, Killilel the legal, Summers the business and Johnson the political, or does he adopt and absorb all their ideas and execute them with the discretion that he is noted for? It is an unprecedented thing in baseball, and in many other things where brain has beaten money, in this case it has, but it was different from the ordinary brain. Johnson has a remarkable faculty of getting to high-class men, and enlisting them financially in baseball enterprises, which makes it more commendable.

For the last four years I have been thrown into the atmosphere of the strife of two warring leagues. I know them all personally and some of them all my life time, still I do not pretend to say that I shared any of their councils,—in fact I am ever reluctant to intrude myself on any one's affairs. The advance and success of the combination that governs the American League has aroused the curiosity of the baseball world, as to who is the guiding genius of that peerless organization. It started as an acorn in the baseball forest but as it was a seed of an oak it finally grew into an oak itself and a big one at that. Ban Johnson's case could not be like a certain general I knew of in the history of South America who knew nothing about war but was accidentally made chief commander. His chief stock in trade was silence. When a council of war was called, he would listen to the plans of his ablest lieutenants—never advance any of his own—until he heard all; then he would pick the plan of the general he thought was the brightest, and execute it. It would be unjust and uncharitable to say that

Johnson's case is similar to this general. As the American League works as a unit—on anything and everything—it is hard for any one to wedge in and find out which is the dominant intellect that governs all. The five prominent persons in the councils are, Comiskey, Johnson, Loftus, Killilel and Summers. Comiskey and Johnson we will pick out of that number as conspicuously the aggressors of the whole. One or the other must be the Napoleon of the two. If Berthier, one of Bonaparte's generals and close friends, had not made a fatal mistake in the absence of his chief, the world would believe that he had furnished Napoleon one-half his tactics; but that mistake when left to himself settled Berthier's status as being any aid to Bonaparte. Bourienna, his secretary and lifelong friend, was another who was given credit for helping the emperor, until he was dismissed but Bonaparte went on just the same. There is no disguising the fact that Ban Johnson located the moneyed men Somers and others. If he did not do all of it himself, he was the main man in working it up. His handling of umpires for years was a revelation, and his stand for them against abusive ball players was one of the best things in modern baseball. This I know, and this I observed, but it must be also understood that Johnson could not do all of those things unto his liking if he were not surrounded and seconded by the practical and steadfast men of his league. All in all, Mr. Johnson has shown himself to be one—if not the greatest force in modern baseball. Whether he is a part of a current himself or the whole current or merely a boat that the current pushes on, time will tell. Baseball at best is the most misunder-

stood of all businesses. Men are given credit for things in baseball that are as guiltless as the Amier of Afghanistan. It will ever be thus—as the nature of the game is ninety per cent fanatical. Johnson is one of the best equipped men in baseball politics, and I should not be surprised to see him enlist Rockefeller, Goulds, and Vanderbilt yet in the financial end of the game.

CHAS. COMISKEY.

One of the most forcible characters to-day in baseball, is Chas. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago American League Club. His force is silent and hidden, without a semblance of spectacular display. His manner of listening is a language in itself, but when he replies he tears the citadel of fallacy and sophistry to pieces with convincing logic that is clothed in words of the most burning sarcasm and wit. I first met Chas. at St. Mary's College, Kan. It was his Freshman year and my Senior. If I remember right, he took more to the bat than to books, but nevertheless he stands to-day pretty nearly a finished man of the world. He acquired a literary taste after he left college (which he inherited from his father) which places any man above the ordinary. This trait with his constant travel of twenty years makes him a formidable man to cope with in general information. His scope of travel has not been of the provincial order, but in the largest cities of the United States, which makes him a cosmopolitan in ideas and tastes. While the writer was a star player at St. Mary's, he took Chas. out of the Freshman team and placed him in the Senior—his first promotion, and I dare say his most

cherished one. After college days I went to Milwaukee, my old home, and organized an amateur team, of which Sir T. J. Shaugnessy, now president of the Canadian Pacific Raliway, was president and myself captain. I brought Chas. from Chicago, where he lived, and placed him on third base. He was the only professional we had in the club. If he had played third base the rest of his life, he would have been the peer of Jerry Denny and Ed Williamson, instead of being the premier first-base-man of the game's history. A few years afterwards I went to Dubuque, Iowa, and took up business. My love for the game made me organize a team over there, and that merely for pleasure and fun. We needed a professional battery, and my first thought was of Chas. in Chicago, and his catcher. Comiskey was a cyclone, indeed, and at the distance of 45 feet, which was the rule then, his long arms used to send balls across the plate that country clubs around Dubuque were afraid to face. Many of the members of those clubs returned home with fractured ribs and black shins, from Comiskey's rifle-shot delivery. Comiskey's father, who was a man of great political influence at that time in Chicago, became greatly incensed when he heard that his son had become a professional baseball player, and the writer came in for his share of censure for taking Chas. For a year or two up in Dubuque I had a hard time in dodging old women who were after me with hot kettles for making professional ball players out of their sons. But years after that, when their sons came home and lifted mortgages from their homes, or bought them a farm or two with the money they made out of professional baseball, then the kettles

were heated again to entertain me with a strong cup of tea. The year of 1879 appeared, and Dubuque aimed high. They threw away their semi-professional swaddling clothes, and told Ted to go forth and give them an out and out professional baseball team. The result was that we organized the first Northwestern League, with Jim McKee of Rockford and the writer as the real promoters. The first Northwestern League was composed of Rockford, Omaha, Dubuque and Davenport, Iowa. In the ranks of that organization were the future stars of the National League. Rockford transferred the Milwaukee National League team to their city. My dragnet brought to Dubuque Chas. Radbourne of Bloomington, Ill., (afterwards the king of pitchers), Tom Loftus, of St. Louis, Tom Sullivan, W. and J. Gleason, Bill Taylor, Alvaratta Reis and Lapham of Chicago. Comiskey was retained as 10th man and general substitute. This team won the Northwestern League pennant with ease, losing about ten games in all. After that year the writer left baseball alone and attended strictly to business. This famous team became scattered, Radbourne going to Buffalo, N. Y., and the rest to different places. The year following, another team was organized in Dubuque, with Tom Loftus as captain and manager. Comiskey was left out in the cold as being incompetent. This act nearly broke Chas.' heart, but I told him never mind, that he would be playing ball when the others would be forgotten. For two years he worked for the writer in a mercantile way at Dubuque, with no chance to get out playing ball, as there were no minor leagues in any section of the country at that time. I wrote to many of the managers of the big

clubs, stating the quality of the big first-base-man I had up in Dubuque, but as they did not know me or my protege they never answered. In the fall of 1881 Chris Vanderahe, who was organizing a team in St. Louis to join the new American Association, sent for Comiskey's terms. Chas. asked me what he should ask. I said, "Seventy-five dollars." He looked at me with astonishment, saying, "What? I am getting one hundred and twenty-five dollars here, and that without playing any ball." I asked him if he intended to make baseball his profession. He said he did. Then I stated that the baseball tide had come in, and that he should sail his boat before it went out, as it might never come back again. I also stated, "If you intend to play ball in the back woods of America, two hundred dollars would not be enough, as you would never be heard or seen—it would be time lost. St. Louis is the proper market to show your goods, and if you have got them, they will pay you your price. To ask any more money, especially with so many players in the east, may lose you your chance." He listened and he finally signed the contract, and I sent it back to St. Louis. He followed the contract in April. He delivered the goods on the bag, which is told in the chapter on first-base-men. After one month's service Vanderahe raised him, and kept raising him until his last year in St. Louis, when he got \$6,500.00. I met Comiskey again in the year of 1883 (my first entry into professional baseball as manager of the St. Louis Browns—a bad step for me). The Browns the year before (1882) was fifth in the league of six cities. Chris was clamoring for a manager, and one especially who had a mind of his own.

The old boys I had in Dubuque kept telling Chris about me. I met him by appointment in Chicago. He perfumed my atmosphere with the fragrance of the many bouquets he threw at me. I was his long-looked-for Moses, as he said. The bargain was made and I was bound to enter the gilded cavern of professional baseball. I did not go to St. Louis on a "con" or a "pull" either. I went down on my merits to take his team and place the surroundings of the game on its proper standard, which Chris to-day acknowledges. I brought Loftus down with me to captain the team, but his skill had left him, and Chris released him over my head. Now comes the turning point in Comiskey's career. Chris asked me who I was going to make captain. Being a little angry at Loftus's release, I told him that I would suit myself, and I did not want any more of his dictating. In a Louisville hotel on a May day, I called the boys together and told them that Chas. Comiskey would captain the team. That settled it. Six days afterwards I told Vanderahe that Comiskey wanted five hundred dollars extra to captain the club. Chris said "Alright, Ted, if you think he is worth it." The Browns remained neck and neck all that season with the Athletics of Philadelphia. St. Louis was four games ahead about the middle of September, when I had a disagreement with Vanderahe and severed my connections with the club. He at once made Comiskey manager of the team, but the Browns lost out in the race. Chris then secured a new manager in the person of James Williams of Columbus, Ohio, for the coming year (1884). He was nearly a tail ender in the American Association, so he discharged Williams and gave

the reins again to Comiskey, and at the beginning of 1885 the Browns took another course, and went on to the glorious stage. Chas. Comiskey to-day is one of the most aggressive and combative forces in baseball. The invasion of Chicago and the final development of the American League is solely due to his aggressiveness and fearless spirit. The National League could have crushed the American on the threshold of Chicago. It was then without players or finance. The Lion to-day was then only a cub, but Comiskey, who was ever daring on the bases in a crisis of a game for the Browns, stole to the plate on National League territory and scored. Financial allies then came to the aid of the American and by a combination of brain and aggressiveness it looks as if they have come to stay.

The question of Comiskey's extraction has often been asked. He is an Irish-American of excellent Irish stock.

"HIT AND RUN."

There is a saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" and as we go on in general life it becomes more apparent to us. With all our advanced discoveries the Greek fire of Archimedes still remains unsolved. Many inventions we have today might cause a laugh amongst the ancient Egyptians and Greeks by our claiming them as new if they came back to earth again. The "Hit and Run" was introduced by the old Chicago Club of the early 80's on the lake front grounds. It was afterwards taken up by the matchless Baltimore team of '94, '95 and '96, and made a

specialty of—in fact, it was the feature of their whole playing during those years. The masterly way the Baltimore club perfected, and worked this feature of the game demoralized the infidels of the National League for years, but it also took that brand of brainy, dashing and kindred spirits that compose that club to consummate such a style of playing. 'Twas nothing new however, as the Chicago team headed by Mike Kelly were the authors of it, and the Baltimore team of '94 the perfectors.

MISCELLANEOUS STORIES.

TRIP TO ENGLAND FOR FOOTBALL-PLAYERS.

My trip to England in '94 for the purpose of bringing the English football players to this country to represent Baltimore in the new football association would have been the coup d'etat of all sporting events if the game had been successful that year. I wish to inform the readers of *The Sporting News* that in the summer of '94 the eastern contingent of the National Baseball League—Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore—joined a football association, the season to begin right after the baseball championship season had been played.

There was a scramble among the different cities for association football players along the whole seaboard line from Boston to Philadelphia. The players who were sought after were former subjects of Great Britain, as they alone were known to excel in the game. Association football is as popular in England as baseball is here. It is a great winter sport. As played there it is not on the slugging and drag out order of American Rugby—bordering on a mule stampede—nor are their faces encased in iron masks like our long-haired collegians. It is a game of life and vigor, with the snap and dash of baseball and without the brutalities of Rugby. It is a game that suits the temperament of our people and it is played by the professionals of England as artistically as Ives and Shaffer play billiards. The game would have taken root in America well if introduced under proper conditions. America needs a big winter pastime and association football will be the fad when put before the public in a proper way.

IT WAS NOT BOOMED PROPERLY.

The drawbacks to it in '94 under the auspices of the league magnates was that it was not boomed properly. Then again it was lost in the blaze of the college Rugby game, as both seasons began together. But the most serious of all the obstacles was and will be the climate. English people will stand out in mud and rain, umbrellas in hand, to the number of 20,000 at that and shiver while looking at a game of association football, while bull-fighting Rugby would not draw 20 people.

English winters of course are not so rigid as ours but after certain months in our country people will not go out doors to

sit and shiver in the air, but this can be obviated by as novel a plan as indoor polo. Buildings or amphitheaters can be made—heated and erected on boardless grounds—and the gentlemen that will form themselves into a league in the large cities of our country and run it on the plan our baseball is conducted on, will not only render a service to the sport-loving people of America and give work to hundreds of lively youths, but make a fortune on the small investments that they would be compelled to make. Association football is naturally an American sport. We want a big winter sport, the same as the English association football is, patronized by the masses because it is lively. Cricket is their summer sport. If I ever do any hustling again for the good of the sport it will be to enlist in the enterprise some wealthy men of the Eastern and Western cities in a league of football clubs. Mark me—the people will take to it under the conditions I have described.

A SPORT-LOVING PEOPLE.

I am no lover of England, but I will say for the English people—they are the greatest sport-loving people in the world; I mean manly sport. There are 35,000,000 on that little speck of an island, which has less square miles than any one of our states excepting Rhode Island, Delaware and a few others. And even down here in the mighty empire of Texas it would hardly equal the area of one of its largest counties, but, kind friends, in that cramped condition for earthly surface the English people must have their football grounds and cricket grounds, if they are compelled to go to India, Australia or America for their vegetables and beef. Right in the heart of London where a square foot of ground would be worth \$1,000,000 they have their two cricket fields—named Lords and Kensington Oval—whereas in the boundless land of my own country, where square miles upon square miles are running to waste, the land grabbers have chased the Polo Grounds in New York from 116th to Harlem River and before they stop the citizens of New York will find their popular field a few miles this side of Ogdensburg.

RECREATION GROUNDS ARE SACRED.

Yes, the people have their recreation grounds, if they have to go with empty stomachs. So sacred do they hold any place of recreation, when traditions have endeared the spot to them, that when the government tried to inclose Hampstead Heath as a park the people of London rose in their wrath and demolished every barrier that was erected to bar them from the sacred place. The government never attempted it again.

The Duke of Wellington wisely observed—when he used that remark—that the “battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket

field of Eaton." While speaking of Wellington, I will tell the baseball public another remark he made, which applies to men of Jack Doyle's temperament and calibre who are called "dis-organizers." While Wellington was in Spain fighting the French, he received a fine body of Irish soldiers. After one month's severe fighting where Wellington got the best of it, one of his fightless la-la generals, who was covered with braid from his ear to his shoe top, and complained that the Irish soldiers were more bother and annoyed him more than all of the rest of the army put together, Wellington turned quickly on his powderless officer and said: "Yes, general, the enemy says the very same thing."

I have digressed enough, so I will give the narrative of my trip for the football players in Her Majesty's dominion when I took players from beneath the paws of the lion, without his making a growl. Hanlon was in the crisis of a baseball championship, with all his attention on his team. All the others that were to have football clubs had every player of any account picked up from the spinning wheels of Fall River down to the furnaces of Newark and Philadelphia. Ned had none, and none could he get. Mr. Von der Horst, Ed and myself were sitting in the Baltimore office one day, when the subject drifted to the material of the Baltimore football club in the fall. Amusing suggestions were made as to how the team should be made up. Finally Ned looked at me and smilingly said: "Ted, I know you would find a ball player if he was in the bowels of the Rocky Mountains. I would like to spring a surprise on our opponents, who think they have all the football players signed and are ready to give me the hearty laugh."

I said to Mr. Von der Horst and Hanlon: "I will suggest a card and you can put it up your sleeve and it is the joker. The other cities of our country have signed players that would not be strong enough to play in second reserve teams in England. Why not, if you are after the real article, scoop them all, send to England and bring over a professional team and have the last laugh?" Nothing that year was too daring for Ned. Money was not considered when it came to an enterprise and scheme so daring. He promptly said: "Ted, could you cross the Atlantic and bring those football players to the city of Baltimore, and that without the knowledge of the sporting authorities on either side of the Atlantic, because if they heard of it in any way it would kill the whole thing and take all the flavor off my funny scheme."

I looked Hanlon in the eye and said: "Ed, if I can not go to England or Scotland and kidnap those blooming Britishers, bring them to Baltimore, bag and baggage, lay them down to you ready for a game without the knowledge of the two continents as to their whereabouts my name is not Ted Sullivan."

In one hour plans to sail had been made and a cipher arranged between myself and Hanlon in case I had to cable. The fast

liner *Lucania* of the Cunard line left the next day and my state room was engaged.

There was one obstacle yet. Could those football players be brought here without violating the labor law? Von der Horst got the consul at Baltimore to get an opinion from John R. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury. It came from Washington quick in a telegram which read—"In the opinion of the department football players are not artists." I saw the telegram and dodged it by not signing the players for the part I wanted them for until they arrived on American soil.

I sailed next day on the fast Cunarder, *Lucania*, for the British Isles. I was told while on the way over by a Scotchman that all the great English players were from Scotland and if I would go to Glasgow and see a man by the name of Hugh McIntyre he would tell me where every great player of any note was. When I arrived in Liverpool I went to Glasgow and consulted this Hugh McIntyre.

JOLLIED HIM ALONG.

I had to be diplomatic in my conversation, because if he knew I wanted football players for America it would be good day to the enterprise. After drinking a bottle of stout with Hugh, I asked him about sports generally, and at last touched on football. Then all his Scotch-Irish blood bubbled up. He said "England has no football players, but the English come to Scotland, take them away and call them English players and that is why Scotland had no clubs or players."

I jollied Hugh a little and told him he had the reputation of being the best sporting authority in the British Isles and I called for some more Scotch whiskey and told him it was great. He got so excited at the bon-bon I threw him that he knocked a bottle off the shelf. He then told me excitedly where all the crack clubs were in England, but the only ones that were any good were Scotch. I was not looking for any particular nationality, I wanted good players and that settled it. I bid McIntyre good-bye and took the fast train for Manchester, England, the hot bed of Association football.

Football in England is divided into two classes like our baseball major and minor leagues, but they have a very unique way of classifying the strength of the two organizations at the end of each year, and it might work with good effect in our country here in baseball. The system is this: if a team in the major league shows itself to be clearly outclassed, it has to go back to the minor league the next season and the champion club of the minor league takes its place. This system keeps the clubs of the major, or the first league as they call it over there, to keep up their standard of play.

FAVORED BY FORTUNE.

The very next day after I got to Manchester I had the good fortune of witnessing a championship game between the Manchesters and the Blackburn Rovers, the two crack teams of England. There was an immense crowd there. The bleachers is as low as a sixpence to the stand which costs a half-crown, but the fun that Dickens has often written about is in the bleachers. They don't swear at the losing team, but their novel way of expressing their disgust at the defeat of their favorites, is indeed, amusing to an American. I was there to spot my man, the ones I wanted for America, and could learn more from the talk of the bleachers of their ability than any place, as they are the real critics and best judges in all the games. Well, the game began, and the Rovers commenced to hammer the home club and rove all over them this day. It seemed that the Manchesters had struck a streak of bad playing, although a great team, and that day was a continuance of their work.

After the Rovers had kicked the ball into the home club's goal, the English bleachers commenced that tirade of abuse on the home players. One little Englishman called out, "How can the blooming bleeders play when they are down at the ' 'En and Chicken' until 2 in the morning?" The "Hen and Chicken" was the name of a saloon. Another one said, "Why that is nothing. The blawsted drones do nothing but drink 'hale' and stout at the 'Hold Howls' until four in the morning. The whole pack of them ought to have their blooming release, and the second team put in their place." Another goal is made by the Rovers and fresh expletives are hurled at the unfortunate Manchesters. One disgusted Englishman, while shaking the dripping rain off his hat exclaims, "It is the 'larst' blooming game I'll attend. They ought to send that blooming Wallace back to Glasgow." Another one joins him. "Why the bleeders never could play, they live at the ' 'En and Chicken.'"

ANOTHER STREAK OF LUCK.

When the game ended with an ignominious defeat for Manchester, a stout Englishman came out of the stand and remarked loudly in a rich Lancashire accent: "The reserve team will hereafter play the schedule of games, and we will give those blooming high-priced stars a rest."

Well, I saw the game, spotted the men I wanted, learned a great deal about their past ability from the bleachers, and fixed it so that I could meet their crack full-back, Calvey, at my hotel that night. Everything favored me so far.

Here was the crack football team in England in a demoralized condition, ready to be laid off for ten days and the reserve team put in their place. What more luck would I want? Calvey

met me by appointment. I at once unfolded to him my whole mission to England. I pictured to him the adulation paid to football players in America, but I did not tell him they were collegians with long hair. I told him the secrecy of my mission meant all and everything. If the papers got any intimation of who I was, or the nature of my errand, we would have to drop it right there. The idea of coming to America under the conditions dazzled him. After naming the men I could trust to bring along, we agreed to meet the next night, but not at the "'En and Chicken," as it was too public, but at a place that I would pick out.

NOT LIKE BALL PLAYERS.

In England no gathering can be held at a hotel without attracting attention. There are no large corridors in the hotels like in our glorious country. A fellow will meet you at the door and if you are not a guest of the hotel you had better go along. I will also inform my countrymen that no football players are allowed to stop at first-class hotels on account of their profession, and again I suppose on account of their manners. So it is a glorious thing to be an American.

Well we met the next night and four Scotchmen and five Englishmen were in the crowd. They were crack football players of Great Britain. I gave them my proposition of \$25 per week and free transportation both ways. They at once began asking each other how many pounds that was. I told them it was five pounds each. I treated them to six or seven bottles of stout bought at the "'En and Chicken" and they thought the Yank was a great man. You can treat 50 men in an English bar-room and it will only cost you 25 cents.

Well, they were sore on the directors of the Manchester Club for abusing them and laying them off and putting the reserve team in their places and here was the opportunity of their life to see America and enjoy the passage over and back. The Scotchmen were hypnotized by me at once and they said if they did not go to America, they would go back to Scotland before they would stand the insults heaped on them by the directors. Finally they all agreed and they laughed themselves sick to think of the trick they would play on their bosses. It was as important for them to keep their movements as secret as I did. I went over to Liverpool next morning, engaged passage for the nine on the Teutonia, one of the fast liners and all was fixed for them to sail in two days. I cabled Hanlon of my agreement with the men and he cabled back: "Well done."

STARTED FOR AMERICA.

Well, the Scotchman named Wallace went and told the Manchester directors what a mean lot they were and that he and the rest of the boys were going up to Scotland and play as they

pleased. But I was very anxious myself, as they might change their mind, especially the English portion, so I had to do a little jollying until I got them on board the boat. They came over to Liverpool on the night before sailing. I told them I could not sign them or make any written agreement until I reached American soil. One of them whispered a little advance money to me and I whispered back in his ear he would get it when the ship was in mid-ocean. Oh! no—not before. Ted should be sure of his game first. On their last night in Liverpool they sang all the patriotic songs of England; stout and ale they drank galore. When they would get into a thinking mood I would butt in and tell them how one of the football players in America was carried off the field by four ladies for some great touchdown he made. The morning came and I was glad, and you can bet I hurried to that boat.

WON AS THEY PLEASED.

When the steamer pulled out in the river I was happy. The end of it was that every bargain that was made to them was carried out by Mr. Hanlon. They got their passage both ways. They landed in New York, hurried to Baltimore three days after, and opened in Washington against the Washington team. They were supposed to be nothing but scrubs left over from the pickings of Hanlon's rivals. But Holy Heavens! Talk about the Wizard Ives manipulating the billiard balls in a contest with an amateur! It was nothing to those English expert football players to dribble the ball through the legs of the Washington players.

The amusing part of the ending of my trip. I bid Sam Crane of the New York Press good-bye before I left for Europe. He expected me to go out to Chicago and he welcomed my return; but I came from another direction. I am not gloating over the fact that on high honorable grounds it would be a nice thing to decoy the English football player away from their club, but I should be excused on the grounds that the enterprise was so daring that it fascinated me—and you know the English like to play a little prank on the “Yank” once in a while.

OIL CITY PROFESSIONALS.

There is a traditional story told in Oil City of its first professional ball player. Whether it is founded on fact or fiction, it matters not, for the type of the person described is to be found today in the baseball profession. In the early eighties there was a certain Jimmy Hearn in Oil City who left home to play a professional engagement at Johnstown, Pa. He was only gone two consecutive days. When he returned home he was so swelled on the importance of being a professional that he had to be in-

troduced all over to the boys he was brought up with. We will open up the scene in the corner grocery store in Oil City after his return—the rendezvous of all the ball fans and admirers of Jimmy.

He was in the midst of admiring and gaping friends when he began as follows:

"'Twas dis way, boys. When de train was pullin' into Johnstown I heard a big shout—one fellow says: 'Dere he is'; another says, 'It is him.'" At the conclusion of this remark one of Jim's boon companions enters the store. Jim pretends not to see him. Finally one of the boys exclaims:

"Jim, don't you know Billy Hunter?"

Jim with a sort of yawn extends but three fingers of the hand, saying: "Bill, I hardly knew you." Remember he was only away two days. Jim continues his story as follows:

CHEERED BY THE CROWD.

"As de train stopped, dere was a bigger shout. When I got off de train dere was a big crowd got around me. Finally one man pushed dem all away and told me he was one of de directors. He said: 'Get in dis carriage wid me.' Anoder director says, 'He must get in my carriage.' Den dey was going to fight about me when de mayor of de city pushed them both out of the and said: 'Mr. Hearn will go to de hotel with me in my carriage.'"

Here another playmate of his entered the corner store and his attention had to be called again to the presence of one of his chums. The boys called out: "Jim, don't you know Eddy Brannagan?" Hearn moves toward him, nonchalantly remarking, "Eddy, I hardly knew you."

Jim continues: "Well, when I left de depot wid de mayor, der was a big shout and on de dead level when I got to de hotel you couldn't get in, dere was such a crowd. De mayor got out of de carriage first and helped me out and dere was big cheering.

"As de game was to be called at t'ree-t'irty, I had to hurry up and eat my dinner. T'ree waiters rushed up to wait on me, but de proprietor told dem to stand aside, as he would wait on me himself. De mayor set beside me. While I was eating de crowd was peeping troo de windows and de doorway was jammed. How de crowd knew me, I don't know. All at once a reporter come in and asked me to give him a sketch of my life and record. One of de waiters run up and asked me if I wanted my duck broiled or cooked. De crowd was getting bigger all de time. A man rushes in and said he was a relative of mine. Dere I was nearly set crazy." At this exciting part of his narrative another of his old time chums entered the store and looked Jimmy full in the face, but Jim would not recognize him. When his friends shouted, "Why Jim, that is Tommy Hannifin." Jim says, "Why, Tom, I see it is you," extending but one finger. Jim then resumed:

OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS.

"Well, all de directors came in and told de mayor de parade was ready to start for de grounds. De mayor made me get into de carriage wid him. In comes de manager and de mayor introduced him. Say, dere was a duck I didn't like from de jump. Well, we started for de grounds and as we entered the gate de crowd kept cheering all de time and some one called out: 'Dat's him; dat's Jim Hearn, our new pitcher.' We was to play de Tyrones dat day. De both teams was dead enemies. Well, de game began and maybe I didn't have my speed wid me. As I went to de box dey cheered again and made me take off my cap. De first batter of de Tyrones I 'fooled,' as I used my raise drop on him. De second batter up I made him hit de zeffers and de crowd was wild. De next batter was Mike Harrigan, de terror of Lehigh Valley. I says to myself, 'Jim, dis is where your record goes up.' I made dat duck lay down de bat on tree fast balls around his neck. De last ball split de pan. Say, dat umpire was a 'beaut.' He was on de dead level. As I came toward de bench de cheering was great. Dey troo money at me in all directions. Silver dollars came pouring out of de stand. I didn't pick only one, as I told de oder boys to pick up de rest, as dey might tink I was swelled on myself.

"One man jumped out of de stand and says: 'Jim do you want ter manage dis club?' Four of de directors said I must take de management. De mayor ordered two special chairs for me and him in front of de stand. De manager said: 'Don't take my job, Jim, it is my bread and butter.'

HIT OUT A HOME RUN.

"As I went to de bat dere was cheering again. Dere was a big bouquet sent to me to de plate and a note was in it, saying, 'From Kate to Jim.' Well, dere was two men on de bases and I cracked out a homer. Maybe dat crowd didn't go wild! It was ten minutes before de game could go on. People rushed out on de grounds to shake my hand. Dey shoved de mayor out of the way and said he was trying to be popular by doing all de talking to me. Finally de game was played. I shut dem Tyrones out by 10 to 0. Dey only got one hit and it was on account of my catcher missing my sign.

"De crowd carried me on der shoulders to de gate. Everybody had a carriage for me. De mayor and de directors was pushed out of de way and de richest man in town drove me to de hotel in his own carriage. When I got to de hotel, dere was anoder crowd carried me into the hotel in their arms. De proprietor rushed up and said dat he gave up his room to me as it was cooler.

"Well, all dat night de reporters kept asking me how I liked the town. Well, I could not sleep at all de way dey was bodder-

ing me. At 1 o'clock I was waked up by the directors, who said dey discharged de manager and dey elected me. Well, when I got up in de morning dere was my picture in de paper my whole life and record. It said I was going to shut out the Tyrones again dat day and said Patsy Hennesey, de new catcher from Newcastle, would do de backstopping.

PATSY'S PLAINTIVE APPEAL.

"Now comes my tro-down. When we got to de grounds Patsy comes to me and says: 'Jim, dis is my first game. I want you to let up on your speed because I can't catch you and dey'll release me tonight.' Boys, you all knew Patsy when he lived in Oil City as a good fellow and was I going to knock him out of his job? No, sir. I says to myself, 'Jim, here is where you can do a favor for a friend,' and I done it.

"Well, de game began and de first man of de Tyrones made a tree bagger off me. Some one in de audience hollered out, 'Take him out.' I didn't say nothing, but when the next man hit out a homer, de crowd cried out, 'He is rotten. Send him back to Oil City.' Well, dey made five runs off me in de first inning.

"De Mayor when he saw me coming to de bench walked away, de directors held a meeting at the end of the bench and engaged the old manager over and told me about it. As I went out again one man said I only pitched in luck de day before and an oder one said I was selling de game and all dis brought about by me trying to save my catcher, Patsy. Well when de game was over de Tyrones had beaten us 15 to 1. De manager told me I was released. I got on a street car to go to de hotel and de conductor put me off because I had no change and a man who was sitting in de car who troo me two silver dollars de day before, told de conductor he did just right, as I was a bum pitcher.

IT WAS SO DIFFERENT.

"When I got to de hotel dere was no one to wait on me at de table and so I went out and bought a sandwich. I packed my valise and went to de train to come home. Nobody would look at me and a fellow who was fighting to get me in his carriage de day before, as he told me it would advertise him, would not even allow me to put my valise on his express wagon on de way to de depot."

One of Jim's friends entered at this point of his story, and Jim rushed up to him and said: "Ned Halloran, how are you?" He gave this man his whole hand. He was on earth again, and he treated all around and shook hands with every one in the store.

This was the experience of the Oil City professional who threw himself down to save his catcher.

It also points a moral and serves to illustrate the vacillating and ephemeral popularity of baseball heroes in small towns.

ORIGIN OF THE SULLIVAN SLEEPER.

The term, "Sullivan Sleeper" has been used for the past 15 years by ball players, and yet there is but a small portion of the profession that knows its origin. It originated in the following manner: Tom Sullivan, of St. Louis, was one of the brainiest and greatest catchers that ever stood behind a home plate. He caught Radbourne at a distance of 45 feet—yes, and that was when that peer of all pitchers, was making his reputation, and had speed even greater than Rusie.

Yet Tom Sullivan caught this man without the aid of modern upholstery—namely, mattress and armor that is used by the modern catcher. To be brief and clear he caught Charles Radbourne with an ungloved hand and no mask. Tom Loftus and others will vouch for what I have stated. Now to the origin of the "Sullivan Sleeper."

Tom, like all unsophisticated young players that never had been on the modern railroad train, had a very vague idea of what constitutes a sleeper. Tom, who was a quiet, unassuming fellow, was sought after by Tom McNeary of the old St. Louis Reds. The club was taking its departure from St. Louis to some Eastern city and all arrangements were made for Tom Sullivan to go along.

Tom entered the regular day coach, thinking that it was a sleeper. So when McNeary entered the train Sullivan told him he should not have bought him a sleeping berth, that any of the other cars was good enough for him, imagining, of course, from the luxurious appearance of the day coach it could be nothing less than a sleeper. Hence the "Sullivan Sleeper."

"MISSISSIPPI HOLD UP."

One of the most novel and exciting incidents of my baseball career, took place in 1892 at Jackson, Miss. I was owner of the champion Chattanooga team and on my way to Mobile to play a regular schedule game on a Sunday. I had one day off and the Jackson Club was very zealous that I should give them that date. I gave it to them on the condition that they would allow me to catch the train if five innings were played, as there was no other train that night for Mobile. To this they cheerfully agreed. We commenced the game and at the end of the fifth inning they were ahead.

Their manager and president ran up to me with a great deal of anxiety about me missing my train and said, "Mr. Sullivan, you will have barely time to get to the depot and to catch your train; I hope this will not be your last visit to Jackson." Remember now this exuberance and joy were caused by the thought that they had the game won and I would go. I was pitching the game myself and I knew I had time to play another inning and besides I did not want to lose the game. This was where my selfishness cost me my gate receipts.

STOPPED BY THE SHERIFF.

I will tell you how. We completed the sixth inning and Chattanooga was ahead by one run. I told them I would go—then, but in paying me I noticed that anxiety about my missing my train had left them, and one intimated that the train was late. Their whole demeanor was entirely changed and a great many looked at their watches, and the chorus says: "You have plenty of time." The agreement was that I could leave any time I chose after the fifth inning, and I skipped for the depot. When I was about to board the train, down swooped sheriff and police and told me if I would not go back and finish the game I would have to give up the money which amounted to \$108. I told the sheriff of the ("protocol") agreement; that he would not listen to. I should finish the game or hand over the money. Under the circumstances, I thought "discretion was the better part of valor." I handed over the money, gave them my blessing and told them, as the train pulled out, that I would report them to the James and Dalton gangs for bad behavior.

COUNTRY CLUB AND THE CROOKED BALL.

The crooked ball story has been switched from Kankakee to Barraboo, and back again to Oshkosh, according to the Jules Verne story tellers of the game. Let me tell your readers that it actually took place at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and under my observation. It was in 1879. I was managing a club in the first Northwestern League. The club included Comiskey, Loftus, Radbourne, Billy Taylor, Tom Sullivan, L. Reis, W. and J. Gleason and a few others. It was "Rad's" first year as a regular pitcher. He was in his youth and strength, with a mastery over curves and shoots never surpassed or equalled by any man in the national game.

The game was to be called at 2 p. m., but the Hay-binders wanted the game deferred until 4 o'clock, giving as an excuse that their captain and heavy hitter, Hal Hawkins, was four miles away teaching school and could not be on hand until 4. We told them we could not wait, as we had to catch an early train. The audience was indignant when they heard of this, and declared it would be no game at all without Hal. They showed us where the school teacher hit the ball in former games, over the hill into the creeks and out into the adjoining counties.

PUZZLED THE NATIVES.

Well, the game began, and as "curvology" was not known, nor even seen in that section of the country, the team and audience became amazed and bewildered. Their frantic efforts to hit the ball were ludicrous. They held consultations in groups, the players and some of the audience went behind the catcher, others went behind the backstop and peeped through the cracks

to see what was mystifying the ball. Finally "Rad" signalled the catcher to let a ball go by. He let go a steady outcurve and as they saw the ball coming they made helter skelter to get away from the direction it was going. Instead of getting away they ran into the curve. One of them was hit on the shoulder blade and he fell. The rest scattered to their seats pell mell, and the victim of the out-shoot was carried to the waterpail. All at once there was a shout sent up that Radbourne was pitching a crooked ball; a halt was called by the umpire, the ball examined, but it was decided, however, to put a new ball into the game, and a close watch kept on the movements of Radbourne.

THE LONE HORSEMAN.

The game was just over when all eyes were turned on a single horseman that was speeding like the wind towards the grounds about half a mile up the road. Nearer and nearer he came—to distinguish him was impossible, as he was enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gen. Sheridan never rode faster to Winchester than this humble horseman. He was at last recognized—it was Hal Hawkins, the school teacher and heavy batter of Hoop-pole County, Wis. His first exclamation was, "Boys, have you begun the game?" They answered mournfully, "Yes, Hal, the game is over and we were beaten 60 to 0, all on account of their pitcher throwing a crooked ball." Hal at once called out, "Where is the manager and pitcher of that club? I want to bat against that pitcher before they leave."

HAL WAS SATISFIED.

The crowd joined in and demanded that Radbourne should pitch some balls to the school teacher before we left the grounds. Hal never made less than three home runs in any game, and our pitcher should not get away so cheap as that. The boys were convulsed with laughter, and "Rad" and Hal took their positions. Hal had his home-made bat, and looked furiously at the pitcher. "Rad" commenced his shoots and drops at the Herculean yeoman. Hal's gyrations in trying to hit the ball would rival a gymnast. Out of 20 balls pitched at him he fouled one and a shout came from the audience. He hit one of those balls which they call a "home-run in cricket," backwards or what they call a pivot blow in pugilism. Hal was satisfied.

Radbourne was followed to the depot by an admiring crowd, and some of them wanted to look at his hand, to see if it was different from the common hand of mankind.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "FAN."

The word or term "fan" has passed into baseball literature and is as current in baseball phraseology as the purest word within the pages of Webster or Johnston. The technical definition of the word fan is "a person that is heavily burdened with

baseball knowledge, or so permeated is he with it that it oozes out of the crevices of his anatomy as does steam out of the pipes of a boiler." That is one definition, and that definition was prompted by and applied to the person that was responsible for the origin of the term.

I had my baseball headquarters corner Sixth and Pine streets in St. Louis in '83. A man came into the place one day and in the presence of three or four of the Browns commenced to ply me with questions about baseball in general. He knew every player in the country with a record of 90 in the shade to 1000 in the sun. He gave his opinion on all matters pertaining to ball. There was no player but he had a personal acquaintance with. He showed two fingers that did service for the Powhatans of New York. He kept up this onslaught on me until some one came to my assistance and called him outside.

I turned to some of my players and said:

"What name could you apply to such a fiend as that?"

Charley Comiskey replied: "He is a fanatic." I responded: "I will abbreviate that word and call him a 'fan.'" So when he was ever seen around headquarters, the boys would say, "the fan" was around again. Hence the word, "Fan."

"HUMAN SCREEN."

While managing my own team in Chattanooga in '92, the colored people of that town who were great patrons of the game came to me with a novel protest, stating that I was unmindful of all their wants in not having a wire netting over their stand the same as for the white people. The negroes of the South do not sit with the white people as they do in the North and seats are erected for their accommodation at quite a distance from their white brethren. The negroes all over the South for some unaccountable reason took a great fancy to me and would pull for my club at any and all times.

The Chattanooga Club were the champions of the South that season and all the negroes of Chattanooga called them the "hot-test coals in the stove" and myself the "sharpest tack in the package." The colored maidens that year sat directly behind first base and one of my friends cruelly remarked that I had no covering for the negro stand except a large yellow umbrella which color the sable race like to have near.

ELASTIC AND ELONGATED.

That year I had the good fortune of having the tallest first baseman I believe that ever covered that position, in the person of Mike Ryan of Cincinnati. Talk about reach—Long John Reilly, Chas. Comiskey or no one else could reach up, reach wide and pull them in with such apparent ease as Big Mike. Nothing could go within a radius of 20 feet high or wide that

the elongated and elastic Ryan could not get his paws on. Mike's reach saved me from the wrath of the colored race. Now to the protest of the colored delegation and to the explanation that sent them back to their constituents, with exclamations of joy, and made all colordom in Chattanooga look with disdain on the white patrons of the game.

One evening while at the hotel I was notified that there was a colored delegation outside that wished to see me on very important business. I immediately went out and found five in number, respectfully holding their hats in their hands. When I asked them the nature of their errand the speaker of the party began his protest in the most polite manner possible and said:

PRESENTED THE PROTEST.

Mister Sullivan, the colored people of Chattanooga am your great admirers! All of de different colored clubs that you helped to organize, namely, de Yaller Chicken, de Sweet Potato and Possum Clubs, have held indignation meetings and appointed us as a committee to see why you have put a barb wire screen in front of the white people's stand so that no stray balls would enter and strike some of the white women and leave our colored ladies' stand unprotected by you not putting any screen in front of it. Mr. Henry Blass here will tell you how I told dem niggers tonight that you would explain all and here we is to hear you." Here I was in a dilemma. How could I square myself with my colored friends—they had me cornered—the slight was terrible. I got it! Visions of Big Mike's reach floated across my mind, the badly thrown balls that were sure to hit a nigger wench on the head if they passed him were of daily occurrence. No ball passed Mike high or low for a month and I comprehended all. My speech to the delegation:

REAL SULLIVAN SALVE.

"Mr. Henry Blass, and members of the committee representing the honorable clubs of Tennessee, namely, Yaller Chicken, Sweet Potato and Possum: I have listened to your protest with painful silence, when it is considered what I have done for my colored patrons. It is true I have furnished my white patrons with a wire screen (the chairman of the committee turning to his comrades, remarks: 'Now listen! We niggers know nothing, I told dem other foolish niggers that they were wrong!'), but what have I done for my colored brethren? While all the colored people of Chattanooga were enjoying their night's rest on downy pillows, I was rolling in my bed racking my brain, as to what I would put as a protection over my colored patrons' stand to save them from the injury of a strong ball. (At this point of my speech the delegation became excited, one darkey turns to the other and says: 'I knew it, I knew it. Mr. Sullivan

has done more for us niggers than we deserve.') It must be superior to what protects the white people. I traveled in the North all winter to find this protection. At last I found it in Cincinnati. It was in the person of Mike Ryan. I made a special contract with him, that he should not allow one ball to go into the colored stand, and for that I am paying him \$100 extra. Now, are you satisfied? I gave the white people a common wire screen, but I gave the colored people a human one."

This explanation nearly staggered the delegation. They almost fell down on their knees to beg forgiveness. With deferential awe they stood aghast, and apologetically said: "Mr. Sullivan, I will go back and tell them silly coons what you have done. Mr. Ryan have done just what you have said. All the niggers of Chattanooga will know dis before morning. I will go back to de meeting, and you will never hear such shouting when they hear about the big expense you went to in getting them a human screen."

BIT OF HISTORY.—EXTRACT FROM ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT,
SEPT. 20, 1883.

The dispatch received from New York last night announcing the resignation of Sullivan as Manager of the St. Louis Club created no surprise among those who were posted on the inner doings of the organization. Sullivan's ability was recognized by President Von der Ahe from the start, and he has given full swing in the management of the team. Posted on every point of the game, and with an eye open to every weak spot, his services proved invaluable at the start, and his method of drilling the men told its own story. The last tour East of the club, the most successful ever made by a St. Louis organization, will long be remembered, and Sullivan then deservedly received his full share of praise for the doings of the nine. Upon their return here the team, it will be remembered, fell away in its play, but the weak points which resulted in the change of front were quickly strengthened and then success came again. Step by step the ladder was climbed and the little manager saw the club whose fortunes he had led at the very top round. Then came the present tour East. The troubles at Columbus are remembered by all. Dissensions in the club ranks followed them, and for the first time Sullivan found himself unpleasantly situated. False rumors that he was to be superseded as manager of the St. Louis club by another person added to the unpleasantness, and the result was a lukewarmness on his part, so far as the club's success was concerned, and a desire to sever his connection with an organization which he had served faithfully and well. President Von der Ahe took in the situation, and when Quest was engaged it was with the belief that some time he might be called upon to fill Sullivan's place. How well he will fill it remains to

be seen. Sullivan started out to win the championship for St. Louis, and when he started certain wiseacres laughed in his very face and hooted at the very idea of St. Louis defeating such batting teams as the Alleghenys and Eclipse, beating such veterans as the Cincinnati and Athletic clubs, and winning from such a constellation as made up the Metropolitan nine. The Globe-Democrat alone stood by the club, and it was in the sporting columns of this paper that Sullivan, when the St. Louis team started for Cincinnati on its first tour, was heard to say: "It is not the first or last installment of games that will win the championship. It is the steady and honest pull that counts. We will rely on that to land us there." As already stated Sullivan's services were recognized by President Von der Ahe, who never for a moment doubted his honesty and integrity, but for the reasons already alluded to, the little manager thought it best to withdraw, and no matter what the reports may be to the contrary, it is known that he leaves bearing the club but one grudge, and that is that it will win the championship, and win it by a long lead. Unlike most members of the profession, Sullivan is well off in this world's goods, and on leaving the club he will return to look after business interests in Dubuque which, by reason of the position he held during the past year, he was forced to neglect.

CHRIS SETTLED FOR (2) CLUBS.

Although Chris has been turned down, he may yet meet his enemies at "Philippi," I wish to relate one of the oft-told stories when Chris was in his verdant days of baseball. The St. Louis Browns and Louisvilles in '83 were returning home from their Eastern trip. I was then manager of the Browns and Joe Gerhardt manager of the Louisvilles. Chris was in high feather, his club was coining money, and that particular trip was highly successful—both financially and baseballically. The Louisvilles were in one sleeper and the Browns in another, coming from Washington.

Usually when a train stops only for lunch managers give their players a certain amount of cash to get what they want, as the trains only stop 5 or 10 minutes. When this train stopped at Cumberland, both teams made a rush for the lunch counter, Chris with them. Just imagine 22 or 24 ball players attacking that lunch counter. The darkies were falling over each other to supply them. The Louisville players spied Chris at the counter and told the negro waiter that Chris was their president and he would settle for them.

When the conductor called out "all aboard," the players made a rush for the train. Chris also made a start, but the coon waiter told him he could not get on that train unless he settled for his men, adding: "dat dose men eat up all de chicken and jelly cake." Chris was livid with rage and stated that he had nothing to do with those "loafer Louisvilles."

THE COON STOPPED HIM.

The colored man would not have it that way. Said he:

"No use talking, Mister, you can't fool me dat way; dey is all your men and dey come right wid you."

Chris yelled: "You fool, don't you know one nine is not two nines."

The darkey replied: "I know nothing of that; two nines eat anyway, and dey b'long to you."

All this time the bell of the engine was ringing and the conductor was yelling at Chris to get aboard. Von der Ahe finally pulled out \$20 and gave it to the anxious darkey.

Chris got on swearing vengeance on the Louisvilles and the lunch counter. To tell the truth the lunch counter looked as if a simoon had struck it.

Chris came into the Browns' sleeper and told me what occurred. I told him it was only a joke. That the poor Louisvilles had only won one game on the trip and they drew poorly while he was making all the money in the association. His rage cooled down and he finally laughed over the whole matter. The Louisville players offered to pay Chris after they had their fun. Chris was shy thereafter about travelling with two teams.

SPURTS AND SLUMPS.

The general public as a rule are entirely unappreciative of that great uncertainty of the game known in baseball parlance as "Spurts and Slumps." The philosophical causes underlying the sudden let up or spurt of teams are not known but to a few brainy students of the game.

We can take four clubs of the National League who are equal in all departments of the game in playing strength, taking their former years' work as a standard. Let them start the next season's work at the tap of the gong and before a month one or the other will have slumped in its playing. We will further allow that neither team has met with accident or sickness, yet one or two of these clubs are generally losing.

Then the superficial and ungenerous public will commence their criticisms, which are generally ironical, caustic and insulting. Of the many remarks, some are amusing to a practical man.

One critic will say the players are drinking. Another, as he lights his cigar with one of those "know it all looks," says, "So and so is playing for his release; this I got on the dead quiet from a particular friend of the player who took supper with me last night."

KNOCKERS AND KNOW-IT-ALLS.

Still another in this group of malicious fans will wink his eye. "Boys, you can say what you please, but I will tell you what is the matter with that club." Now this last fellow is

one of those knowing smart boys, who may not have a bowing acquaintance with any member of the team, but persists in telling every one that will listen to him that he has been out at nights with members of the club and that Jim Gayfeather told him in strict confidence that there was a clique in the club to "throw the manager."

This type of a crank is the bane of the baseball profession; they are hanging around ball players and inventing or carrying stories to a lot of credulous fans. At night they are found around cigar stores and saloons giving vent to their vaporings of what they don't know about this player or that. They assert that they have a speaking acquaintance with the men.

HAPPENS IN ALL BALL TEAMS.

All ball clubs slump early or late. Two or three great batters of the club may fall off in their batting for a week or two—or may be hitting in hard luck. The weak batters of the club in the absence of the stimulant of the great hitters fall sometimes completely off in their batting—hence the slump of the entire team in their batting. The pitchers of this same team might also get out of form through no fault of theirs. In this condition the team is falling back in the race.

The writer might be asked what is the cause of this sudden deterioration in a team's playing. My answer is this, and it was gained by practical observation. Other people may have a better explanation, but this is mine and it is from a profound study of the philosophy of the working of the machinery of the sport.

In all athletic sports—a man and horse can do something at one time he cannot repeat. The jumper, out of three leaps, makes one that excels the other two.

The horse will not make the same speed every time he goes around the track, but baseball, which combines all the brain and brawn of a man to play it, is still more uncertain, as it takes in all the athletic work of nine players.

EBB AND FLOW OF VITALITY.

After delving into the inner works of the machinery of a team to find the whys and wherefores of a slump, a man of an analytical brain will come to the conclusion that it is the ebb and flow of human vitality. A team that is playing at a high burst of speed and acute tension necessarily must have a breathing spell, the same as a runner, who has 20 miles to go, will at some part of the journey slack up on his speed and walk to gain wind. This explanation is given in a figurative sense, but to simplify the foregoing, the lull in a club's victories is that physical impossibility of a player repeating today what he did yesterday,

or to be more laconic, while one club is at the ebb tide the other is at flow, or you may say the runner was taking a breathing spell, while his opponent was running at high speed.

There are other causes for a club's "let-downs" or slumps for which an uncharitable public will not make allowance—that is, the crippling of some of the good players, or even one great one. You may put other players in this great player's place that may play as well mechanically, but you never can replace the player's personality.

I will add that a slump is helped along in its duration by the superstitions, bluntness and diminutive heads of a percentage of ball players who are known as "quitters."

The most magnetic leader in the world cannot keep them at their guns and the first few runs the opposing club gets by a little luck, those crowing dunghill roosters are ready to fly back over the fence. Ignorance is the mother of superstition and some of those ball players have it in a high degree, yet with no greater percentage than any other profession. The amusing part of it all is they are looking for a Jonah, especially when the team has a losing streak.

First, it may be some reporter who is traveling with the club. Next, it may be some director that they meet once in a while, it may be that they have 13 men or 13 bats, or it may be that one of the team never played with a winning club. This talk all comes up while this "slump" is on. Another form of a Jonah is a cross-eyed man or woman, or a lot of empty barrels they see on a wagon on their way to the grounds. Again it might be a funeral or a black pig.

A DOUBLE-ACTION JONAH.

While writing on the proverbial superstition of 13, let me tell my friends throughout the United States of a case—where it applied to Smith as well as Jones and brought on quite a comical situation.

A couple of weeks before the fight in Jacksonville between Corbett and Mitchell, there was a Pullman of friends of Corbett going to Jacksonville, Fla. They were nearly all Corbett's friends but one, I think. Some one in the car mentioned the fact that there were 13 men in the car, which was a bad omen. Joe Corbett was along.

Quick-witted Jack Dempsey, who was going down to be in Corbett's corner, spoke up: "Why are you people grumbling about 13? Here is Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, in the crowd with us." Sure enough Pony Moore was one of the party and it applied to his son-in-law as much as it did to Corbett. Mitchell lost, but it created merriment and showed the fallacy of the hoodoo of 13.

I will ask the indulgence of the baseball fraternity in speaking frankly and tell them where the real Jonah is. Every ball

player that ever came in contact with me knows what kind of a heart I have towards the profession and I have helped many of them without advertising it by a northern light display—"Aurora Borealis."

THE TRUE EXPLANATION.

The real Jonah is in the Egyptain darkness of some of the player's brains and in the saffron color hue of their hearts, and if these and worse spirits would stop looking for Jonahs, which well befit witches in the olden times, but go out to the ball grounds with undaunted and resolute spirits, determined to reverse the tide of fortune, the slump would not stay with them as long as it does. Moral courage in baseball is the greatest quality a ball player can possess, and we know the players that have that combatative spirit to never give up until the ninth inning, are fine fellows in private life.

I do not want the public to understand that the American professional ball player is not intellectual. As a whole they are superior to hundreds of professions I know, and there are men in the National League today who by their intellectual and social attainments would not be contrasted inferior to the occupants of the best drawing-rooms of American society. It is these superstitions, I am mostly hitting at.

PAT'S BATTING EYE.

Every baseball manager of extended experience knows the excuses ball players make when they take a "slump" in their batting. This falling-off in batting skill comes to all players at some period of their season—be they minor or major league players. It is rarely, however, that a ball player will acknowledge the philosophical cause for this, but instead will advance other illogical reasons that are sometimes both ludicrous and amusing. There are cases, however, where deterioration of batting skill comes to stay and the high tide of former skill never returns. An instance of this kind I intend to write of.

While managing a club in the South in '92, I received a telegram from a certain Western League player, saying he was released and wanted to join me. I had known the player a few years before as a crack batsman and fielder. His name was Pat; a fellow of excellent spirits and good principle.

GREETERED WITH APPLAUSE.

The papers of Chattanooga were booming him five or six days before he arrived, heralding him as the great Western slugger. Pat came and all Chattanooga was out to see the great batsman. The first time he went to the bat a musical sound of applause

met his ears. He struck out, but of course this was not noticed. The second time up he struck out again. The spectators looked at each other in amazement, but the majority was inclined to be charitable, as it was his first day and many excuses were advanced for Pat's failure to connect with the sphere.

I am indebted to nature for endowing me with the faculty of intuitively knowing a batter when I see one, even when he is hitting in hard luck. In Pat's case it was deterioration, or, in base ball parlance, it was a case of "slump," or, to use the language of the bleachers, "his lamps needed trimming." All the former aggressiveness of Pat at the plate was missing and that sharp stroke of the bat was supplanted by an awkward timidity to meet the ball. I took in the whole situation and was ready for any excuse Pat had to make. After he struck out the third time, he came to the bench and remarked:

"Them devil of cars have my head dizzy from riding from Cincinnati."

I said: "Yes, Pat, it is a regular hurdle railroad." The fourth and last time at the bat that day he hit a consumptive bounder to the pitcher and died at first.

PAPERS DID NOT ROAST.

Next day the papers made all the possible excuses for Pat, such as his long ride and carrying a great deal of weight. I helped it along by telling my friends that he got a cinder in his eye on the way to Chattanooga. Pat felt good at this all around jolly and the audience was ready to see him chastise the ball the second day, but, alas, it was almost a repetition of the day before. His chagrin was so great that after he struck out the second time in the game of that day, he exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, Ted, where did you get them bats? They would not use them in the Western League to bat 'fungos.'"

This was excuse No. 2. I replied: "All right, Pat; we will go to-morrow and pick out the best in town. The bats are bad."

Pat further remarked: "Those are rotten pitchers I am batting against. I would not care if they were first-class men."

Pat picked two great bats to his fancy the next day and he kept shaving them all that morning with a piece of glass and more than once remarked that he would "drive 'them' bum pitchers to the woods." It was also circulated around town that Pat was not used to Southern League bats, so that helped him a little with the crowd.

The third day the people thought he would hit the ball sure. My curiosity was only aroused as to what excuse he would offer on the third day. His big average of the year before was a mighty thing in his favor, but the averages of the present season were lost in the rain between Columbus and Indianapolis or perhaps Minneapolis.

MORE JOLLIES AND EXCUSES.

Well, my gallant hero went up the third day with his glass-shaven bat with the audience yet a little favoring him. I threw a jolly into him myself as he left the bench by saying: "Pat, you know what you did in St. Paul in '87 when you won that silver-mounted bat." My Westerner sauntered to the plate and the ball passed him three times before he could salute it. He looked hard at the umpire for calling the last strike and said, as he came to the bench:

"I don't want to kick on umpires, but that fellow would not last one inning in the Western League. Ted, I'll tell you what is hurting my batting; it is those coachers that are talking when I am at the bat. I also think that devil of a skinned diamond has also something to do with my batting. I also have an idea the water here does not agree with me."

I answered mildly: "Pat, I will try and remedy all those things for you." But he nearly convulsed me after the last time he went to the bat, by stating that he had discovered the whole cause of his weak batting. It was a sign on the center field fence which read in big yellow letters: "Schlitz Brewing Co." He said that sign met his eyes when he looked at the pitcher. I told him I would have that covered next day to see if it was the cause. This was just to jolly him.

Well, the next was the fourth and the climax in the farce comedy of "How to Offer Excuses for Inability to Bat."

EVEN PAT HAD TO LAUGH.

The most amusing part of all was he was oblivious of the fact that I knew what was the real cause. The papers couldn't boom him longer, but still all were sorry and I felt it would break my heart to let Pat go. I owned the club, so there was no one to dictate about releasing him. The fourth day Pat was as usual helping the pitchers' records and keeping the air away from the plate, but Pat had the audience a little on his side by some fine fielding. In the last inning he finished up the game in Chattanooga by making a pretty catch in center field. The boys all felt good as they entered the dining room and Pat also, as it was a very close game.

As Pat threw his bat down he said: "Say, Ted, I don't believe in players offering excuses for poor batting, but whoever drove in those two white horses in center field to-day with the carriage was no friend of mine, as they affected my eyes and ruined my batting to-day."

That was too much and we all roared, the players more than myself. Pat had to laugh himself. Well, Pat has not played in years. He is now a rich contractor on the railroad near Indianapolis, but he never forgot the white horses.

HISTORICAL GAME.

(*Extract from "Globe Democrat," Oct. 1883.*)

A crowd of between 4,000 and 5,000 people went to Sportsman's Park yesterday afternoon to see Sullivan, the champion pugilist, try his hand at twirling the sphere in a baseball game. The day was delightful for the sport, and had the price of admission been placed at a quarter instead of 50 cents the grounds would undoubtedly have been crowded. The grandstand was packed with the old-time lovers of the sport, but the majority were present, not because they expected a fine game, but with a desire to see if the big pugilist could do as well in the diamond as in the prize ring. The St. Louis Club, with two or three changes, were pitted against a picked nine of local semi-professionals, strengthened by Strief and others of the Browns. Sullivan and Dolan were the battery for the latter. The champion appeared on the field in a white suit with brown stockings and red cap. He made a fine appearance, and the suit displayed to advantage his wonderful physique. The crowd seemed more intent on watching him than the game, which was nothing more than a hippodrome, and the spectators cheered more lustily at some miserable error than any fine play, of which latter, however, there were very few. As a ball tosser Sullivan, the fighter, was not a success. His delivery was not effective, and during the five innings he stood before the Browns' batters they hammered him with ease. Safe hits went in every direction, and Carroll, of the Browns, seized upon Mr. Sullivan's balls viciously. At the bat the knocker couldn't knock at all. He popped up several flies, which were easily captured by the basemen or fielders, and his strong arms, which have been invincible in sending men to the dust, were powerless to secure him a good, safe hit, and after the eighth inning Ted Sullivan, manager of the Browns, who played shortstop acceptably and sometimes brilliantly, relieved his namesake in the points in the eighth inning the slugger moved out to shorts, where he made many funny plays which brought forth the plaudits of the multitude. The Browns' batters seemed to direct their balls toward John L., who fell all over himself in his efforts to hold on to the sphere. In the seventh inning, while a man was on first, the ball was rapped to short, and striking Sullivan bounded into Strief's hands at short, effecting a neat double play. In the ninth inning the pugilist, after fumbling the ball, made a swift and pretty throw to first, catching the runner.

It was evident before the game was half finished that the Browns were fooling with their opponents, whom they permitted to make two runs in the last inning. Several bad plays were made to give Sullivan another chance at the bat, but McGinnis caught a little fly which ended a game which was about as uninteresting and one-sided as has been witnessed here in some

time. The features of the contest were a home run by Carroll, a pretty one-hand catch by Tony Mullane at first and a long fly back of second base neatly taken by Strief. The large assemblage of spectators evinced the utmost good humor, and when the farce was ended Sullivan was followed by an immense throng to the dressing-room, and when he emerged it was difficult for his carriage to effect a passage into the street. The following is the score of the game:

THE SCORE.

ST. LOUIS.	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Gleason, s. s.	6	3	3	3	3	4	2		
J. Gleason, 3 b.	7	2	2	0	1	1			
Nichol, c. f.	5	3	3	1	0	0			
Mullane, 1 b.	5	2	2	10	0	2			
Mansell, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0			
Quest, 2 b.	5	1	3	2	3	1			
Deasley, c.	5	1	2	6	1	1			
Decker, r. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0			
McGinnis, p.	5	2	2	1	2	0			
Totals	47	15	18	27	11	7			

SULLIVAN.	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
J. L. Sullivan, p. & s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	1			
Strief, 2 b.	4	0	1	7	3	2			
McCaffery, 3 b.	4	1	1	3	3	1			
Houtz, 1 b.	4	1	2	11	0	0			
T. P. Sullivan, s. s. & p.	4	0	0	1	5	0			
Godman, l. f.	4	0	2	0	0	1			
Dolan, c.	4	1	1	3	3	2			
Magner, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	1			
Warren, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0			
Totals.	35	3	7	27	16	8			

St. Louis.	1	0	4	3	4	1	0	1	1—15
Sullivan.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2—2

Runs earned—St. Louis, 7; Sullivan, 1.

Two base hits—McGinnis, 1; Godman, 1.

Home run—Carroll, p. 1.

Left on bases—St. Louis, 7; Sullivan, 3.

Base on called balls—Mansell, 1; Magner, 1.

Umpire—Jos. Plong.

Time—1 hour and 30 minutes.

“HOP UND WEIS.”

The amusing story or incident that I am to relate took place in Montgomery. Alabama's Capital City is one of the best base ball towns in the South when it is a member of a good league,

but in the Sparrow League of last year the people feared it was only a spasmodic attempt at playing ball, and they were right. In their kindness to me, however, they allowed me to play ball, on Sunday, a thing they never did before for anyone.

There was a Teuton in Montgomery named Philip Newet ("Phil Nit.") He had a dialect that surpassed Chris Vonderahe's in richness of flavor or Weber and Fields'. He was a real plat Deutcher of the wooden shoe order. When he heard of Sunday games he thought of his beer, "hop und weis," as he called it.

He made a bee line for me to rent the privileges on the Sunday grounds to sell his hop und weis, pretzels and sandwiches. To let the readers know what hop und weis was,—the same bottle could contain beer, wine and whiskey, all at once, but was supposed to be always "hop und weis."

WERE NOT INTOXICANTS.

When he approached me on the subject of renting the privileges at the grounds for his hop and weis I told him distinctly that under no condition would I allow any intoxicants to be sold on the grounds, as that was the only condition I could play on Sunday. At this remark he almost flew into a passion about my ignorance of hop and weis. He said:

"Vat, don't you know vat hop und weis is? I own a whole brewery myself. I beat the 'kerts' of Alabama in a test case. when I produced a man who had drunk my hop und weis four days and yet he did not know dat he drunk at all. Dat settled it. All 'kerts' now is in my favor and all the rival breweries are jealous of Phil 'Knew-it.'"

This hop and weis of Mr. Newet, as I said, was a sort of sleight-of-hand drink. When he was behind the bar, the hops hopped out and something else hopped in.

The agreement was signed and he understood that he could sell his hops, weis and pretzels, but the first time his hop und weis made anyone drunk his agreement would be void.

AN ARMY OF WAITERS.

The first Sunday he opened up he had all the extra Dutchmen in Montgomery at the ball grounds with white aprons on them. Although it was understood that only hop and weis should be sold and only in an isolated part of the grounds, he had those waiters of his hawking it from the backstop to the coon bleachers and turned my ball grounds into a sort of beer garden.

A big coon broke two teeth in trying to bite a pretzel and that set Phil laughing. As the game was drawing to a close, I saw several men under the influence of liquor and yet they had been drinking Phil's famous beverage. I spoke to Mr. "Knew-it" about the non-intoxicant beverage. He came back at me with a strong pretzel accent and said:

"I know the whole plot. The breweries want to ruin my hop and weis and they sent men out here with whisky bottles in their pockets and they buy a bottle of hop and weis to make it appear that my drink is crooked. I will get even yet."

SULLIVAN INVESTIGATED.

The second Sunday I watched his goods when they arrived, and I noticed that some of the bottles that were labeled hop and weis was only masquerading. I opened a bottle and it contained whiskey that you could blast rocks with. I had Mr. "Knew-it" this time sure enough, but he was equal to it: "Mein Got! Vat mistake is made here and done by enemies. They put some whiskey with my hop and weis, I will have them all arrested. I told him that if his hop and weis was going to make all the audience drunk his agreement was annulled.

LATHAM THE KING OF COACHERS.

Coaching at first was intended as legitimate instruction to base runners. The spirit and letter of the rule was adhered to up to a certain period of the game. The modern vigorous coaching began with Walter Latham. The modern coaching was directed in a channel other than the purpose the spirit of the rule intended. It is now intended to disconcert opponents with no purpose at all as instructive to the base runner. I remember well the first day Latham coached. It was in Cincinnati in '83 when I was handling the Browns. I must confess I never had much use for a fresh player and when Latham came to me from Lynn, Mass., I was not backward in telling him he was too d—n fresh.

Latham was a wonderful player and after a better acquaintance I saw that his "freshness" was of a most harmless and hilarious nature, but after I gave him the reprimand I noticed he was a little timid about saying anything, but still of good cheer. One day in Cincinnati Will White had the Browns on his staff with his little stingy, raise ball. The big timber of the team were on bases and no one on the lines. I looked at the men on the bench and said: "Is there no one here able to coach a little?" Latham speaks up and says, "I will coach, if you want me." I replied "Certainly; go on."

CREATED A SENSATION.

Well, my dear readers, if Gabriel had entered a graveyard and blown his trumpet and the tombstones had loosened their grip on the dead, it would not have created more of a sensation than the rising of Latham from the bench on Pitcher Will White (he of the spectacles), and the audience.

Latham began by saying, "My dear Mr. White, we have been very courteous to you during the game, but as the Browns need

a few runs we will have to be a little rude to you for awhile." Sacred Rocky Mountains! White was dumbstruck. This style was a revelation to the audience. Such coaching was never before heard of and in such a manner and at such a time.

Well, the outcome was the Browns fell onto poor Will. His raise ball was raised in a good many directions save in a fielder's hands and the result was five or six runs for the Browns. The witty sallies of Latham did it all. I remember Will well, coming in from the box, wiping the sweat off his spectacles. He dropped over to the bench to me and said: "I think all your players are gentlemen except Latham." I comprehended all. Poor Will never had been in a thunderstorm of a game of ball before and he felt the effects of it.

NONE IN HIS CLASS.

We will say Latham was the pioneer of the modern coaching, but as the baseball public might misunderstand my meaning and definition of coaching, let me first single out Latham and class him by himself. Latham was a genius. His style is to disconcert his opponents, of course, but when you see the ladies in the grandstand laugh and at the same time ready to tear Latham's hair for artfully and mirthfully confusing their pet club, then you can say his coaching was of the most polished and artistic style. He put the hidden action of baseball into language and it was done with such a delicate touch of humor and polish, that it left no sting in anybody, not even in the most hated of his opponents.

He was a genius in his language and his manner of coaching would merit the approbation of an archbishop. He won many a game for the Browns, and the contrast between his coaching and his rank imitators afterwards, would be like the delicate touch and sweet notes of a piano produced by some master hand, to the dull thuds and ear-piercing strokes of a lot of boiler-makers near the wharf of some river, where a hundred screeching boat whistles were adding to the confusion. This was the contrast between Latham and his imitators in the modern coaching.

ENLIVENS THE GAME.

I will say that a little lively coaching addressed to base runners is necessary to liven up the game, but when it is directed at players on the opposite team and in such language that would not be tolerated in a bawdy house, then it ceases to be coaching. This class of fellows pick out some poor boy who is making his first appearance in the league and direct this language at him, which shows how much chivalry they have. If it was innocent, witty language addressed to the opposition, nothing would be said.

I heard of a remark the inimitable Mike Kelly made to a

pitcher of the old Detroit Club named "Lady Baldwin." Baldwin was a veteran at that. It was in a series between Detroit and Chicago and an important one at that. Baldwin had a farm somewhere and Mike told him, as the game began, "he need not think he was on a load of hay today." A remark like that and coming from jolly Mike bothered Baldwin somewhat, but it was witty and harmless and no exception, was taken to it by any practical ball men.

CHANGE OF BALLS.

There was an incident in my baseball career where I succeeded in checkmating this Hermann manipulation of the balls. While manager of the Washington League team in '88, we were playing a game in Boston. The Washington Club secured four runs in the first inning. About the third inning a slight rain came up, which made the balls rather soggy. Both teams knew full well there were no more runs in those two balls and it was Boston's desire to get them out of the game and have them kept out by the groundkeeper and new balls substituted, and it was Washington's ardent desire to have them stay there, as the score was 4 to 1 in their favor and I modestly state I played the chess board accordingly. I took all the balls out of my valise and put them in my pocket. I told my captain, Ed Daily, of my purpose and instructed him that he should govern himself accordingly. I went up in the stand and saw the groundkeeper eagerly watching for the long expected foul balls. At last one is fouled into the stand among the spectators. The groundkeeper is after it like a hawk. About the time he has his hand on the ball I hurl one of our own old balls into the grounds towards the umpire. Holy horrors! John Morrill, manager of the Boston, looks toward the stand. I move at once to another part of the stand. The groundkeeper is spitting up poison in his rage and asking every one if they knew who threw the ball. As he had the original one tucked in his pocket nobody knew.

GROUNDKEEPER WAS WILD.

So things went on to the ninth inning with the Bostons at bat. The score was still 4 to 1 in favor of Washington. The first ball pitched was fouled clear over the grandstand. The groundkeeper makes a rush like a Rugby football player after the ball, almost knocking people down in his anxiety to get and keep the ball, but I again threw another ball from my collection toward the umpire from behind the crowd in the stand. The groundkeeper joyfully comes back into the stand expecting, of course, to see a new ball in play, but being informed by the audience that a man threw a ball in the grounds while he was chasing the other, he became livid with rage. Vesuvius never threw more lava and fire than this groundkeeper. He wanted to fight any one

and all who threw the ball. While he was emitting fire I stole gently down to the bench. Washington won and John Morrill, the manager, who was ever fond of a joke, laughed heartily when he heard of the trick.

"FIGURES THAT LIE."

There is a trite saying that "figures don't lie," but the mathematician and philosopher that uttered that supposed truism never thought that there would be a vocation in life that would seriously impugn the veracity of that assertion—and that is base ball. Figures lie many ways in the great national game. If they are not speaking falsely themselves they are made to act falsely by the over-indulgent scorer, and by the zealous manager, who wants his man to have an average that would make him marketable in the eyes of the major leagues. The players themselves will make figures play false, to represent them above what their actual playing strength warrants. The brief explanation of all this is, averages of ball players do not give the real merit of some men, while to others they give a fictitious value. I will say to the votaries of the great game that those averages are the basest misrepresentations of a man's real ball-playing, and should the error and base hit columns be eliminated from the scores of the game, it would revolutionize the style of some men's playing.

JOLLIES THE OFFICIAL SCORER.

In some minor league towns the following dialogue between player and scorer comes up at a soda water fountain or a cigar stand after the game. The player will address the scorer in this way:

"Mr. Gillfeather, don't you think that drooping liner that I hit at the pitcuer to-day was a base hit? You know he had a hard run to get to it, and I should have another hit on that high fly I hit to center, as the fielder could not reach it if he were on a horse," (while at the same time the fly came near hitting the center fielder on the head, but he cleverly sidestepped it.) While the player was saying this he treats the scorer to a strong cigarette, and continues: "And again, Mr. Gillfeather, that terrific grounder that I hit at the third baseman came nearly tearing his shoestrings away. I should also have a hit for that," while actually the force of the ball would have been stopped by a strong blade of grass before it got to the man on third, it was hit so weak. "Now if we don't get those hits at home we won't have any average at all, as the scorers in the other cities want to boom their pitchers, and every time we hit him they claim his arm is sore." The scorer, who is now treated to a package of chewing gum, will say to the player: "Eddy Grogan, you can have the three hits."

A FAMOUS GAME.

Never from the time of an historic scene on an October afternoon in 1870 in Dexter Park, where a crowd of 30,000 people in mad enthusiasm threw away hats, canes and umbrellas because of a gallant finish made by that daredevil, never-say-die aggregation of Haymakers from Lansingburg, N. Y., which then constituted the Chicago Whitestockings, against the hitherto invincible Cincinnati Reds, down to a similar scene on the old lake front grounds twelve years afterward, where the immortal Mike Kelly turned the tide of fortune in favor of the Chicago club against the Providence team by as clever a piece of strategy as ever was enacted on a ball field, has Chicago ceased to take interest in the great national game.

Chicago has never played second to any city in the union in the way of enterprises, and in its rapid strides in population—passing from a provincial to a metropolitan city, and now to a cosmopolitan—it stands to-day the greatest ball center under the American flag. Raised and brought up in Chicago and in its vicinity I am fully acquainted with the history of its professional ball. In 1869 the famous Cincinnati Reds toured the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and made the unparalleled record of passing through the season without a single defeat.

Chicago and Cincinnati were rivals in many ways during those years, until the growing giant passed on and left its dwarfish sister far in the rear. In the fall of 1869 Chicago made a claim that it would organize a team to beat the invincible Reds of the Porkopolis. The attempt was poohooed by the papers of that city. This was the first professional club Chicago ever had, and it was organized principally to defeat Cincinnati. Tom Foley, the billiardist, was the man selected to organize the team, and he went about his task in a wise and energetic way.

LANSINGBURG'S CRACK PLAYERS.

There was a certain town in New York called Lansingburg, a village five miles from Troy. This hamlet had a team which used to pound the life out of all the metropolitan clubs who visited them. The team was called the Haymakers of Lansingburg, and the crack professional clubs of those times, such as the Mutuals of New York, Atlantics and Eckford of Brooklyn, Athletics of Philadelphia and Unions of Morrisania, all had to lower their colors to the Haymakers.

This team was composed of a rough and ready sort of men with the inscription on their banner, "We never quit." They were the kind that would go up San Juan Hill and never falter until they had attained its crest. Their aggressiveness was in their ability to hit the ball, and not in any abuse of their opponents or the umpire.

Tom Foley picked the cream of this magnificent organization and added to it players from the Eckfords and Athletics of Philadelphia.

The team when signed presented the following roster: Bill Craver, Mart King, Mike McAtee, and Clipper Flynn from the Haymakers; Jimmy Wood, Pinkham, Hodes, Tracy, and Duffy from the Eckfords; Ed Cuthbert and Levi Myerle from the Athletics of Philadelphia.

This aggregation formed the famous White Stockings of Chicago during 1870 and 1871. It was put together for the sole and only purpose of defeating Cincinnati and bringing the world's championship to Chicago. This team presented an array of batters never duplicated on the ball field. Commencing with the catcher, Bill Craver, to the right fielder, Fred Tracy, and even the substitute, Clipper Flynn, there was not a batter weak on the entire team. Of the many clubs that played in 1870 before the great series with Cincinnati none was more important than the game with the Forest City club of Rockford, Ill. Rockford, with A. G. Spalding as pitcher, was a formidable organization in those times, and held its own the previous year with the best clubs of the country. A. G. Spalding was the crack pitcher of those days, and when Chicago was making its preparations for its great team to defeat Cincinnati, little Rockford, in a semi-monthly paper, would say, "Chicago ought to get a team to beat Rockford first," and further stated Spalding's pitching would diminish the size of their bats.

The game was arranged with Rockford early in June. Farmers left their plows lying idle in the fields. Freeport sent a contingent and brought its doughnuts with it. It was bent on seeing the Rockford team and A. G. Spalding take the first throw out of the White Stockings. The home of the Chicago team at that time was Dexter Park, an inclosure outside the city limits, and could only be reached by steam cars and vehicles. The Chicago people were curious to see what the famous batters would do with Spalding. So was Rockford.

FIFTEEN RUNS OFF A. G. SPALDING.

The story of the game is brief, and it is all told in one inning. The hard-hitting Mart King of the White Stockings led off with a three-bagger off of the great A. G., and twenty minutes afterwards a Rockford rooter was seen falling through the seats as big Levi Myerle drove the fifteenth run over the plate for the Chicago club.

The net result of the first inning on Spalding was just fifteen runs—the rest of the game is told by Rockford farmers to their children in after years among other Santa Claus stories.

Rockford had one taste of the White Stockings, and it sufficed.

The Cincinnati and Chicago clubs had made tours of the east before their great series took place. In those years the best two games out of three decided the supremacy of the contending clubs. However, all games were subordinate to that with Cincinnati. The first game between those two clubs took place in the middle of August of that year at Cincinnati, Chicago winning in gallant style by a score of 10 to 6. Great joy and exultation were manifested in Chicago over the first victory, and the team on its return was met by the leading citizens of Chicago and paraded through the streets in carriages and banqueted at one of the leading hotels of the city. In Cincinnati there was dismay and chagrin at the downfall of the pets, and more than one excuse was offered for their defeat. The greatest excuse was the absence of George Wright, the great shortstop, who was, in fact, the king pin of all ball players at that time. He was injured in a former game and did not play in that important contest.

The return game was finally agreed upon October 14. The whole attention of the United States was directed upon this contest. After numerous names were mentioned as umpires the two clubs finally agreed upon Robert Ferguson of the Atlantic club of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was then considered the most fearless and upright man in that position. Chicago, in its provincial pride, threw its whole heart and soul into the great contest. The consummation of its desire to defeat Cincinnati was paramount to all other things. Every one, from the sage to the scholar and the millionaire to the vender of shoestrings, was permeated with a desire to see Chicago win. Hundreds of people came with the team from Cincinnati, loaded down with money to bet on the invincible Reds. The betting element of Chicago at that time would not take a bluff from the kings of Monte Carlo, and before noon of the day of the game they had the Cincinnati contingent bet to a standstill.

The usual skeptics of the purity of the sport were out with the theory the Chicago team would lose the second game in order to bring on the third, which would be the final game of the series, but the doughty warriors who were out at Dexter Park would rather go through a Christian torture of Nero's time than to be corrupted for that game.

CROWDS GO TO DEXTER.

From 1 o'clock of the day of the game a continuous stream of people and vehicles wended its way toward Dexter Park. Trains brought people from all parts of the country to see the contest, and the pressure of the crowd at the different gates of the park on that day was so great that at one entrance the gates were broken from their hinges and hundreds got in without paying or giving up their tickets.

When the game started there were fully 30,000 people on the grounds. The pulse of Chicago was in that inclosure and in the

heart of that contest. The game started and soon the Reds forged to the front, playing in all their old-time form and they held the lead up to the eighth inning, and that, too, by a good margin. During those seven innings Cincinnati was in the lead this vast multitude was held spell-bound by the magnificent fielding and perfect defense of the Cincinnatis in stopping the run-getting of the Chicagos, but when the enthusiasm of the Chicago people broke loose it overleaped its bounds.

In some innings Andy Leonard, the left fielder of the Reds would be seen racing with his back turned out to deep left field making almost impossible catches from Fred Tracy's or Jimmy Wood's bat. Yet in another inning a rifle shot hit by Levi Meyerle would be clutched by the agile McVey, right fielder of Cincinnati.

Grounders from the bats of Cuthbert, King, and McAtee would be gathered up by the matchless George Wright at deep short and hurled to first base before the runner could register. Yet all this wonderful playing against the indomitable White Stockings never feazed them, and the Chicago people had full reliance that their team would win out.

The score stood 5 to 2 in favor of Cincinnati at the beginning of the eighth inning and the first batter for Chicago was disposed of by Pitcher Brainard in his neat style by a beautiful stop. He hurled it over to Gould at first base in a lawn tennis style. He stroked his sidewhiskers and smiled. But it was the last smile that illuminated his face for the rest of the contest.

Mart King walked over to the coaching line and Mike McAtee picked his bat up and walked toward the plate. King, that old Haymaker, called out in a loud and hoarse voice: "Come, Mc., let us do something for Old Lansingburg." Lansingburg! What inspiration on that crowd of ball players! Was it not Wellington who said at Waterloo when his forces were ready to fall back under the heavy charge of Bonaparte's cavalry: "Boys, remember old England." The inspiration of Lansingburg on that old Haymaker contingent acted like magic. It was the place of their birth, the scene of all their former victories. They knew the people on that day were waiting to hear the news from Chicago. They knew John Morrissey had backed them against the same club, and on the Cincinnati grounds the year before they had played them to a standstill, the score ending in a tie.

MART KING WINS THE GAME.

Mart King won the game by using the name of their town. The score was 5 to 2 against them and McAtee at the bat. The second ball Brainard pitched McAtee met with a tremendous force and the ball left the bat as from a gatling gun and met Waterman's ankle on its way to left field. The crowd was on its feet at once and the 'Rough Riders' started for the block house.

Ned Cuthbert, the next man, drove a ball over Harry Wright's head in center field amongst the carriages. All Chicago's heart began to beat. McAtee home, Cuthbert on third, and the score 3 to 5 against Chicago. Jimmy Wood appeared and drove a ball past Gould and nothing was seen of it until McVey in right field was making a difficult stop. Cuthbert home, the score still 4 to 5 against Chicago, and Wood on second. The crowd at this stage was a seething caldron. With coats and hats in hand people looked as if they were out of their minds. Chicago was fulfilling its promise.

The marshal of the day appeared at the bat. It was that old fighting Haymaker of a hundred victories. It was Mart King. He hit the first ball pitched by Brainard. The ball looked as if it was going out of Cook County. It stopped in its flight and alighted 300 feet behind all the carriages in center field. Wood came home with the tying run and the gallant King, coming around the bases, registered at the home plate about the time the center fielder picked the ball up in the high grass.

King was gathered up by his comrades and carried to the bench on their shoulders. That Chicago audience had literally gone stark mad. The roaring of Niagara might be likened to the noise of that cheering. It was so loud that it was clearly heard in the City of Chicago.

The impetus of the enthusiasm of the crowd was again set going by a long drive of Levi Myerle that nearly took Charley Gould's leg away on its route to right field. The cannonading continued until Chicago made six runs, putting the White Stockings three runs ahead at the end of the eighth inning.

Cincinnati went in for its share of the eighth inning, made three runs and tied the score, but the White Stockings had their war paint on, and began the ninth inning with an exhibition of terrific batting which drove the Chicago audience insane. When they had finished their inning they had made eight runs, placing their total score at 16. Cincinnati took the last turn at the bat and made five runs, the score ending 16 to 13 in favor of Chicago.

John L. Ward

President Texas League

As this little volume was in press when the news reached me of the death of John L. Ward, President of the Texas League, I would not consider my efforts complete in speaking of the people I knew and met in the great game, should I omit a tribute to this polished, scholarly gentleman of Fort Worth, Texas. For years he has been the mainstay of baseball in Texas. His wise counsels and diplomacy kept in line conflicting elements which we find in the councils of baseball leagues, no matter in what part of the country they exist. Mr. Ward stood high in the politics of the state, and would have been the postmaster of Fort Worth if it had not been for the death of President McKinley.

In the death of Mr. Ward the state has lost a cultured and scholarly gentleman, the writer a warm friend and the national game in Texas—an irreparable loss.

The Base Ball Paper of the World



The Sporting News *St. Louis, Missouri.*

A SAMPLE COPY FOR THE ASKING

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

\$2.00	One Year
1.00	Six Months
.60	Three Months
.05	a Copy

Here's an opportunity to get your favorite
Base Ball Paper at Half Price.

Sporting Life

For 18 years the acknowledged
authority on matters pertaining to
Base Ball, Trap Shooting and kindred
sports.

**ONE YEAR
FOR ONLY \$1.00**

by complying with the following conditions:

Believing that sportsmen generally entertain a real affection for our paper, and a keen interest in its success, we venture to make a request and offer for their co-operation in the extension of its circulation.

Presuming that each one is acquainted with other persons in his locality interested in base ball, we would request that they make it a point to go over their list of friends and acquaintances and send us bona fide names and addresses of ten or more lovers of the sport.

In consideration of this favor, which involves comparatively little time, and only a trifling exertion, we will renew the sender's subscription, or grant him a new one, for \$1.00 PER YEAR, just half the regular subscription price. Names must accompany remittance in all cases.

The Sporting Life Publishing Co.

90 Dando Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

 Sample Copy Sent Free Upon Request.



The Only Double Track Railway Between Chicago And the Missouri River

The Chicago & North-Western Railway announces the completion of its new double track between Chicago and the Missouri River at Council Bluffs.

Three fast trains each way daily between Chicago and San Francisco, and two per day between Chicago and Portland, provide for passenger traffic between the East and the Pacific Coast over this trans-continental highway. These through trains are operated on fast and convenient schedules. They are drawn by powerful locomotives and carry an equipment of Sleeping Cars, Reclining Chair Cars, Observation, Dining, Parlor, Library and Buffet Cars of the most approved type.

The perfectly ballasted roadbed of heavy steel is maintained in the highest state of efficiency, equipped with automatic block signals, interlocking switches at railway crossings, and all devices for the safety and comfort of passengers known to modern railway management.

The 9,024 miles of railway embraced in the North-Western System penetrate to every point of importance in Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Northern Illinois, Northern Michigan, Southern Minnesota and South Dakota, with eastern terminals at Chicago, Peoria and Milwaukee.

The Overland Limited, daily between Chicago and San Francisco, via the Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railways, is the most luxurious train in the world. It possesses the most complete arrangements for the comfort of passengers and is operated on fast and convenient schedules—less than three days en route between Chicago and the Coast.

W. B. KNISKERN, PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

Illinois Central R.R.



**EFFICIENTLY
SERVES
A VAST
TERRITORY**

by through service to and
from the following cities:

CHICAGO, ILL.
OMAHA, NEB.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
ST. PAUL, MINN.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
PEORIA, ILL.
EVANSVILLE, IND.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
MEMPHIS, TENN.
HOT SPRINGS, ARK.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
NASHVILLE, TENN.
ATLANTA, GA.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Through excursion sleeping-car service between
Chicago and between Cincinnati

AND THE PACIFIC COAST.

Connections at above terminals for the

EAST, SOUTH, WEST, NORTH.

**Fast and Handsomely Equipped Steam-Heated
Trains—Dining Cars—Buffet-Library Cars—
Sleeping Cars—Free Reclining Chair Cars.**

Particulars of agents of the Illinois Central and
connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, CHICAGO.

The
Passenger Service

OF THE

Texas Midland R. R.

IS UNIVERSALLY RECOGNIZED
AS THE BEST IN THE WEST

Four Fast Trains Daily

forming the quickest and most direct route between North and South Texas and connecting closely with through trains for St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis, New Orleans and all points East and West. All trains equipped with

Reclining Chair Cars. Heated by Steam
and Lighted by Acetylene Gas ~ ~ ~

Solid vestibuled trains operated in each direction daily, with cafe cars, serving meals a la carte at popular prices. These trains are luxuriously furnished throughout and are absolutely the finest of their class west of the Mississippi River.

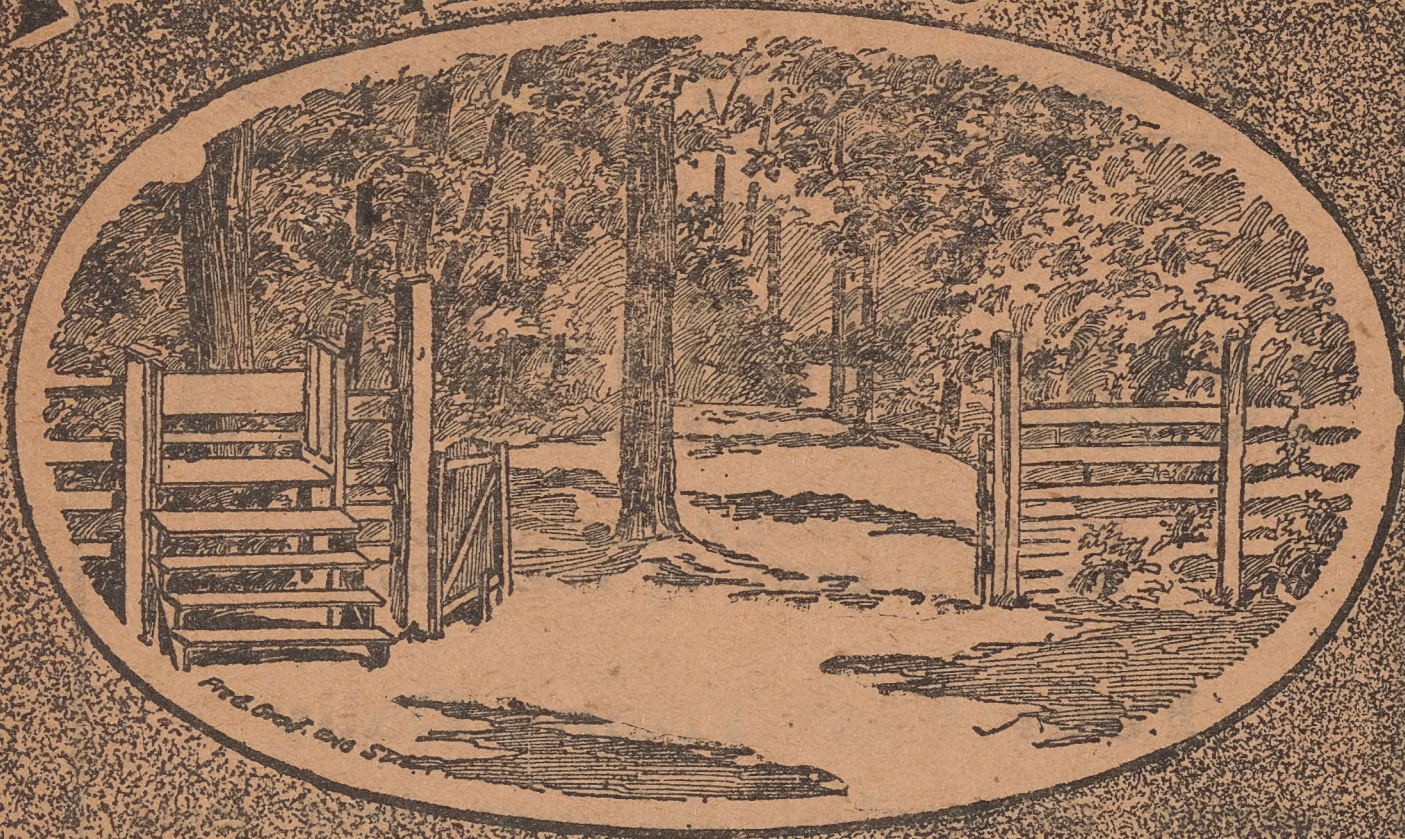
ASK FOR YOUR TICKET VIA THE
MIDLAND ROUTE

F. B. MCKAY

GEN'L PASSENGER AGT.

TERRELL, TEXA

HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS



VIA IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

FROM ST. LOUIS - MEMPHIS - KANSAS CITY AND OTHER GATEWAYS

THE GREAT HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT

IN THE HEART OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS

OWNED AND ENDORSED BY THE

U. S. GOVERNMENT AS CURING RHEUMATISM, GRIPPE

NEURALGIA AND OTHER AILMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS OF ALL KINDS

HOTELS FOR ALL CLASSES

ANY AGENT FOR DESCRIPTIVE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS

RUSSELL HARDING,
SPECIAL AGENT.

H. C. TOWNSEND,
G. P. & T. AGT.

Hot Springs, Mo.

The
Reach Trade Mark

**IS A SIGN OF
THE BEST**

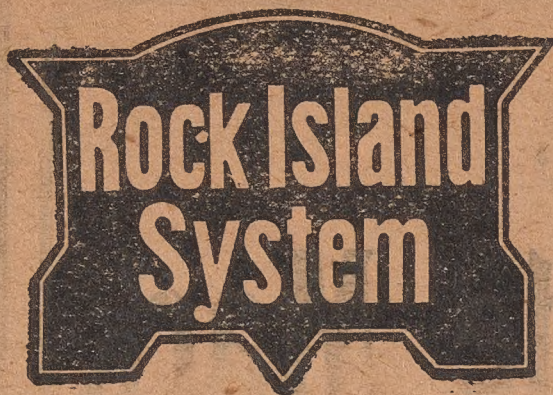
Look for it on all the Base Ball
Goods you buy.



**BASE BALLS,
MITTS, GLOVES,
BATS, MASKS, Etc.**

A. J. Reach Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.



Covers the Field

IN THIRTEEN STATES
AND TERRITORIES

The Royal Road to

Chicago
St. Paul
Minneapolis
Watertown
Cedar Rapids
Des Moines
Omaha
Council Bluffs
Lincoln
Denver

Colorado Springs
Pueblo
Topeka
Kansas City
El Paso
Memphis
Little Rock
Hot Springs
Fort Worth
Dallas

And Many Other Important Points.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
P. T. M. R. O. System.
CHICAGO, ILL.

W. H. FIRTH,
G. P. & T. A. C., R. I. & P. R'y,
FORT WORTH, TEX.